

THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

1829.

PART II.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.

• LONDON :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.

• ~~Wm. P. Kent~~ ~~1851~~
~~Wm. P. Kent~~ No 10 TIT ~~1851~~ 268 TC

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THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JULY 1, 1829.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.



THE "SAISON" IN DUBLIN.

DUBLIN is the capital of Ireland, situated on the river Liffey, bounded on all sides by the Phoenix Park, the hill of Howth, and the Circular road. Dublin possesses a University, a Theatre, a Museum, a Lying-in-Hospital, and a Tread-mill; a University where big boys write Latin verses and blow French horns,—a Theatre where the wit of the upper gallery eclipses the humour of the stage,—a Museum which is a useful receptacle for all kinds of lumber, and leaves no excuse for those who heap up dunghills on the King's highway,—a Lying-in-Hospital where a bounty is placed on the propagation of the species, and nurse-tenders and men-midwives laugh Professor Malthus to scorn,—a Tread-mill where culprits are taught the dignity of virtue by capeting in quick time through the indignities of vice, and the force of steam is superseded by the force of iniquity in the manufacture of pins and the spinning of cotton. Dublin is a great city. Dublin, as the late Lord L—th used to say, is "one of the tay-drinkiest, say-bathiest, car-driviest places in the world; it flogs for *drunkenness*." Dublin is—did you never see Dublin? Did you never hear of Nelson's Pillar and the Wellington Testimonial, and Home's Arcade, and the Royal Exchange? You didn't? Why, then you have all the world before you yet. And you never spent a *saison* in the metropolis of all Ireland! O then I must initiate you. Shall I give you a sketch of the last, which was consummated under the auspices of the "golden Duke and Duchess," and which, therefore, may not be inaptly termed the golden age of Irish fashion? Yes, I will: here goes; but as every thing should be done systematically, we shall begin with the beginning, that is, with the entrance of the above-mentioned noble personages into the city of Dublin. Oh! but it was a glorious sight to see, and might have been cheerfully purchased with the subsequent surrender of one eye, if "to look and die," as feminine gender once said to masculine, would not have been too Quixotish; it was a grand and an imposing spectacle, and an awful one withal—yea, it was—O, for some superlative or hyperbole to adequately convey my feelings,—it was a very uncommonly handsome sight. If you have not now obtained an adequate conception of it, blame the poverty of the English language if you will, but not that of my descriptive powers, or of the Dublin aristocracy; or if you distrust my graphic skill, go your ways to Lady Morgan's "Irish Lords Lieutenant," in the February Number of the "New Monthly," and if you do not get from thence a proper notion of the thing, why we must only get up a panorama of it, I suppose.

The "Saison" in Dublin.

Well, now you may conceive the Duke and Duchess safely lodged in the "Castle." I dare say you never saw the "Castle" either. I am afraid you are a decided ignoramus, and that I shall have much trouble with you. Why, the "Castle" is one of the biggest, and the finest, and grandest, and most—most—convenient houses in all Castle-street; not a single mud wall in the whole concern, all brick and mortar, and a most beautiful flag flying from it on court-holidays, and a band every morning playing "God save the King," every body who is loyal and musical being permitted to listen, gratis free, for nothing. Imagine the delight of the Duke and Duchess, first, in getting into the "Castle" without having their throats cut by O'Connell's freebooters; then finding that the said "Castle" was a big brick house; again, that it was distinguished from the Irish woollen-warehouse opposite, by having a flag floating in viceregal splendour over its chimneys (or its battlements, I should say); and finally ascertaining that they should have a daily concert of drummers and trumpeters, and a levee *en masse*, of all the loyal and musical, and musical and loyal, in Dublin. Imagine the bliss of the viceregal party—only *conserve* it. But whilst sympathising with their joys, I am digressing from my sketch. What is the first consequence of the arrival of the new and illustrious Court? All the quality flock into the great city. Shall I attempt to give a history of them? It would fill a book. Some, however, cannot be passed over without manifest disrespect. Amongst others, there was my Lady Fineclod from the South, with her host of myrmidons, her tall sons and her lovely daughter; her tall sons all forming one joint-stock company on a consolidated fund of ten ideas, one a-piece; and her fair daughter being endowed with vocal powers calculated to break glass by vibration, if not hearts through the medium of sensibility. And can I forget thee, O inhabitant of Erin's sweetest vales, thou who art destined by nature to fill so considerable a space in the material world! thou who gracefully suspendest the pendant trinket from the summit of love's vantage-ground, who deckest thy girdle with the light-winged butterfly, and clothest thy dilating form in the ensanguined damask. I think I see thy panting, foaming steeds, drawing thy carriage-wheels towards the metropolis, proud of their majestic burthen, but weary withal; their noble emulation in the cause of progression being only to be equalled by their solicitude for the manger. Long could I tarry in such a train of reflection, long could I dwell on the subject that inspires it, did I not recollect that there are others also who claim a niche in the Temple of Fame. And who more than thee, the worshipper at the two altars of literature and fashion, who with Roman liberality settest up both gods in thy pantheon, and holdest out the tolerant right-hand of fellowship to the opposite creeds of philosophy and dress-making? Do you doubt that books and blond lace, mind and muslin, genius and "gigots," can go together? I point to Mrs. Prim-Prosody, and your scepticism vanishes. At first sight you will be, perhaps, absorbed in the contemplation of the externals, the head-dress, the brilliants, and the exquisite "tournure," and you will think that the economy of nature could vouchsafe no farther gift, after having already been so lavish; but you are awoke from your reverie, and shaken in your hypothesis, by the voice that issues from that shrine, in whose classic and measured tones the poetical world is eloquently descanted on, or the

mysteries of metaphysics fully revealed. In a word, to the attractions of the "toilette," Mrs. Prim-Prosody joins the attractions of the mind, and is justly celebrated for her success in both. But who comes next—confusion light on short-sightedness!—the dust, too, from the carriage-wheels has got into my eye—give me a basin and towel—quick!—where, where are my glasses?—Good Heavens! if I had them, I would ride after the carriage and take one peep, even with the bleary eye. Hollo, friend! whose carriage is that which has passed? Mrs. Chit-Chatterly's, do you say? Ay, so it is. Did you ever hear of Mrs. Chit-Chatterly? Certainly you must, if ever people could talk themselves into notoriety! Ye Gods, what an ever-springing fountain of articulation!

"Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

Which may be thus freely translated—"The simpleton stands by, in hopes to edge in a word, but Mrs. Chit-Chatterly runs on, and will run on, voluble throughout the entire season." If it be some indication of ability to expatiate on a given subject, how much more ingenious to talk incessantly about nothing, and thence to pile up a mountain of *verbiage*. This is absolutely tantamount to possessing the gift of creation, and overturns at once the "ex nihilo nihil" of the schools. Would you not be amazed to see a water-mill whirling away, and not as much water as would drown a midge? and yet has not Mrs. Chit-Chatterly been heard to talk, and talk, and talk, though the stream of mind which should have put the mechanism of language in motion, is not copious enough to float the lightest craft that glides on the current of thought? Mrs. Chit-Chatterly has decidedly held the reins of fashion through the last season. Ministers have before this talked themselves into the Premiership, and Mrs. Chit-Chatterly has brought herself into the above-mentioned eminent situation by her pulmonary accomplishments. It is true, Lady Fineclod ventured into the field against this formidable diplomatist, and endeavoured to form a ministry independent of the Chatterly party; but that lady was soon obliged to give in, and absolutely to hold office under her more powerful rival, having been, in the end of the season, put off with the "woods and forests" instead of the "foreign department." It was Mrs. Chatterly, then, who guided the helm; and, truth to say, managed in the most stateswomanlike manner the vessel of "haut ton," all obsequious personages being justly elevated to the higher posts of fashion, whilst those who were uncivil were very appropriately struck off the "civil list."

But time and the editor will not allow me to proceed any farther with my portraits; were I unrestricted, I might fill whole pages with descriptions of the other personages who formed the Cabinet: such as the Countess of Tiptop, in whose discriminating eyes a coronet was one of the cardinal virtues; Mrs. Authorwould, who loves darkness better than light, not because her deeds are evil, but because her wax is scarce; and a thousand others, who fill the minor offices of fashion, such as the Fogartys, of Castle Fogarty; the O'Shaughnessys, of St. Pat's; the Ranters, of Screech Town, &c. We hasten therefore, to a consideration of the acts of the administration, and, as is the language of the journals, we congratulate the Hon. Premier on the able and skilful, and stateswomanlike and constitutional manner in which she managed affairs dur-

ing last session; the energy, the promptitude she displayed throughout, the firmness and intrepidity with which she met the clamour of those out of doors, and her final triumph over all the machinations of faction and intrigue. As a proof of the Premier's ability and diligence, and her constant solicitude for the best interests of the fashionable world, we point to the several acts of her administration; the numerous levees and levies which she held, in the latter of which as fine a body of hobble-de-hoys as ever was seen were constantly selected for the quadrille service, and in the former of which its exercises and discipline were vigorously kept up. We point also specifically to the "Quadrille of Beauty," a measure solely attributable to the ingenuity of the fair Premier herself, and the various balls, morning concerts, and bazaars which she patronized and set on foot, and which so powerfully augmented the commercial prosperity of the country. In a word, nothing could surpass the able conduct of the minister; her regulations of the military, her management of our extensive foreign relations, her whole administration in the home department, are above all praise. But we shall select that measure which was introduced into the House as a "Bill for the formation of a Quadrille of Beauty," and which passed with acclamation, as one of the happiest hits of the Premier; and shall endeavour to give some faint sketch, at least, of its merits. It is necessary here to make a few prefatory remarks. A hint had been given by an illustrious pair of individuals for the formation of a "Costume Quadrille," to be a candidate for which no one was entitled but those who were possessed of a title and a pedigree. But alas! that Fortune should be so churlish, and should dole out her gifts with such scrupulous parsimony! The Lady Janes, and the Lady Sophias, and the Lady Amclias, were all ladies, no doubt; but then there was one qualification which they all wanted, and one which would naturally enough be thought quite as indispensable as rank in a Costume Quadrille,—and that one was beauty. If it was not that we are aware that her Grace is wholly free from a plebeian propensity to any thing like a joke, we should say that the "Costume Quadrille" was a piece of English drollery practised on Irish simplicity, and that the remarkable insignia was only given to render titled deficiencies more conspicuous. However, whether it was a joke or not, was of no consequence, for it was taken in very good part by the *dramatis personæ* themselves. The pattern-doll was sent about to each, in the order of precedence as regulated by the "Red Book;" one or two blunders only being made, such as the daughter of a Noble Earl getting it before the fair scion of another Noble Earl, whose title bore date two whole hours sooner by the town-clock than the noble sire of the noble lady above-mentioned. This, of course, caused a temporary convulsion; but the labours of the toilette did not allow time for the discussion of the question, and the organ of gaiety prevailed over the organ of order. The doll performed its orbit, and the noble spinsters their quadrille, and a very stately, honourable, and right honourable performance it was. Her Grace presided with that solemn dignity which befitted such a solemn occasion, and all the Castle people and bystanders were penetrated with those feelings of awe, respect, and admiration which such an exhibition was calculated to produce. Only imagine eight representatives of coronets dancing together, dressed in feathers and pink gowns, treading, as the newspapers have it, "on the

light fantastic toe!" Only imagine one of the nobility having a toe at all just like ourselves, and then imagine we of the mob having the honour to look on at the performance of these sacred mysteries of fashion!

This certainly cannot be felt too intensely, or celebrated too highly. To be sure, some of the younger aid-de-camps and guardsmen, whose volatile temperament was not in accordance with the grandeur and solemnity of the scene, ventured to criticise the personal accomplishments of the fair priestesses of the rites, and to throw out some profane jests on that subject; but it is disloyal on our parts to the cause of aristocracy, to even allude to such exhibitions of Radicalism and Popery—"odi profanos;" far be it from us to hold these levelling doctrines, or to in any wise connive at this second breaking in on the Constitution. At the same time, we cannot withhold our due meed of applause from the Hon. Premier, who introduced, as an amendment to the "Quadrille of Rank," the "Quadrille of Beauty." The amendment, to be sure, as is the case of all amendments, quashed the original bill; but then—but then, it was Mrs. Chit-Chatterly who made the amendment, and who will find fault with Mrs. Chit-Chatterly? Well, if ever there was an exhibition of diplomatic skill, it was in the invention of the Quadrille of Beauty. Pitt's Sinking Fund was nothing to it. Its ingenuity is only to be equalled by that of Mr. Goulburn's budget; and any apparent failure that might have seemed to accompany it, by reason of the fair performers running restive on the subject of pink ribbons, may be well represented by that new and appropriate, and financial figure of speech, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made use of when speaking of the fluctuations of British prosperity, which he likens to "dark clouds on our horizon, which shall soon pass away." What imagination in conceiving such an idea! What taste in applying it to the sublime and poetical subject of pounds, shillings, and pence! But our enthusiastic admiration for Mr. Goulburn is leading us from our subject. To return. The Quadrille of Beauty was a beautiful quadrille. Four matrons supported the character of the four Seasons—Mrs. Chatterly taking on herself the part of Winter. The unmarried beauties personated the months, and oh! what a calendar they made! Were November like its representative, John Bull would never cut his throat through hypochondriacism in that fatal period.

But every thing in this life is transient and liable to the malevolence of fortune, and the Quadrille of Beauty was, we regret to say, not exempt from the common lot of sublunary things. The quadrille was perfect in every respect except in this, that, owing to one thing or other, it was never danced. In the first place, the young beauties ran restive, as before-mentioned, on the subject of the "pink ribbons." Lady Fineclod disputed with the Premier the management of the toilette; Mrs. Chit-Chatterly was peremptory; Miss Fineclod was pert, and various other of the Months lifted up their voices against the inclemency of the Winter season. Winter, however, remained as cold as ice to all their entreaties, and the minor departments of the year were obliged to give in on the subject of the "pink ribbons," not, however, without a manifestation of feeling wholly out of character. August, for instance, was seen crying her eyes out in the teeth of injunctions, which prescribed that her face should be constantly dressed in its most sunny smiles in order to typify the characteristics of that serene period. December, on the contrary,

was to be seen smirking, and giggling, and laughing loud, and turning all into ridicule, although she had been strictly enjoined to wear a solemn and a grave demeanour. May looked quite frumpy; and June put on such a freezing air as to leave it doubtful whether the biggest boy in the Guards could have turned the "winter of her discontent into glorious summer." But the severest cut of all was, that several of the seasons and months totally absconded and did not make their appearance, and that, of those who did, not one went into her proper place. It would have puzzled an Almanack-maker in earnest to have made anything out of the medley. Here was August, next was December, next Summer, then Spring, then Winter. In fact time was wholly lost and confounded in this Quadrille of Beauty, and it would have required a second Julius Cæsar to have set the calendar to rights. The consequence was, the quadrille could not be danced, and nothing was to be seen but a number of whimsically dressed beauties scattered through the rooms. But, as we have said before, this failure is not to be attributed to the Premier, but to the flights of fortune over which we have no control. The whole design evinced much skilful invention on the part of Mrs. Chit-Chatterly, and who would doubt for a moment the philosophical supremacy of theory over practice? But the Quadrille of Rank, and the Quadrille of Beauty, received their final death-blow at the Fancy-ball which was announced under the auspices of the "Vice-regality and the whole cabinet of fashion. Paddy's notion of a fancy-ball did not at all harmonize with that of Lady Patronesses, and hence a convulsion ensued. An Irish fancy-ball is a thing "*sui generis*," and is as different from an English one as fun from dullness, or animated nature from still life; the excesses of the one, as in the present instance, frequently leading to its final termination, as the insipidity and tameness of the other are equally causes of its premature dissolution. An Irishman, when in society, never forgets that he possesses five senses and a tongue; we, of merry England, seem as if all the senses were absorbed in sight, and the power of articulation also. An Englishman walks about as if he were one huge eye, all the faculties, both bodily and mental, being concentrated therein, the lid expanded, the pupil protruded, and greedily gloating over the whole field of vision. His more mercurial brother has less optical curiosity and a strong propensity to use the organ of hearing whenever he can conquer an almost uncontrollable propensity to lifting up his voice. An excessive devotion to spectacle and sight-seeing characterizes the one, an overweening fondness for drolling and burlesquing peculiarizes the other. The former will tell you, with a precision that would shame "Joe Hume's" statements, all the "locale" of the scene, the appearance of the rooms, the number of the lamps, the dresses of the company, from the "mightinesses" of the toque down to the tributary ribbons of the sandal, through all the involutions of ear-rings, bracelets, hoops, and necklaces, the uniform of the military, the stars, orders, garters, &c. The latter is in laudable ignorance of all this, but he will tell you what Mr. Such-a-one or Mrs. Such-a-one said, and what he said himself, and, how they laughed and joked, and joked and laughed the whole night long. An Irish fancy-ball is a collision of the wits and of the wags, and we confess, sometimes a collision which is not altogether distinguished by mental contact: on the other hand, an English fancy-ball is an assem-

blage of well-dressed people, whose only principle of cohesion is the rattlesnake attraction of the eye, and whose humour, if there be any, evaporates in a practical joke. Now these contradistinctions between the two nations are also observable between the higher and middle classes in Irish society. Hence, then, arises the mixed fame of their fancy-balls, one party pronouncing them a blessing, the other a bore, though, indeed, we believe, that owing to some infelicitous circumstance, the latter epithet is the more appropriate of the two when applied to the ball in question. Be that as it may, let us of the people think as we will, her Grace, Mrs. Chit-Chatterly, the cabinet of fashion, the "Quadrille of Rank," the "Quadrille of Beauty," Seasons, Months, and all, voted it a bore, and of course it was so. 'Tis to think that eight noble ladies and sixteen beautiful ladies dressed themselves, the former in pink and feathers, the latter in all the colours of the rainbow,—that they took the trouble of going to the "Rotunda," (the Irish Assembly room,) and that they intended doing the citizens of Dublin the honour of dancing—yea, dancing their very best steps and figures, their "dos-à-dos's," their "poussettes," before them, and that the said citizens of Dublin were so tasteless, Gothic, and savage, as to be wholly insensible of that honour, and, instead of putting on three pair of spectacles upon the occasion, and elevating opera glasses, the size of telescopes, to catch a glimpse of the noble and lovely groups, were so utterly depraved as to follow their own vagaries! To be sure, one or two figures of the quadrille were danced, and Paddy had the manners to look on for a while; but then Paddy does not rejoice in either spectacles or telescope, but in two unsophisticated big eyes, which he wishes to use to the best advantage by coming close to the theatre of action, so that his manners, equally as his want of them, spoiled the quadrille, for he did not allow the performers a clear stage, favour them as he might. The consequence was, that the whole business resembled a pugilistic encounter, or a cock-fight, a small space of about ten feet square only being left by the crowd for the Honourable and Right Honourable and beautiful and very beautiful to exhibit their locomotive powers. As for the quality behind, they could see nothing except the white feathers bobbing up and down like a carpenter's hand in a saw-pit. At last the quadrilles were obliged to strike, it being found out that in the confusion Lady Amelia was balancē-ing to a great big black sweep instead of her partner, and that the beautiful Miss Broadback had come slap up *dos-à-dos* with a Dutch merchant. Here, you know, was an end of every thing decent and genteel, and such a violation of aristocratic dignity, and such a display of perverted taste, that flesh and blood—I beg the nobility's pardon,—that coronets and rent rolls could not stand it. The crowd pleaded the crowd as their excuse, and the impossibility of annihilating matter; on the other side, the existence of a plenum was asserted; but what does Philosophy avail at a fancy-ball? The Duchess fled in dismay, supposing, no doubt, that it was a general rising, and that O'Connell was at the bottom of all, perhaps the very big black sweep himself. The Quadrille of Rank retreated, leaving in their confusion half their costume behind them. The Seasons and Months rolled on in quick succession, not on the wings of time, but through the mud of Sackville-street, quite unseasonably; no coaches could be got at, all was confusion: May, instead of treading

on flowers, was found stumping over the paving-stones ; and September, instead of gliding through falling leaves, was seen slithering away through the pools and gutters ; and thus finally terminated the Quadrille of Rank and the Quadrille of Beauty, never, we fear, again to be resuscitated.—The rest of the "Irish Saison" under the above-mentioned administration was diversified in bazaars, morning concerts, phrenological lectures, &c. The bazaar system, in particular, was much in vogue. Of course you know what a bazaar is ? If not, I'll tell you. A bazaar is an invention by which one part of the community is robbed and the other fed ; an ingenious device, by which the onus of charity is thrown on starving shopkeepers, and the reputation of benevolence is acquired by fidgety young ladies. A bazaar is a repository of all the trinkum-trankums, gim-cracks, and hop-jacks, that the inventive faculty and pliant fingers of feminine gender can conceive and execute. It is a museum of all the sublime thoughts, conceptions, and imaginings, that young spinsters, armed with needles and thimbles, can be conceived to be inspired with. It is an aggregate of all the varieties that pasteboard, muslin, paper, and plum-cake, can be cut and carved into by the high-souled imagination of lady sempstresses and lady pastrycooks. A bazaar is a place at which you may see and be seen, that is, from the chin up, the rest of the person forming a part of one dense mass. It is a place where cornets and ensigns may have the pleasure of making bargains with the above-mentioned lady shopkeepers, and the satisfaction of purchasing from these fair negotiators a goose-quill toothpick for the moderate charge of a month's pay. It is a place also where the said negotiators may negotiate with the said men of war a more sentimental species of traffic, and thus verify the interpretation that charity is love. With respect to the morning concerts which were scattered through the season, it is sufficient to say that they flourished in their generation. People were as well dressed and as chatty as they usually are on such occasions. As for the music, Mrs. Chit-Chatterly generally performed on the speaking-trumpet with her usual ability, being ably supported by numerous other performers on that very effective instrument, whilst the orchestra, enjoying a sinecure, was thereby enabled to surrender itself up to the grateful influences of balmy repose.

But perhaps you will be led to think from these details, that Dublin is a mere receptacle for fashion, and because its University is turned into an institution for the deaf and dumb, that therefore philosophy and learning are banished from her streets. You are wholly mistaken. What has a college to do with philosophy, and what justifies you in determining on the ignorance or knowledge of a nation by a reference to it ? God bless my soul, you don't seem to understand even your mother tongue ! A pretty task I have imposed upon myself,—to give you, forsooth, a Dublin Guide ! Ask any body what a college is. Ask Sir Robert Inglis, and he will tell you it is a clerical borough, where young men in black gowns drink claret and toast the Church. Ask Sir Nicholas Tindall, and he will tell you it is a place which has disgraced itself by its no-popery principles. Ask John Wilson Croker, and he will tell you it is a big stone building in the middle of College-Green, and that he represents it in Parliament as it should be represented, that is, by keeping a dignified silence. Not a word is said of learning, you perceive. There is no ridiculous affectation of this sort. You in-

stance the London University; but what does it prove? Am I to be confuted in my position by Mr. Brougham's rash innovations on English habits and English language? No! If Mr. Brougham choose to introduce these wild and extravagant alterations into a system which has been handed down pure and untainted from the time of the Druids, which our forefathers and their grandfathers, and their great, great grandfathers abided by, and sanctioned, and approved of; if Mr. Brougham choose thus to undermine long established monopolies, to change political corporations into scientific ones; and oh! more profane than all, to tamper with our language, and to call this new Pandemonium by the name "University," why, let him do so; but with him let the infamy, and discredit, and obloquy, of such a nefarious transaction rest,—I wash my hands of it. As for myself, I am a loyal subject, and no radical; therefore as a conclusion to the argument I will give, if you allow me, (for I am at present taking my pint of Madeira,) "three cheers for three Universities and the good old times!" But this question about colleges has made me digress. You conceive that Dublin is destitute of learning? By no means. Had we not during the last season Mr. Coombe from Scotland lecturing us on Phrenology; and was not Mrs. Prim-Prosody to be seen every day, "*cum multis aliis*," drinking in philosophy at every pore that was pervious? Were not the good people of Dublin employed for two whole calendar months on bump-discoveries? Was not Mr. Prosy Literal found to be blessed with an excessive developement of the organ of imagination; and Mr. Plod-dington Mum with that of wit; was not Miss Polly Addle-pate, who fortunately had her head fastened tight to her shoulders so as to remove all apprehensions of her leaving it behind her—was she not discovered to possess in a strong degree that combination of organs of which memory is the result; was not Mrs. Totally Discord proved to be big with the organ of melody; and Master Dashaway Random, (who by the by had just come home from school with a black-eye) discovered with the organ of order swelled out into the most uncommon dimensions? Was not all this seen, and examined into, and analyzed; and after all this, will you say that Dublin is not the repository of science? But, on the other hand, was the system of Mr. Coombe received without that proper degree of philosophical demur and investigation which demonstrates a genuine capability to learn? No! Mr. Coombe was invited to private parties, and was cross-questioned by all the little masters and misses who could read the names of the organs. It was to no purpose that he pleaded an immunity from explaining the advanced parts of a science until previous steps had been acquired. It was to no purpose to say that we must read the first proposition of Euclid before the forty-seventh. This was treated with the neglect it deserved; and dandy philosophers reeking from school, adjusted their neckcloths and talked of free-will. A laudable anxiety was evinced to pass off small wit as hucksters do small-beer, cheap but muddy withal, and to let the world see that they, the retailers of this respectable commodity, were able to controvert points even with phrenologists themselves. Now this was all very praiseworthy. Mr. Coombe was, no doubt, penetrated and confounded by the acute and philosophic interrogatories of these sage inquisitors, and the metropolis of all Ireland thus saved from the imputation of any deficiency in intellect or knowledge.

Well, I believe I have now supplied you with information sufficient to initiate you into Irish fashion, and to give you some idea of the last "Saison." Of course the sketch falls far short of the original. If, therefore, you do not think it a satisfactory one, you had better cross the channel and visit the great city yourself; but if you are tolerably content with it, and have not time for that excursion, I shall perhaps next season favour you, my fair friend, (for I would wager my heart against a lock of your hair, that you are a woman,) with another picture of Dublin.

K.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

By a foam-clouded torrent, whose steep mountain-shower
 A bright little rainbow eternally spans,
 In a garden so wild there's a beautiful Bower,
 Which the West with his violet-breath ever fans.
 Did the Sons of the Sky, when they courted Earth's Daughters,
 Build any more bowers so lovely as this?—
 I would it were so! for the one by these waters
 May well be entitled a Bower of Bliss.
 No capitals chiselled in leaves of acanthus,
 No pillars encrusted with gold or with gems;
 But flowers ever-blooming, like famed Amaranthus.
 Enrich the whole peristyle built of green stems.
 Its roof of syringa and vine interweaving,
 And kissing as close as the trees were of kin;
 Its sides thickly trellised with myrtles—scarce leaving
 A space for inquisitive eyes to peep in.
 Each balm-breathing shrub from the mountain or valley,
 A fold of green drapery lends to this room;
 And forms, with its neighbours, a high-pleached alley,
 That winds down the Vale in a walk of sweet gloom.
 Here, safe as the halcyon rocks in the harbour,
 Where blasts cannot enter to ruffle her crest,
 The eye-closing Dove, in her own leafy arbour,
 Delights to swing over a Bower so blest:
 A Bower so fragrant, that Beauty still lingers
 Around it, as if but to pilfer a braid;
 And, twisting the elegant sprays with her fingers,
 Still waits to be ask'd to walk under its shade.
 If she enter,—behold, on a couch of fresh roses,
 Yet not half as listless, perchance, as he seems,
 The Bard, in some vision of splendour, reposes,
 And takes her, perchance, for the light of his dreams.
 A lyre on a green myrtle branch hangs before him,
 O'er which his wild hand as he carelessly flings,
 Should the Nymph by a look, or aught sweeter, implore him,
 He chaunts some fond ditty, like this, to the strings.

The Lily of the field is fair,
 A sovereign queen of beauty there,
 A pale yet peerless flower;
 But, though she wear her crown of dew,
 She's not so lovely still as you,
 You Lily of my Bower!

'The Rose is wondrous rich and sweet,
Still dropping rubies at her feet,
And wasting her perfume ;
Yet rarer far, I know not how,
'The flower that droops beside me now,
All beauty and all bloom !

Some say the Violet's sweet mouth
When open'd by the dewy South
Would pains of death beguile ;
But there's a mouth, not far from mine,
'That breathes an odour more divine,
When open'd by a smile !

Then weave a floral crown for me !
Fill the red cup ! and thou shalt be,—
While inspiration flows,—
By times, my lovelier Violet
'Than South wind ever sung to yet,
My Lily, or my Rose !

Yet ah ! the Violet will die !
The Lily in sweet ashes lie !
The Rose will see decay !
And ah ! the lovelier Maiden-flower,—
Even you—you glory of my Bower!--
Like them will pass away !

THE YOUNG SURGEON, NO. III.

My landlady one morning opening my door announced Mr. Stewart ! Mr. Stewart ? I mentally ejaculated—I know no Mr. Stewart—who can the man be ? what business can he have with me ? As I am of a civil nature, I offered him a chair, and he sat down. An inquiry from him respecting the health of one who, like himself, had devoted his mind to intellectual pursuits, at once dissipated my doubts. It was Dugald Stewart. But how could I recognize him when he was ushered into my room as *Mr. Stewart* ? I had heard of Dugald Stewart, as of Locke, and Reid, and Hume ; I was familiar with his writings ; but I should not have been more perplexed with the announcement of “Mr. John Locke !” I was in company, then, with Dugald Stewart, the most illustrious name that Scotland could boast—a man whose writings were known wherever civilization extended ! I cannot express the transition of my feelings when I found that, instead of being in company with some traveller, or man of business, as I at first suspected, I stood in the presence of one of the first philosophers of modern times. There was a mild, and yet dignified suavity in his manner which at once placed me at my ease, and took away every feeling of constraint. He reminded me, in his address, of that most excellent and accomplished person the late Sir James Edward Smith. Indeed, I have ever found that men of the highest powers of mind are invariably mild and gentle in conversation, however harsh and severe they may sometimes appear in their writings. Of this, Priestley was a remarkable instance. The health of several friends in England, with whom Dugald Stewart had passed some time on a visit, was the first subject of our conversation. He then talked about the improvements which had lately

been made in the College, inquired into my views, offered some friendly suggestions, and after sitting with me about twenty minutes, took his departure. Circumstances prevented me from seeing more of him during my stay in Scotland, a misfortune which I shall ever regret. I never, during my residence there, heard the name of Dugald Stewart mentioned without respect. He seemed, by his splendid reputation, to have overpowered all feelings of rivalry; and he was, I believe, as much beloved in private life, as he was admired, respected, and honoured in public.

Soon after my arrival in Edinburgh, I was introduced to Lord Buchan, the elder brother of Lord Erskine and of the Hon. Henry Erskine. For his kind attention to me during my severe attack of fever, I shall ever feel grateful. He did not send to inquire after my health, but came himself to my bed-side; and though I told him I was afraid he might take the fever, he replied that he had no apprehensions on the subject; that he had studied medicine himself, and that it would not, therefore, become him to display any thing like fear of contagion. The appearance of Lord Buchan was very striking. His venerable countenance was open and benevolent, and his long white hair streamed over his shoulders. He had many eccentric notions and habits. Thus, he would never, even in the most severe weather, wear a great coat. Like the greater part of the world, he was very fond of talking of himself, and he frequently amused me with giving an account of his early life. He told me that he used, when a child, to be awakened by the sound of sweet music every morning, in order that his mind might be kept tranquil. I said, "I suppose it was the bagpipes, my Lord!"—a joke which he took very good-naturedly. Only think of a child awakened every morning by the bagpipes, and breakfasting on oatmeal porridge; what a ferocious fellow he would be! One of the infirmities of his Lordship was a habit of exaggeration, which very frequently displayed itself. Amongst other things, he told me that he was sadly plagued to make any thing of his brother Thomas (Lord Erskine), and that he was for a long time very doubtful how he would turn out.

When Jefferson was President of the United States, his Lordship addressed a long letter to him, telling the Yankees how they ought to behave. To this he received a very polite answer, and he had copies of the letters made in a fine hand, framed, and hung in his library. In his earlier years, in common with many other young noblemen, he used to attend the lectures delivered in the University on the various branches of literature and science, a great advantage which Edinburgh at that time possessed over London as a place of residence. But since the successful establishment of the London University, this superiority no longer exists, and London now presents advantages which no other metropolis can offer. All who have a little time to spare, and inclination to improve it, have great facilities for the acquisition of knowledge afforded them, by the establishment of the many excellent lectures on the various branches of science and literature which are daily delivered within the walls of the University. As a school of medicine, in particular, the University will, I feel persuaded, become most popular and celebrated. The lectures that have hitherto been delivered at the various Institutions in London, on the different branches of science con-

nected with medicine, have been too practical to furnish a good groundwork for a medical education. The limited period of the courses does not permit the lecturer to enter at any length into the principles and theory of the science,—a deficiency which I have particularly remarked in the chemical department. Nothing can be of more importance to the medical student than a thorough acquaintance with the science of chemistry, which may be considered one of the corner-stones of a medical education. The late celebrated chemist, Dr. Murray, who wrote an excellent work on the *Materia Medica*, lamented to me the want of chemical and pharmaceutical knowledge, which he had observed in the medical men of England. But while I would strongly recommend to the student an exact and anxious attendance upon the best lecturers, I would caution him against wearying his mind by a too constant and unintermitted devotion. There was a person, during my stay in Edinburgh, who illustrated this advice in a remarkable manner. Having been possessed with an idea that every branch of knowledge might be acquired from lectures alone, he attended the various classes of literature, logic, mathematics, anatomy, chemistry, midwifery, surgery, natural history, moral philosophy, &c.; in short, there was nothing came amiss to him. He used to begin his daily labour at the earliest lectures delivered in the college, at eight o'clock, and continue his attendance throughout the whole day, with the intermission of about ten minutes at noon, when, he told me, he ran home to drink a pint of milk and to eat a little bread; after which he returned to his duties, and, God help him, poor fellow! he continued this through a 'session of six months' duration, attending twelve courses of lectures concurrently, beginning at eight in the morning, and listening till eight at night, when, as he told me, he used to go home to digest his learning and to get a little more bread and milk. I was very sorry for him, for he was evidently under a delusion. He had been at work in this manner for five or six years, and a pretty confusion of ideas he had in his head.

Amongst the various courses of medical lectures delivered at Edinburgh, none deserves greater attention from the pupil than the course on the practice of medicine delivered by Dr. John Thomson. The Doctor was an excellent teacher, and spared neither trouble nor expense in promoting the interests of his pupils. He was, I believe, the first lecturer who introduced the representations by means of drawings, of the various diseases upon which he lectured. His collection of drawings is considered to be very valuable, both with respect to their execution and to the number of morbid changes they exhibit. I have heard from him some of the best and most learned dissertations on various diseases to which I had ever the pleasure of listening, and from which any medical man might derive benefit. I had much gratification, one day, at Dr. Thomson's, in meeting a very celebrated medical man—Beclard, the professor of anatomy at the *École de Médecine* at Paris. He was a very unassuming man, as most able men are, unless they happen to be of small stature, like my old friend Fuseli and Mr. Edgeworth. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Dubois, an excellent surgeon, son of the medical attendant of the Empress Marie Louise. These gentlemen were making a professional tour and visiting the different large hospitals in this country; but I fear they found few

that equalled their own splendid and well regulated institutions. Beelard died a few years since, to the regret of every lover of the healing art, venerated and beloved by his pupils, who, in tears and sorrow, followed by many men of science anxious to testify their respect to his memory, carried the body of their beloved preceptor to the tomb.

It is much to be regretted that Dr. Thomson has never been selected to fill some of the medical chairs of the University. Perhaps the liberality of his principles may account for this exclusion. It has certainly generally happened that those chairs have been filled by persons who have had the good fortune to approve of all the measures of all Governments. One of these gentlemen amused me one day at a dinner party by saying, "that it was a singular thing, but he was paid for reading the newspaper."—"Ay," thought I, "you and yours are paid for more things than that, and for doing even less than reading the newspaper."—"The fact is," said he, "that now, for many years, I have received the paper and cannot tell from whom it comes. For a long period I continued to put in my banker's hands a sum of money to pay for it, and now the amount of those sums pays interest more than sufficient to pay for the paper."—"Ah, ah!" thought I, "I could tell you all about it, and I would, only you are going to examine me next month, so I shall hold my tongue." The fact is, that at this time there were many papers thus disposed of to the adherents of ministers. In no place have politics run higher than at Edinburgh. During the period of the French Revolution the town was divided into two hostile parties, that did not even work with each other. The friends of liberty were looked upon as the promoters of discord, and were stigmatised as infidels in religion and enemies to their country. A late eminent professor of natural philosophy was so far led away by the fervor of his feelings, as to publish a volume in order to prove that there existed a conspiracy throughout Europe to overthrow all Governments! In later times, however, matters have been better managed, and the inhabitants of the Modern Athens, of all parties, now live on liberal and friendly terms.

During my residence in Edinburgh, I frequently talked with some of the most eminent men there on the chances of success in the profession. They all agreed that good fortune is the main ingredient. It matters very little how perfect may be your knowledge of medicine and your skill in detecting and curing diseases, if you have not an opportunity of bringing yourself before the public. The late famous Dr. George Fordyce never got into much practice; and because the late very learned Dr. Wells was not a man of polished manners, he was scarcely able to support himself, though recommended by Pitcairn, and countenanced by Baillie. It is curious to read the history of medical men and to observe their various fortunes. The great art of practising the profession with success (to yourself,) is never to doubt. Nothing strikes the patient so much as this species of juggling. If you doubt, he attributes it to your ignorance, and not to the complicated nature of his own disease. If you doubt, you will be dismissed, and some ignorant fellow takes your place, whose impudence never permits him to hesitate. Your patients must look up to you as the arbiter of life and death. Had Lord Eldon been a physician, he must have starved. I remember a young friend of mine told me, (and it was very true,) "that there is nothing like making an impression at first sight. For my part,"

continued he, "I always say, 'Come, off with your coat, Sir, we must have some blood;' and then they think you are a clever fellow and know their complaint at once, whereas some persons will make a hundred inquiries before they do any thing, and the patient thinks what a stupid fellow he is!"* I was once driven to try this plan myself, and certainly I found it succeed wonderfully well. It happened that I was attending an old woman who was suffering from some complicated internal complaint. I made many inquiries, and endeavoured to ascertain as well as I could the seat of her disease. She doubted, she said, that I did not understand the nature of her complaint. "Madam!" said I, "I know the nature of all complaints so well, that if your inside were laid out on this table before me I could even make *you* comprehend the nature of your complaint. The knowledge that we medical men have of all the various diseases is wonderful; and by putting confidence in me, you may rest assured that all that art can do will be accomplished." This had the desired effect. Another old woman standing by exclaimed, "Oh yes! I believe all he says!"—"Ay," thought I, "it is not surprising that the quacks carry the day." In my earlier days I have cured many a tooth-ache and pain in the face by the famous tractors. An old skewer is as good an implement as any other. When you use it to people of the better class, talk of animal magnetism, the vital principle, and galvanism; for the lower sorts, drawing out the pain will do. It may be laid down as a general rule that there are no bounds to the credulity of mankind. It is when persons of enthusiastic minds become themselves the dupes of their own doctrines, that we see such wonderful effects produced. What can be more curious than the history of Paracelsus or Van Helmont? Now this is what the former says of the nature of man, and of the knowledge that a physician ought to possess. "In man the physician discovers the motions of the stars, the nature of the earth, water, and air, all vegetables and minerals, all the constellations, and the four winds! A physician ought to know what in man is called the dragon's tail, the ram, the polar axis, the meridian, the rising and setting of the sun; and if he be ignorant of these things, he is good for nothing." From this author was derived the notion of an agreement between the principal parts of the human body with the planets, as of the heart with the sun, of the brain with the moon, and of the spleen with Saturn, &c. Our almanacks (thanks to the Useful Knowledge Society) are only now abandoning these absurdities. Upon one occasion Paracelsus so far forgot himself as to cure a noble canon of spasms in the stomach without making use of his usual jugglery. The patient, finding himself so easily cured, refused to pay the hundred French crowns which he had

* My friend's remark reminds me of a passage in the *Life of Lord Keeper North*, in whose last illness the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe was called in. "It was the opinion of the people about him (and the Doctor's desire,) who was the most afflicted man in the world,) that Dr. Radcliffe, then in the neighbourhood, should be called in: which was done, not that his friends expected any benefit, but to satisfy some of the living who would not be convinced. The Doctor came, and by his lordship's bedside he asked him, I am sure, no less than *fifty* questions, which was a great fatigue and trouble to him, and to all that were in the room. The Doctor had his fee," &c. *Life of Lord Keeper North*, vol. ii. p. 142, new edition.

promised as the fee. Had Paracelsus in this case invoked the planets and talked of the elixir of life, he would have received his reward.

Van Helmont was another of these enthusiasts. As Paracelsus had derided the ancient medical authors, so Van Helmont derided Paracelsus. "I searched into the works of Paracelsus and at first admired and honoured the man, but at last I was convinced that nothing but difficulty, absurdity, and error, was to be found in him."—"Thus tired out with search after search, and concluding the art of medicine to be all deceit and uncertainty, I said, with a sorrowful heart, Great God! how long wilt thou hold thine anger to mortal man, that thou hast not hitherto disclosed to thy schools one truth in the healing art? How long wilt thou deny the truth to a people confessing thee, needful in these days more than in times past? Is the sacrifice of Moloch pleasing to thee? Wilt thou have the lives of the poor fatherless and widows' children consecrated to thyself, under the most miserable torture of incurable diseases? Wherefore dost thou not cease to destroy so many innocent families through the ignorance of the physician?" Notwithstanding this rhapsodical nonsense, Van Helmont did much to advance the interests of science by his numerous experiments. One of his contemporaries speaking of him says, "Helmont was pious, learned, famous; a sworn enemy of Galen and of Aristotle. The sick never languished long under his hands, for such was the vigour of his practice that he always either killed or cured them in two or three days. He was chiefly called in to those who were given up by other physicians, and, to the great grief and indignation of the latter, frequently restored the patients to health."

SONNET.

OCEAN! I love to gaze on thee, for thou,
 From earliest time the same, art ever new;
 Such as Creation saw, we see thee now,
 Yet daily change thine aspect and thy hue;
 When storms of Winter bid thy waters roar,
 As moving mountains fraught with Fate they seem;
 In Summer's calm they gently lave the shore,
 And Heaven shines brightly in thy limpid stream.
 Thy billows represent the race of man,
 A moment sparkling ere they pass away;
 Thus he, frail creature of a short-liv'd span,
 Flutters his hour, then sinks into decay:
 Thyself eternal seems to our brief thought,
 Like the great God who framed thee out of nought!

T.

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA, NO. III.

Antelope-shooting.

“Come—let us go and kill us venison.”—SHAKSPEARE

“WHAT good fellow will bring home an antelope this morning?” was the intimation I usually received that this was looked for at my hands, as our group of disappointed hog-hunters broke up. Though there were those amongst us whose balls went, at the least, as true as mine, I had, by prescription, become honoured with the task of feeding the dogs, and such other epicures as relished venison. I loved the sport, and as it was my first love of the kind, I need not say how much. It had, however, with me, a deeper interest than that it claimed as a first impression, from its association with a material, and still unrequited service. Soon after my arrival in India, I was for some time under the care of a very good fellow, but a very indifferent surgeon, who had brought me as near the grave as he well could without putting me into it, by keeping me (as he was pleased to say) in a comfortable state with mild cathartics. An affair of duty obliged me to rally the little life I had left, and not only rescued me from his killing kindness, but restored my health considerably.* I was, however, still a wretched invalid, when another medical officer remarking the benefit I had derived from my professional employment, advised me to try if I should like shooting, and recommended antelope-shooting as the driest and safest. “If exercise and a pleasing occupation won’t cure you, though I suspect (he used to say) they did more for Mr. Methusalem than calomel or colocynth,—why come to me, and we’ll try the medicine-chest.” This simple remedy, co-operating with one other, completely re-established my health. This other was a letter enabling me to leave India; and knowing the effect it produced on me, it is not the dread of being tedious that shall prevent my endeavouring to impress on such as are similarly circumstanced, the wisdom of securing as soon as possible the means of leaving that country, should it become advisable. If these causes did not save my life, they at least rendered it comparatively happy. Until they began to operate (these medical phrases still haunt me), the time I passed in India was a term of mental and bodily suffering. The first impressions it made on me were most unfavourable, and I felt forced to remain in it. I suppose I confess no more than all feel, when I say that I have in me an innate impatience of restraint, which revolts when it can, and repines when it dares not revolt. The body sympathises strangely with the mind, and whilst I was unhappy I was unhealthy.

* I know no specific for desperate cases like hard duty and soldierly occupation. I have every reason to believe my life was saved by it on this occasion, as I had a daily deputation to tell me I was committing suicide, and that a certificate to Europe alone could save me. I saw a very severe case of ague completely checked by the business of 1815, and heard of a distinguished officer who rescued himself from an hereditary rheumatism, by undergoing all the bad weather and hard usage of the retreat to Corunna. For “Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,” I believe a journey from London to Edinburgh and back—per heavy coach, is recommended. I remember remarking, in reading Brantome, how several of his worthies rise like giants refreshed from their sick beds, when the “*gandia certaminis*” attract them. The Constable de Montmorenci was one—to be sure, Stuart’s silver bullet left him little time for a relapse.

But when I had read that letter, when the barrier was removed, at which, overlooking all intermediate objects, I had so long gazed with melancholy apprehension, I turned to look and think upon the scene of my imprisonment, and was astonished at the varied loveliness I had hitherto passed unnoticed, or regarded with sullen indifference. I felt that as my stay was uncertain, I ought to see and learn what I could of the land I lived in: and I found when long years had glided on—which, though I regretted as unprofitably passed, I had never to reproach with slowness—I left it with a deep and melancholy attachment, such as we feel to what we cannot respect, but still wish to cling to—a sort of unhallowed love, which however it may accuse my taste, says something for the fascination that enthralled it. India is no land to live in from choice; but if we must live (as some unfortunates must) with what we dislike, it is as well to be able to learn to love it. Whether the letter, or the rifle, had most to do in teaching me this, I don't know—they worked together, and together I thank them. The antelopes at first were rather a voluntary decoy to me, than an object of sport. But after some time, I remarked that those who saw me going out, smiled as they asked on my return what I had killed? and I found myself in the predicament (which is tolerably common in the world) that rendered it necessary for me to draw blood to prevent myself looking ridiculous. A continuation of ill-luck provoked me to a perseverance that at length was crowned with success. How proud I felt at that moment! I remember as I ran up to seize the fawn I had shot, three of our fellows galloped past me in pursuit of another, and I shouted—forgetting, I believe, that there was any other in creation but that I stood over—"Where the devil are you going? here he is!" Good shooting will not ensure antelopes; "it is but one of many essentials," as we said to a gentleman who aspired somewhat too dictatorially to the part of Falkland in the "Rivals" on the strength of having a capably built pair of black breeches. If the cover which may present itself do not effectually hide the sportsman, he will do well to let it alone, and walk openly forward as if on a path that passes near the antelopes. If he crouches, or shows design, they go at once. The best time to shoot them is about day-break, when they browse as if half asleep; or in the middle of the day, when they seem unwilling to quit their shade or basking-spot. Our dress of drab assisted us in our approaches; but we had to lay many a half-hour behind stones or tufts of grass, waiting for the move that would give us the few yards we wanted. A man should never show himself after his first shot, as the antelopes, when alarmed by it, run wildly a few paces, and then stop to look about. I have killed with my second barrel, when I had missed with my first, and more than once have killed right and left. Young sportsmen fire too soon, become irritated and nervous, and their anxiety ensures their ill-success. One shot within sixty, is better than ten at a hundred yards; for if the antelope is not struck through the head, neck, or loins, or has not two legs broken—unless the sportsman's horse and dogs be near, it usually escapes. A man must learn the sound his ball makes in striking, for though antelopes sometimes drop off the gun, they often take a wound without showing it. Their tenacity of life and power of endurance is wonderful. I once fired at a doe moving away, and as she continued her route, my companion, whose eyes

had been fixed on her, cried "You've missed." We followed her into the long grass, and found her dying; but she had gone two hundred yards, though the ball had traversed her from the haunch to the chest. When we were pitched amongst the ruins of Bagnagar, I fired from behind a pillar of the noble serai in which we had stabled our horses, and struck a buck. I had to follow it, and lost it in the grass. An antelope started from beneath the rock, I ascended to look out, and shot it. It proved to be my buck, through whom the first ball had passed within two inches of its heart. We were puzzled to account for a kind of coat which was on a ball we cut from his thigh; it was thick and tough as a piece of parchment, but glutinous: some thought it was leather, in which the ball had been wrapped that had undergone this change, while others conjectured that it proceeded altogether from some provision of nature to secure the animal from the irritating effect of the ball, which purpose, however it came there, it effectually answered. I have lost many wounded antelopes, even when mounted. A ball of mine once passed through the body of a doe, and broke the leg of a second; I followed the latter, and as she passed a chasm, my horse and spear together obliged her to leap in. About a fortnight after, I was again on this ground, and found the doe I had first struck with a swelling on her side. It might excite a smile or a frown for one so wedded to pursuit, whose sport is death, to talk of a wish to put this poor creature out of pain; but, whatever was my motive, I rode after her with a spear, and, as I neared her, fright gave her speed and strength, and after heading me for a quarter of a mile, she reached some cover, and I lost her. I one morning fired at a buck that was staring at me, and he dropped off my gun, to all appearance stark and stiff. I loaded as I walked towards him. On hallooing to my people, he gave a few convulsive struggles, which I took for his death-throes; but in a few moments he gained his legs, and, the greyhounds being slipped, and my horse brought up, led me and three prime dogs a furious gallop of a mile, till he got rid of us in a date tope. These anecdotes, and I could furnish many similar ones, will show how necessary is the aid of horse and dogs, and how indispensable the self-control which can reserve fire. The does are usually better meat than the bucks; but the latter, having the "fatal gift of beauty," are more persecuted. This sport is the safest a man can follow in India; for the more leisurely he goes about it, the more certain is his success. He may sometimes run himself, after a wounded antelope, into a state of fusion that it is frightful to think of, but he will soon learn to give this up. - When on the plain, the sportsman will probably see bustards stalking in their stately camel-like fashion. They are almost unapproachable. When one comes within a quarter of a mile of them, they straighten their stiff white necks, and, after staring some time at their disturber, turn and stalk away with most aristocratical solemnity. As long as walking will keep the requisite distance between them and their enemy, they confine themselves to that exertion; but when danger approaches within musket-shot, they stretch out their necks and wings, and, stepping forward, quicken their pace into a run, (like a stiff officer going from quick to double time,) and flap their wings till they raise themselves into the air, and take a flight that fully accounts for their unwillingness to commence it. I never killed but two of them; one I was passing

by at a distance, for I had long given up following them, when he plumped himself down in a tuft of grass, and lay there till I had walked up within ten yards, when he rose, and was knocked over. I have heard that the ostrich and pea-fowl do fooleries of this sort, but I never found the latter so accommodating. As I was creeping up a nullah bed to get near my second victim, I turned an angle of it, and found myself within a few yards of four wolves, who rose to receive me. These gentry incommoded me. They did not appear inclined to go away, and I dared not make a noise to frighten them, for fear of alarming the bustards, so I began a series of most expressive gestures with hand, foot, and gun, all intended to signify "Get out o' that entirely;" and when in their surprise, looking at each other and then at me, they would move a pace or two, I advanced as much, and having by these evolutions won from them the ground I wanted, I fired. The bustard dropped, and my four friends fled like race-horses. I confess, had I known them as I now do, I would have killed one of them; but having only two balls, I was apprehensive this arrangement might not have been altogether agreeable to the survivors of the party. Bustards are prized by epicures, but age and season make a great difference in them; and the one I have just mentioned so little satisfied the expectation of my friends, that for a long time, on my days of catering, it was made a particular request that I would not trouble myself to provide delicacies. The shots fired on the plain at wolves, hyenas, and hogs, that, as they come for mischief, have their eyes about them, will necessarily be random ones; but the latter may be shot at the tanks, where they drink as they pass from the jungle. I was somewhat singular in my fondness for this sport; but there was a pleasure in it, and a possibility of success, that was reason enough to me for the sacrifice of rest and the risk of health. I could have sat all night to look on the brilliantly-studded deep blue sky, with its full cool moon, and to listen to the wild and musical sounds that broke the stillness of these beautiful nights. As I stood behind the banks, and drew close my boat-cloak, carefully concealing the light of my segar, I always thought of the dykes of another land, behind which, on nights like these, I talked and hoped like a boy amid the gallant fellows who are now as quietly at rest as the hopes they used to laugh at. I like these night-thoughts; mine were usually broken in upon by some motion in our uncertain horizon, which kept me breathless with attention, till I could distinguish the silvery ripples that a boar and his sounder would raise as they splashed towards me,—or the drives moving in the distance, their black bodies gliding so swiftly yet so silently along, looking like the legion of infernal spirits that we are told took refuge in the carcasses of their ancestry. They seemed still to us to inherit the luck which a favourite adage of ours ascribes to Satan and his favourites; for though I have been lying motionless, waiting till they would walk on the sight which was not five yards from them, and though I have struck them when not more than double that distance from me, very little pork indeed was produced by this night-work. Unless a person loves the bonny moon, he will be better in bed, than smoking segars and sowing the seeds of fever in his system between tanks and rice-fields, under the pretence of hog-shooting. The antelopes will find sport enough for any one who confines himself to the rifle and the plain; and as our petulance is a

mere laughing matter, where there is no one to laugh at it, a man may shoot them and have a chance of retaining some pretensions to temper. Provided there is no party interested in the maintenance of the present system of ball-practice, I would suggest that people should fire at a spot on a perpendicular line, up which the piece should be raised, rather than at a round target. I think it would make much more deadly shots; and when I remember the bones, walking-sticks, and roasting-spits I have seen fly, not to mention more than one snake divided as it glided away, I am inclined to think when Locksley chose his north country mark, his archery was not the only north country qualification in which he surpassed the gentleman whose "grandfather drew a good bow at Hastings."

THE TOYMAN IS ABROAD.

J'en fait d'inutilités, il ne faut que le nécessaire."—CHAMFORT.

THERE is no term in political philosophy more ambiguous and lax in its meaning than *Luxury*. In Ireland, salt with a potatoe is, by the peasant, placed in this category. Among the Cossacks, a clean shirt is more than a luxury—it is an effeminacy; and a Scotch nobleman is reported to have declared, that the act of scratching one's self is a luxury too great for any thing under royalty. The Russians (there is no disputing on tastes) hold train-oil to be a prime luxury; and I remember seeing a group of them following an exciseman on the quays at Dover to plunder the oil-casks, as they were successively opened for his operations. A poor Finland woman, who for her sins had married an Englishman and followed him to this country, was very glad to avail herself of her husband's death to leave a land where the people were so unhappy as to be without a regular supply of seal's flesh for their dinner. While the good man lived, her affection for him somewhat balanced her hankering after this native luxury—just as Lord Eldon's love of Protestantism may be supposed to have reconciled him to *his* resignation of the seals; but no sooner was the husband dead, than her lawyer-like propensity re-assumed its full force, and, like Proteus released from his chains,* she abandoned civilized life to get back to her favourite shores, to liberty, and the animals of her predilection. "If I were rich," said a poor farmer's boy, "I would eat fat pudding, and ride all day on a gate," which was evidently his highest idea of human luxury. But it is less with the quality of our indulgences, than their extent, that I have now to treat. Diogenes, who prided himself on cutting his coat according to his cloth, and thought himself a greater man, in proportion as he diminished his wants, placed his luxuries in idleness and sunshine, and seems to have relished these enjoyments with as much sensuality as Plato did his fine house and delicate fare. Even he was more reasonable than those sectarians, who have prevailed in almost all religions, and who, believing that the Deity created man for the express purpose of inflicting upon him every species of torture, have inveighed against the most innocent gratifications, and have erected luxury into a deadly sin. These theologians will not allow a man to

* *Προτεὺς φῶκας, καὶ θεὸς ὧν, ἐνεμε.*—*Theocritus.*

eat his breakfast with a relish ; and impute it as a vice if he smacks his lips, though it be but after a draught of water. Nay, there have been some who have thought good roots and Adam's ale too great luxuries for a Christian lawfully to indulge in ; and they have purposely ill-cooked their vegetables, and mixed them with ashes, and even more disgusting things, to mortify the flesh, as they called it—i. e. to offer a sacrifice of their natural feelings to the demon of which they have made a god. They manage these things much better among the modern saints, who by no means put the creature-comforts under a ban, whatever objections they may entertain against the luxury of a dance, or a laugh at Liston. Among the orthodox clergy, port-wine, roasted pig, beef, and pudding, are deemed necessities of life ; and there are those who hint that these articles of religion are especially understood, whenever the University of Oxford, and other *true* Protestants, are seized with a sudden paroxysm of zeal, and vociferate with all their energy that the Church is in danger. Whatever may be the extent of such differences, however opposite may be the notions of luxury entertained by the anchorite and the Protestant pluralist, yet they both agree in using the term, on all occasions, in a bad sense, and in reprobating the thing, “ be the same more or less.” Not so the political economists, who, being mostly either atheists, or, what is worse, dissenters, stoutly maintain that luxury is not *malum in se* ; that consumption (thereby meaning enjoyment) is the great business of human life ; and that whatever a man vehemently desires is to him a necessary, and is sinful in the use only when he cannot afford to pay for it. Between these extremes there is an infinite variety of middle terms, in which different individuals rejoice ; inasmuch that scarcely two persons can be found to unite in their definition of what is necessary, and what luxurious. On this point, if we are to believe our John Bulls, the French and English disagree *toto cælo* ; the French utterly despising those things which we consider primary necessities, and esteeming necessities those indulgences which we deem wholly superfluous. This leading difference, it is confidently maintained, presides over and gives a decided bias to the industry and ingenuity of the two nations. I have the authority of my nurse for declaring, that the French invented ruffles and the English the shirt ; that the English improved on the feather by adding to it the hat ; and many old ladies, of higher literary pretension than the honest woman from whom I derived these facts, assign this as a reason why the artists of Paris are expert in gilding and gewgaws, without being able to construct a lock for their doors, or a fastening for their windows, fit to be seen in a Christian country. (Vide the loyal English tourists *passim*.) All this I most potently believe ; for a man of sense, says Rabelais, believes every thing that he is told ;* and moreover Voltaire himself bears evidence to the fact, when he declares the superfluous a most necessary consideration ;† but I am not the less disposed to assert, that the English are making great strides to overtake their neighbours ; and are growing as fond of superfluities as the finest Frenchman can be, for the soul of him. Of late years, more especially, our ideas on this subject have much enlarged ; and all ranks

* “ Un homme de bon sens croit toujours ce qu'on lui dit, et qu'il trouve par écrit.”

† “ Le superflu, chose très nécessaire.”

of Englishmen hold an infinity of objects as prime necessities, which their more modest ancestors ranked as luxuries, fit only for their betters to enjoy. This should be a matter of sincere rejoicing to all true patriots; because it affords indubitable evidence of the progress of civilization. A civilized gentleman differs from a savage, principally in the multiplicity of his wants; and Mandeville, in his fable of the bees, has proved to demonstration that extravagance is the mother of commerce, just as our ministers consider the greatness of the national debt an argument in favour of the national prosperity. What, indeed, are steam-engines, and macadamized roads, man-traps that break no bones, patent cork-screws, and detonating fowling-pieces, safety coaches and cork legs, but luxuries, at which a cynic would scoff; yet how could a modern Englishman get on without them? It is perfectly true that our Henries and Edwards contrived to beat their enemies unassisted by these inventions; but so they did without Protestant ascendancy: yet, dearly as we pay for ascendancy, no loyal subject would presume to consider it otherwise than as an article of primary necessity. Books, likewise, which were a luxury scarcely known to the wisdom of our ancestors, are a luxury now so indispensable, that there is hardly a mechanic who has not his little library: while a piano forte also has become as necessary to a farm-house as a mangle or a frying-pan; and there are actually more copies printed of "*Cherry ripe*," than of *Tull's Husbandry*. Is not a silver fork, moreover, an acknowledged necessary in every decent establishment? while the barbarous Mussulman dispenses with knives and forks altogether, and eats his meal, like a savage as he is, with his fingers. Nor can it be deemed an objection to this hypothesis, that the Turk, who rejects all the refinements of European civilization, excepting only gunpowder, esteems four wives to be necessary to a decent establishment; while the most clear-sighted Englishmen think one more than enough for enjoyment. The difference is more formal than real; for if the European stints himself stoically in this part of his menage, and marries one only at a time, he finds ample compensation for the self-denial, in the liberties he takes with the wives of his neighbours. Henry the Fourth of France had but one coach between himself and his queen; whereas no respectable person can now dispense at the least with a travelling chariot, a barouche, a cab, and a demet. Civilization, which received a temporary check during the revolutionary war, has resumed its march in double-quick time since the Continent has been opened. Champagne and ices have now become absolute necessities at tables, where a bottle of humble port and a supernumerary pudding were esteemed luxuries, fit only for honouring the more solemn rites of hospitality. I say nothing of heads of hair, and false (I beg pardon—artificial) teeth; without which, at a certain age, there is no appearing. A bald head, at the present day, is as great an indecency as Humphrey Clinker's unmentionables; and a dismantled mouth is an outrage on well-bred society. Then, again, how necessary is a cigar and a meerschaum to a well-appointed man of fashion, and how can a gentleman possibly show at Melton without at least a dozen hunters, and two or three hacks, to ride to cover! Yet no one in his senses would tax these things as luxuries; or would blame his friend for getting into the King's Bench for their indulgence. Even the most austere judges of the land, and the most jealous juries of

tradesmen have borne ample testimony to the reasonableness of this modern extension of the wants of life, by the liberal allowance of necessities which they have sanctioned in the tailors' bills of litigating minors. This liberality, indeed, follows, as consequence follows cause. Some one has found, or invented, a story of a shipwrecked traveller's hailing the gallows as the sure token of a civilised community. But the jest is by no means a *ben trovato*; the number of gibbets being inversely as the perfection of social institutions; and if any one objects, that England, while it is the best-governed country in Europe,—its envy and admiration,—is also a hanging community *par excellence*, I must beg to remind him of the intense interest which an English public feels in the victims of capital punishment, in the Thurtells and the Fauntleroy's; as also of the universal conviction prevailing in England, that the gallows is a short and sure cut to everlasting happiness. From all this, if there is any force in logic, we must conclude, that hanging, in this country, is only applied *honoris causâ*, as an ovation, in consideration of the great and magnanimous daring of the Alexanders and Cæsars on a small scale, to whom the law adjudges the "*palnam qui meruit ferat.*" The real and true test of a refined polity is not the gallows; but is to be found rather in such well-imagined insolvent laws, as discharge a maximum of debt with a minimum of assets; and rid a gentleman annually of his duns, with the smallest possible quantity of corporeal inconvenience. When luxuries become necessities, insolvency is the best safety-valve to discharge the surplus dishonesty of the people, which, if pent up, would explode in dangerous overt acts of crime and violence; and it should be encouraged accordingly.

The importance and value of luxury being thus liberally stated, it is proper to bear in mind, that the more and the less is the great pivot, upon which all moral questions turn; and that in superfluities, as in all things else, a wise man will confine himself (in the words of my motto) to what is necessary. Although necessity is a conventional idea, that expands and contracts with circumstances, like the tent in the Arabian tales, which, when folded, would lie in the hand, but when opened, would shelter a large army; yet, after all, the thing itself has its limits, and must in some degree be determined by the physical conditions of the animal. There is a point at which the inconvenience of superfluities so far exceeds their utility, that luxury becomes converted into a perfect bore. What, for instance, but an annoyance, would be the most splendid feast, to a man whose stomach is already overladen with food? Human ingenuity may effect much; and the Romans, by means of emetics, met this emergency with considerable skill; but on a more enlarged experience of general history, it must be conceded, that it is quite impossible to add one more superfluous meal to those already established by general usage. So also in matters of dress, ladies' hats must not be larger than the actual doorways of the country will admit—not at least until time is allowed for a corresponding increase in our architectural proportions. With respect to personal ornaments also, ear-rings must not be so weighty as to tear the lobes of the ears; nor should a bracelet prevent, by its size, the motions of the arm. "*Barbaric pomp and gold*" is a fine thing; but a medallion, as heavy and as cumbrous as a shield, appended to a lady's bosom, would be any thing but a luxury. So, in the other extreme, a watch should not be so small

as to render the dial-plate illegible ; nor should a shoe be so tight as to lame its wearer for life. Beauty, it has been said, should learn to suffer ; and there are, I am aware, resources in vanity, that will reconcile man, and woman too, to martyrdom ; but these resources should not be exhausted wantonly ; and in pleasure, as in economy, there is no benefit in lighting the candle at both ends. The true philosopher extracts the greatest good out of every thing : and fools only, as Horace has it, run into one vice in trying to avoid another. Let not the reader, from these remarks, suppose that their author is a morose censor of the times ; or that the least sneer is intended against that idol of all orthodoxy—"things as they are." As a general proposition, nothing can be more true, than that whatever is established, even in the world of fashion, is, for the time being, wisest, discreetest, best ; and, woe betide the man that flies too directly in its face.

There is, however, one point upon which I own myself a little sore ; and in which, I do think, superfluities are carried to a somewhat vicious excess. I speak it with hesitation ; but the matter has been to me a source of much inconvenience and discomfort. Let no one, therefore, imagine me an insufficient, because a prejudiced authority. After all, who so well knows where the shoe pinches, as he that wears it ? The point to which I allude, and I beg the patience of the reader, is the vast increase of superfluities, which of late years have become primary necessities in the appointment of a well-furnished house. Here, indeed, is a revolution ; a revolution more formidable than the French and the American emancipation put together. We all remember the time when one tea-table, two or three card-tables, a pier glass, a small detachment of chairs, with two armed corporals to command them, on either side the fireplace, with a square piece of carpet in the centre of the floor, made a very decent display in the drawing, or (as it was then preposterously called) the dining-room. As yet, rugs for the hearth were not ; and twice a day did Betty go upon her knees to scour the marble and uncovered slab. In the bed-rooms of those days, a narrow slip of carpet round the bed was the maximum of woollen integument allowed for protecting the feet of the midnight wanderer from his couch ; and, in the staircases of the fairest mansions, a like slip meandered down the centre of the flight of steps. At that time, curtains rose and fell in a line parallel to the horizon, after the simple plan of the green siparium of our theatres ; and, being strictly confined to the windows, they never dreamed of displaying themselves in front of a door. No golden serpents then twisted their voluminous folds across the entire breadth of the room ; nor did richly-carved cods' heads and shoulders, under the denomination of dolphins, or glittering spread-eagles, with a brass ring in their mouths, support fenestral draperies, which rival the display of a Waterloo-house calico-vender. Thus far, I admit, the change is an improvement. Nay, I could away with ladders to go to bed withal, though many a time and oft they have broken my shins. I would not either object to sofas and ottomans, in any reasonable proportion ; but, protest I must, and in the strongest terms too, against such a multiplication and variety of easy chairs, as effectually exclude the possibility of easy sitting ; and against the overweening increase of spider-tables, that interferes with rectilinear progression. An harp mounted on a sounding-board, which is a stumbling-block to the feet of the short-

sighted, is, I concede, an absolute necessity; and a piano-forte, like a coffin, should occupy the centre even of the smallest given drawing-room,—“the court awards it, and the law doth give it,”—but why multiply footstools, till there is no taking a single step in safety? An Indian cabinet also, or a buhl armoire, are, either, or both of them, very fit and becoming; but it cannot be right to make a broker’s shop of your best apartment. An inkstand, as large as a show twelfth-cake, is just and lawful; ditto, an ornamental escrutoire; and a *nécessaire* for the work-table is, if there be meaning in language, perfectly necessary. These, with an adequate contingent of musical snuff-boxes, or *molu* clocks, China figures, alabaster vases and flower-pots, together with a discreet superfluity of cut-paper nondescripts, albums, screens, toys, prints, caricatures, duodecimo classics, new novels and souvenirs, to cut a dash, and litter the tables, must be allowed to the taste and refinement of the times. But surely some space should be left for depositing a coffee-cup, or laying down a useful volume, when the hand may require to be relieved from its weight, or when it is proper to take a pinch of snuff, or agreeable to wipe one’s forehead. Josses, beakers, and Sevres’ vases have unquestionably the *entrée* into a genteel apartment; but they are not entitled to a monopoly of the *locale*; nor are Roman antiquities, or statues even by Canova, justifiable in usurping the elbow-room of living men and women. Most unfortunately for myself, I have a very small house, and a wife of the most enlarged taste; and the disproportion between these blessings is so great, that I cannot move without the risk of a heavy pecuniary loss by breakage, and a heavier personal affliction in perpetual imputations of awkwardness. Then, again, it is no easy matter to put on a smiling and indifferent countenance, whenever a friend, accustomed to some latitude of motion, runs, as is often the case, his devastating chair against a high-priced work of art, or overturns a table laden with an “infinite thing” in costly *byouterie*. I have long made it a rule to exclude from my visiting-list, or at least not to let up-stairs, ladies who pay their morning calls with a retinue of children: but the thing is not always possible; and one urchin with his whip will destroy more in half an hour, than the worth of a month’s average domestic expenditure. Oh! how I hate the little sulgeting, fingering, dislocating imps! A bull in a china-shop is innocuous to the most orderly and amenable of them. Why did Providence make children? and why does not some wise draconic law banish them for ever to the nursery?

The general merit of nick-nacks is unquestioned. Ornaments, I admit, are ornamental; and works of art afford intellectual amusement of the highest order. But then perfection is their only merit; and a crack or a flaw destroys all the pleasure of a sensible beholder. Yet I have not a statue that is not a torso, nor a Chelsea china shepherdess with her full complement of fingers. I have not a vase with both its handles, a snuff-box that performs its waltz correctly, nor a volume of prints that is not dogs-eared, stained, and ink-spotted. These are serious evils; but they are the least that flow from a neglect of the maxim which stands at the head of my paper. Perpend it well, reader; and bear ever in mind that, in our desires, as in our corporeal structure, it is not given to man to add a cubit to his stature. I am very tired; so “dismiss me,—enough.”

M.

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. IV.

The Story of the Beauty of Arles.

“ Ah chi mi taglie la mia pace antica
E amore ? lo nol distinguo, alcun mel dica.”

MEFISTASIO.

WITH a frame of iron, a strong fixed mind, and a dauntless, determined spirit, Armand Villars went forth into the world, seemingly well calculated to sustain its sorrows and to repel its dangers. There was a likeness in his mind and person. The beauty of his countenance was of that stern grave cast which suited his character ; and his form was of the same powerful nature as his spirit.

In youth, he was unlike the rest. It was not that his mind was brighter, but it was that it never bent ; and the very energy of his calmness gave him command amongst his companions,—if companions they may be called, for there is little companionship where there is no similarity. Yet still they courted him to be amongst them, and might have taught him to fancy himself above the common level of his kind, but Villars was proud, not vain. A vain man acts for others, a proud man for himself ; and Villars thought of his own opinion, scarcely dreaming that others would judge of him at all.

It was remarked of him, even as a boy, that his passions were difficult to move, but that, like a rock hanging on a mountain's brow, their tranquillity once disturbed, they carried all before them in their course ; and years, as they passed over his head, by teaching him greater sufferance, rendered his anger, when excited, but the more dangerous. It was not like the quick flash of the lightning, hasty and vehement, as short-lived as it is bright ; but it was that calm, considerate, sweeping vengeance, which, like the snow that gathers silently on the edge of the precipice, descends to overwhelm all that is beneath.

He was unrelenting, too, for he never dreamed that mercy might be combined with justice. He would never have pleaded for himself, and he could not be expected to feel for others.

His youth passed away as the flowing of some undiscovered river, the strange waters of which are never fretted by the barks of far exploring man. He knew nothing of any world but the world of his own mind ; and his only converse was with his own feelings, which were as things apart.

And yet there was a huteness in standing thus alone. There was a pain even in the solitude of his own thoughts, and he strove to assimilate them to something which at least had been. He was fond to pore over the records of ancient virtue, and the history of those firm inflexible beings who rooted from their bosom all the soft verdure of the heart's kinder feelings, and raised in its place a cold shrine to unrelenting justice. Here only he seemed to have imagination ; and here would he ponder and dream, till he wondered that such a state of things did not still exist. He would fain have thought that virtues like these contained within themselves the principles of immortality.

He forgot that historians, even when they do not augment the worth of what they relate, to render it the more worthy of relation, do not seek to commemorate what is petty ; so that the few great actions alone are recorded, while the multitude of meannesses are forgotten. Like

the fabled eagle, that is fond to gaze upon the sun, he fixed his eyes, alone, on what was bright. He would ask himself, Why might not France produce a Brutus or a Cato? Was the soul of man degenerate? had it lost that power which sustained it in the inspiring days of ancient glory?—No! He felt the same spirit stirring within *his* bosom, and he resolved that *he* at least would live a Roman.

Such were the aspirations of his youth; but they were mixed with little of that wild, warm glow, which animates the enthusiast. His feelings, like the waters of a deep mountain lake, were calm and cold, though they were clear and profound. When he did feel, he felt strongly; but the lighter things of the world passed him by as if they had not been.

In the same old, ill-fashioned town of Arles, which gave birth to Armand Villars, lived another youth, somewhat elder in years, but far younger in character. We will call him Durand. He was one out of the many. A gay, brave, thoughtless boy, with a touch of pride, a good deal of vanity, and an infinity of good-nature. He was one of those pieces of unmoulded clay, which the world forms, and hardens. He might have been any thing; but in that same school of the world, he that at first may be any thing, generally, at last, learns to be bad. I have said he was thoughtless; but he was by no means without talents, and those which he had were suited to his character. He was penetrating, but not profound; he was active, but not industrious; he had more quickness than wit, more imagination than judgment.

As we generally over-estimate that which we do not possess, we are inclined to admire qualities opposite to our own. Durand had early fallen into society with Armand Villars. Habit did much to unite them, but the very difference of their minds did more; and dissimilar tastes often led them to the same pursuits.

They would wander together through all the remains of antiquity with which the neighbourhood of Arles is enriched. Sometimes they would linger for hours in the Champs Elysées, poring over the tombs and sarcophagi; sometimes they would stray near St. Jean, along the banks of the Rhone, trying to trace out the ancient palace of Constantine; and sometimes they would stand and gaze upon the river itself, and almost worship it, as it rolled on in proud magnificence towards the ocean.

But still the objects which led them, and the combinations produced in the mind of each, were very, very different. Durand did not look upon the Rhone merely as an object of picturesque beauty; he loved it as a mountaineer loves his mountains: he loved it with that instinctive affection which we feel towards all objects associated with the earlier and brighter hours of our existence, connected with the first expansion of our feelings, and commingled with all our youngest ideas. The grand and the great in nature are always matter for remembrance. They are the landmarks in the waste of years, that guide our memory back to every thing that is pleasing in the past.

The scene where it happened is still intimately mixed with every circumstance of happiness, and we love the spot, even when the pleasure has passed away. The Rhone was the grandest object connected with any of his infant recollections; and as such he loved it, without any farther combination, or any endeavour to know why.

Villars would not have been satisfied to feel, without knowing why he felt. The Rhone was nothing to him, without its name in history. But it recalled to him the days of Cæsar, and every struggle the ancient Gauls made for the independence of their country; and there was a feeling of pride mixed with the remembrance, which seemed in a degree to transfer itself to the object that excited it; and he became almost proud of the Rhone, because he admired the deeds which its banks had witnessed.

It is a country fertile in ruins. It seems as if Time had taken a barbarous pleasure in leaving there the wreck of mighty works, as trophies of his all-destroying power; and in wandering amidst them, Durand would mark the elegance of the capital, or the fair proportion of the architrave, which had once adorned some palace or some temple, whose lord and his parasites, whose idol and its worshippers, had long been forgotten, in the silence of things that are no more; and he would point out the beauties to his companion, who, for his part, would carry his thoughts back to the days of Rome—to the minds whose energy had conceived, and to the men whose labour had perfected, those giant fabrics that shame the pigmy efforts of our later times: and while Durand would laughingly contend that the Romans were neither braver, wiser, nor better than the race of moderns, Villars would exclaim against the degeneracy of mankind, and grieve that he had not lived in those days of glory and of liberty.

They were at that period of life when passion is strongest, and imagination most vivid, and when judgment, like a young monarch, forgets his painful duties, and leaves his throne vacant while he wanders amongst the pleasures and diversions of his new estate. They were at this period of life, when the Revolution began to throw a new, and too strong light upon the world. In the enthusiasm of republican spirit, the revival of ancient institutions, and all the brilliant fantasies which rapidly succeeded each other, many of the wisest and the best got bewildered; nor was Durand one of the last to adore this phantasmagoria of antique forms. His course is soon told:—he quitted his native city; but before he went, he embraced Villars with all the ardour of his new sect: he called him “citizen,” and “brother,” and he vowed that their friendship should be everlasting. He joined the army formed for the defence of the Republic. His talents, his daring courage, and some of those accidental circumstances of fortune which decide, not only the fate of men, but of empires, combined to raise him above his compeers. His mind readily embraced every thing that was brilliant. He was naturally witty; and shrewdly perceiving that a jest would often pass where a reason would not, he raised up for himself a sort of philosophy which taught him to laugh at every thing, or good or bad, and with this he passed safely and honourably through all the vicissitudes of a changing state, and found himself in the end, even as he could have wished to have been, selfish, heartless, rich, respected, and in power.

The life of Armand Villars was different. For a while he looked upon the grand scene which was playing before him, and rejoiced at the revival of ancient virtues—for he hoped that it was so;—but yet there was something in it that he distrusted. He looked for the great independence of soul, the generous self-devotion, the steady purpose of right, and the stern patriotism, which sacrificed all private feeling to

public good—he looked for Roman laws and Roman spirit, and he found but a wild chaos of idle names and an empty mockery of ancient institutions; and unwilling to yield the favourite illusion, he turned his eyes away.

It was then that every Frenchman was called to bleed for his country, and Villars willingly quitted the ungrateful scenes that were passing in France, to place himself in the ranks of her defenders. In the field as in the city, the same calm, firm spirit still animated him. He fought as if life had for him no charms, nor death any terrors. But it was not the courage of romance. There was none of the headlong ardour of enthusiasm—there was none of the daring of thoughtless temerity—there was none of the reckless valour of despair: there was in his bosom, alone, the one fixed remembrance that he was doing his duty—that he was fighting for his country—and that calm reasoning courage which knows danger and despises it.

He rose in command, but he rose slowly; and it was not till late in the campaign of Italy, that he attained the rank of Colonel. Italy was a land which had long been the theme of his thoughts. He was now there, amongst the ruins of that stupendous fabric, the record of whose ancient glory had been his admiration and delight. He was on the spot where Romans had dwelt, and he fought where Romans had bled; and if any thing like ardour ever entered into his nature, it was then. The habits, too, of his boyish days seemed here to resume their empire. He would wander, as he had done in youth, among the wreck of ages past, and indulge in long and deep meditations, in the midst of empty palaces and neglected fanes. He would repeople them with the generations gone, and conjure up the great and wise of other days. The first and second Brutus seemed to rise before him—the men who had expelled a Tarquin, and slain a Cæsar—he that had sacrificed his children, and he that had sacrificed his friend, to his country: Virginius too, and his daughter; and Manlius—and, in short, all the train of those whose deeds gave a splendour to the times in which they lived, and whose names history has for ever consecrated.

Italy teems with recollections of every kind; for courage, and wisdom, and power, and arts, and sciences, and beauty, and music, and desolation, have all in turn made it their favourite dwelling-place; and though the train of thought which Villars followed was but of one description, there was matter enough for that, and he might have indulged it for ever, but that the more busy and warlike occupations of the present gave him but little time to ponder over the past. Another fate, too, awaited him—a fate which he little dreamed of. In a skirmish, which took place near Bologna, he was severely wounded, and carried to the house of an old Bolognese lady, whose rank was rather at variance with her fortune; for though she prized illustrious birth, as the purest and most permanent species of wealth, and perhaps valued it the more, inasmuch as it was the only sort of riches that remained to her, she nevertheless found it very difficult to make this refined treasure supply the place of that coarser material, gold; at least in the opinion of others, who obstinately continued to think that rank must have fortune to support its pretensions, or else it is worse than nothing. It is supposed that sometimes their pertinacity almost persuaded her of this also; but as the old Countess had not the one, she endeavoured to

make the other do ; and like a poor man, ostentatious of his last guinea, she contrived to make every one well aware of her rank and family. However, she was a kind-hearted woman ; and though she would talk of her cousin the Prince, and her nephew the Duke, the poor and the sick would always share of what little she had, and when she had nothing else, she would give them a tear.

She received the wounded soldier with all the kindness of her nature. It mattered not to her of what party or of what country he was ; she was happy enough to have no politics ; and as to country, the sick were always of her own. She received Colonel Villars, therefore, as her son ; she nursed him herself ; she did more, she made her daughter nurse him ; and it never seemed to enter into the head of Beatrice, or her mother, or Villars, that there could be any thing dangerous in it to either. Yet Villars was handsome, strikingly handsome, and Beatrice was an Italian beauty, dark, and soft, and graceful ; and it was not long before the touch of her small hand, as she fastened the bandages on his arm, made a thrill pass through the soldier's breast which he did not understand. He fancied that Beatrice must have touched his wound, and yet her fingers went so softly that they seemed to tremble lest they should press it roughly. Still Villars attributed the strange thrill that passed across his bosom to that cause. " Or else what could it be ? " he would ask himself. And yet, by some odd perversion of reasoning, Villars always preferred that Beatrice should fasten the bandages, rather than her mother ; although the old Countess went so dextrously to work, that she produced no thrill at all.

Such were his feelings. Now this was the first time that Villars had ever been tended by female hands. But though this was not the first time that Beatrice had given her aid to the wounded—for a long war, and its consequent miseries, bringing many calls upon their kindness, and their hearts being naturally benevolent towards all mankind, the two ladies had learned to act almost the part of dames of romance, and unblushing to assist to their utmost all those who needed it—though this, I say, was not the first time that Beatrice had lent her aid to the wounded, it was the first time that she had ever felt that anxiety for any one which she now experienced towards Villars. The loss of blood had weakened him much : his heart was all the softer for it, and his manner more gentle ; and Beatrice began to feel pity, and admiration, and love ; especially when she perceived that the being, so cold and stern to all others, was softened towards her. But it went on in silence in her heart, and in that of Villars, till the assurance gradually crept upon him that he loved ; and he wondered at his weakness—and then he asked himself " Was it possible that his affection could be returned ? " and sometimes he would hope, and sometimes he would doubt, till his feelings became too painful for endurance ; and he resolved that he would conquer the passion which unmanned him, and fly for ever from the object that had excited it.

Women are taught to keep their affection, like a rare gem, hidden from all eyes in the casket of their heart ; and it is not till, by some mishap, the key is lost or stolen, that man finds out what a treasure there is within.

Beatrice heard Villars name the day of his departure without an apparent emotion. She saw that day approach, too, as calmly as she had

heard it appointed. It is true, her cheek grew a little paler, and her eye would often rest upon the ground—that in singing her voice would tremble, and that she did not seem so fond of music as she had been formerly. But she would laugh when any one called her thoughtful, and assured her mother that she had never been in better health.

Villars, as I have said, had made a firm resolution to depart; but like most other resolutions in this changeable world, it was not destined to be kept. The day previous to that which he had fixed for his departure, the mother of Beatrice was struck with apoplexy, and in two hours after, the fair creature that he loved, was an orphan, alone in the wide world, drooping in sorrow, and clinging to him for support in her affliction. Could he leave her? He never asked himself the question. He stayed, and after a time Beatrice became the bride of Armand Villars.

New feelings now began to spring up in his heart. The sweeter, gentler associations of existence now began to cling round him, and mellow the harshness of his character, like the green ivy twining round the rugged bark of the oak, and softening its rude majesty. Life took a new aspect. A brighter sun seemed to have risen over the world. He forgot the past, and in the delight of the present, found a boundless store of anticipation for the future.

There are few whose fate has been so desolate, that one clear day has not, at some time, shone through and brightened their existence. Oh, it is like being in a boat upon a summer sea. Every circumstance of joy dances round us, like the ripple of the waves in the morning sun. Heaven seems to smile upon us like the clear blue sky, and the breath of time wafts us gently but swiftly on our course, while Hope points onwards to the far faint line of the horizon, and tells us of a bright and golden shore beyond.—

And who is there, that when all seems sunshine, would look around him for a cloud?

Villars dreamed; but that dream of joy was soon to be broken. The tie which linked him to social being was soon to be rent. Beatrice died, and with her every gentler feeling of his bosom; and his heart became their sepulchre, never to be opened again.

Villars became old in an hour. 'There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space,—a portion out of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing of years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and what we have suffered, makes us old.

Beatrice died, and the heart of her husband became as a thing of stone. To any other, perhaps, the daughter she had left him, would have recalled in a tenderer manner the joys he had lost, and re-illuminated the bright affections which her death had extinguished. There are some persons in whose bosom the necessity of affection seems placed by nature never to be eradicated. But with Villars it was not so. He cursed the weakness which had enthralled his heart and made it either a prey to love or sorrow; and he fortified himself against the assault of any mortal feeling. He would do his duty, strictly, fully, towards his child; but that was all which he ever proposed to his own mind.

There was, indeed, one tribute he paid to the memory of Beatrice. She had loved music. Her mind was attuned to all harmony; and she delighted in all that was bright and sweet in every art which softens the asperities of human existence; and Villars resolved, he scarcely knew why, to give his daughter all her mother's accomplishments. It was like writing her epitaph on the heart of her child. This only seemed to show the least spark of feeling yet unextinguished in his breast, for there was now a degree of bitterness mixed with the original sternness of his character. He looked upon the world with disappointed eyes, and gladly turned away from the view, for there was nothing but a desert round about him.

France no longer needed defenders. His duty to his country was done; and quitting the army, he collected together his little property, and retired to dwell near his native town of Arles.

It was more probably chance than any taste for picturesque beauty which directed him in the situation he chose for his future residence; but of all the neighbourhood it was the most lovely and the most retired. It was surrounded by wood, with the Rhone sparkling through the trees beyond, and the remains of an antique Roman arch crowning the hill above. The country round was covered with olive-grounds and vineyards, and sprinkled with small villages; for a considerable distance round, indeed nowhere near, except in the town of Arles, was there a house of any consequence the proximity of which might have disturbed the solitude of his retirement. And here, for fifteen years, lived Armand Villars, secluded from a world he despised, seeking no commune but with his own thoughts, and dividing his time between the cultivation of his ground, solitary study, and the education of the daughter whom Beatrice had left him.

On their first arrival at their new dwelling, little Julie offered no particular promise of beauty. Her large wild Italian eyes, and the dark hair which clustered round her forehead, were all that could have saved her from being called a very plain child. But as years passed over her head, and she grew towards womanhood, a thousand latent charms sprang up in her face and person. Like a homely bud that blossoms into loveliness, her beauties expanded with time, and she became one of the fairest of Nature's works.

Beauty can scarcely be well described. I know not how it is, whether imagination far exceeds nature, or whether remembrance is ever busy to recall what love once decked in adventitious charms, but every one has raised an ideal standard in his own mind which is fairer to him than all that painter or statuary ever portrayed. Description, therefore, must fall far short of what Julie really was: let every one then draw from his own fancy. She was lovely as imagination can conceive, and there were few of those who by any chance beheld her that were so critical or fastidious as to find or imagine a fault in her beauty; and, as the strangers who did see, were ever sure to ask among the neighbouring peasantry who she was, and to describe her by her loveliness, she soon acquired the name of the "Beauty of Arles."

It seldom happens that many perfections cluster together. If beauty be granted wit is often denied, and if wit and beauty unite, vanity or some other deteriorating quality is generally superadded. But it is not always so; Nature had dealt liberally to Julie of all her stores. She

might know that she was lovely, for where is the woman that is not conscious of it? but in her solitude there was none to tell her of her charms, and she was not vain of them. The bright wild genius, the warm vivid imagination that revelled in her breast and sparkled in the dark flashes of her eye, were guided and tempered by the softest gentlest heart that ever beat within a woman's bosom. She had no means of comparing her own mind with that of others, she did not know that it was superior; and all the accomplishments and knowledge that her father had taken care she should acquire, appeared to her what all human knowledge really is, but little to that which might be known.

In the mean time the mind of Armand Villars had undergone scarcely any change; his feelings were the same, or, if at all altered, they were only the harder and the more inflexible. If his daughter possessed his affection, it was seldom that any trait of gentleness betrayed it, and, as if fearful of again loving any human thing, he passed the greater part of his time in utter solitude, from which even his child was excluded.

Julie feared her father, but she loved him too. Her heart, like a young plant, clung to that which it grew beside, however rugged and unbending; and in those hours which she was allowed to spend with her parent she strove to win him from the sternness of his nature, and draw from him a smile of affection or approbation, and, if she succeeded, it was a source of joy to her for many an after-hour. Her pleasures, indeed, were so few, that she was obliged to husband them well, and even to seek new ones for herself. She lost none of those unheeded blessings which Nature scatters in the way of ungrateful man; she had joy in every fair sight, and every sweet sound. To her the breathing of the spring air was a delight, the warbling maze of the brook a treasure; the notes of the forest birds—Nature's own melody—were to her the sweetest concert; and thankful for all that a good God had given, she would long for the wings of the lark to soar into the blue air, and sing her gratitude at the gates of heaven.

She would wander for hours through the fair lonely scenes around when the prime of morning glittered over the earth, or when the calm evening, like a gentle mother, seemed soothing nature to repose; and her life passed like the waters of the broad Rhone, glittering on in one sunshiny course amidst all that is beautiful in nature.

Thus went hour after hour, and day after day, in peaceful solitude and undisturbed repose, ignorant of a corrupted world and all its arts, and blessed in her ignorance. It was one bright evening in Autumn, when the world was full of luxuriance, before the grape was plucked from its branch, or the olives began to fall, or the robe of nature, though somewhat embrowned by the sun of many a summer's day, had yet lost all its verdure. Her father had shut himself up in his solitude, and Julie wandered out towards the ruined Roman arch that crowned the hill above their dwelling. From the height the whole country round was exposed to her view. It was a gay scene, where all the rich gifts of generous nature were spread out at large. The green foliage of the vine covered all the slopes, and olive-grounds with their white leaves glistening in the sun-skirted vineyards, sheltered the peasants' houses and villages that were thickly scattered over the landscape, while the bright waters of the Rhone bordered it along, and formed a glittering boundary to the very edge of the horizon.

Julie gazed on it for a moment, and contemplated all its wide luxuriance. But there was something too general in it; she knew not why, but she turned away with a sigh, and descending into the valley, seated herself under some almond-trees, watching the lapse of a small brook that wound murmuring along towards the Rhone.

She was buried in contemplation, it matters not of what, when she was roused by a quick footfall coming down the little path that led from the hill. It was a stranger whom she had never before seen, and one that she would have fain looked at again, if it had not been for modesty's sake, for he was a sort of being not often seen in that nook of earth. In the glance she had of him, when the sound of his footsteps first called her attention, she saw that he was young and handsome. But it was not that; there was something more—there was the grace, the elegance, the indescribable air of the high and finished gentleman; and Julie, as I have said, would fain, from curiosity, have taken another look; but, however, she turned away her eyes, and fixed them again upon the brook as if deeply interested in the current of its waters. The stranger passed close by her, and whether he turned to look at her or not matters little, but somehow it happened that, before he had got ten yards, he stopped and returned, and pulling off his hat with a low inclination of the head, asked her the way to Arles.

The direction was very simple, and Julie gave it as clearly as she could, but, nevertheless, the stranger seemed not quite to comprehend, and lingered as if for farther information. So seeing his embarrassment, she told him that if he would come to the top of the hill she would show him the line of the high road, and then he could not mistake; and accordingly she led the way, and the stranger followed; and as he went he told her that he had sent forward his carriage to Arles, intending to walk straight on, but he had been induced to quit the high road in order to see the beauties of the country. It was but a few steps to the top of the hill, and could but afford time for a conversation of five minutes, but for some reasons, which he did not stop to analyze, the stranger would not have lost them for all the world, therefore he had begun at once and he continued with ease, but with a diffidence of manner which showed he was afraid of offending. He spoke rapidly, as if he feared to lose a moment, but with that smooth eloquence which wins its way direct to the sources of pleasure within us; and to Julie's timid and simple replies he listened as if they contained his fate. When he spoke himself, there was something in his manner, perhaps, too energetic, but yet it was pleasing, and Julie attended with no small degree of admiration and surprise, and before they had reached the top of the hill she had settled it in her own mind that he was a being of a superior order.

The high road lay at a little distance, and she pointed it out to him. The stranger thanked her for the kindness she had shown him again and again, and still he was inclined to linger; but there was no excuse for it, and taking his leave, he bent his steps towards the road. When he reached it, he turned his head to take one more glance at the object that had so much interested him, but Julie was no longer there.

The stranger hurried on to the town, and his first question on reaching it, was directed to ascertain who it was that he had seen.

"Oh!" cried the Aubergiste, half interrupting the stranger, though

respectfully, for he had sent forward a splendid Parisian carriage, with servants and saddle-horses, and more travelling luxuries than visited that part of the country in a hundred years—"Oh! it must have been Mademoiselle Villars, the Beauty of Arles."—"It could be no one else," echoed the Garçon.

"Villars!" said the stranger, "Villars! It is very extraordinary."

Now why it was extraordinary nobody at the inn knew. But it so happened that early the next morning the young stranger ordered his horses to be saddled, and his groom to attend him; and setting off with that kind of ardour, which characterized all he did, galloped along the road towards the spot where he had seen Julie the day before. He gave a glance towards the hill—she was not there;—and turning his horse into a road which led down towards the Rhone, he rode straight to the dwelling of Armand Villars. It had been an old French country-seat or chateau; one of the smaller kind, indeed, but still it possessed its long avenue of trees, its turrets, with their conical slated roofs, and a range of narrow low building in front, with small loophole windows, through the centre of which *avant-corps* was pierced the low dark arch that admitted into the court-yard. The stranger contrived to make himself heard by striking his riding-whip several times against the gate; which was at length opened by an old man who had long served with Colonel Villars in Italy, and had followed him to his solitude.

"Could he see Colonel Villars?" the stranger asked. The old grenadier glanced him over with his eye, and seemed half inclined to refuse him admittance; but on the young stranger's breast hung several crosses which told of deeds done against the enemy, and the heart of the old soldier warmed at the sight. "Colonel Villars," he said, "was not much given to seeing strangers, but if Monsieur would ride into the court he would ask."

The young stranger turned his horse to pass in, but his horse was not so much inclined to go through the low dark arch as his master, and showed symptoms of resistance. The stranger again reined him round, and spurred him towards the gate. The beast became restive, and plunging furiously endeavoured to throw his rider; but the stranger was too good a horseman, and, angry at his obstinacy, he urged him on with whip and spur. Unfortunately he did so: the horse plunged, reared, and threw himself over to the ground, with his master under him.

[*To be continued.*]

MY LAST CIGAR.

THE mighty Thebes, and Babylon the Great,
Imperial Rome, in turn, have bow'd to fate—
So this great world, and each "particular star,"
Must all burn out, like you, my last Cigar.
A puff, a transient fire, that ends in smoke,
Are all that's given to man—that bitter joke!—
Youth, Hope, and Love, three whiffs of passing zest,
Then come the ashes, and the long, long rest!

M.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.*

We must warn our female readers, not in this instance, more than in any other, to place too much reliance upon a name, or title. This work may otherwise appear attractive only to male readers, and more especially to those of the warlike professions, or of belligerous propensities. Upon inspection however, without disappointing either of those classes, it will be found replete with genuine pathos, with animating incidents and interesting characters, with domestic scenes, love, gallantry, friendship, and all that makes up the sum of "many-coloured life."

The three volumes contain six tales, and they are very prettily introduced, in a manner which will remind the reader of Boccaccio. The author is taking a summer ramble through the midland counties, with a fishing-rod in his hand, a basket, containing a change of necessaries, at his back, and a volume of Shakspeare in his pocket. Our Isaac Walton of 1829 falls in with a veteran officer of the old school, who introduces him to a club in a neighbouring village, and which he had humorously styled Little Chelsea, from the club consisting of "twelve officers on the half-pay list, each of whom had received one or more wounds sufficiently severe to entitle him to a pension. A member, moreover, must be of unblemished character, of mild temper, and gentlemanly address, and addicted neither to drinking, nor gaming, nor any other propensity which might weaken the harmony of the circle." Here we find a set of officers who had served in every part of the world; and their respective narratives make up the very interesting contents of these volumes.

The first tale, by no means the best, is that of the Gentle Recruit. A recruit enters the regiment, whose address and conduct evince that a truant disposition had exiled him from a higher sphere. Unable to brook the manners of his vulgar comrades, he knocks down the serjeant, for which he is tried by a court-martial and sentenced to three hundred lashes. At the hour of infliction "he sprang with the agility of a roe from the party surrounding him, and rushed furiously upon the levelled bayonets of the square. In an instant the firelock of one man was wrenched from his grasp, and consequences the most fatal must have ensued had not the attention of all been suddenly drawn away by a sound there was no possibility of mistaking. It was the report, first of a solitary cannon, then of three others in rapid succession, and then of a heavy unremitting roar of musketry." Suffice it to say that the battle before Almeida takes place, the recruit joins in the hottest part of it, and is seen no more. He had previously, however, communicated his history to the author, which is thus introduced. "We had accomplished one half of our voyage, when, being oppressed with the excessive heat, I quitted my cot (at midnight) and ascended the quarter-deck. Nothing could exceed the exquisite beauty of the scene that met me there. The moon shone with full lustre in a sky perfectly cloudless, and tinged with a long and wavering line of silver the bosom of the deep. The breeze was just sufficient to keep the canvass from flapping to the mast, and to give direction to the tiny waves, which rose and fell like the gentle heavings of the bosom, whilst the quiet rush of the waters as the vessel's bow cut through them, was the only sound that broke in upon the silence of the night. The helmsman stood to his post, motionless as a statue, and the watch lay stretched upon the fore-castle in profound sleep. I alone, indeed, of 'the many men so beautiful,' appeared to live and move and have my senses about me; and even I soon became as still as if there had been an infection in the air. I sat down upon the taffarel in a state of delicious lassitude, such as the aspect of things about me was calculated to produce; and I gazed abroad over the sea with the eye of a happy man who is so—he scarce knows why, and he cares not wherefore." This is as perfect and as beautiful a description of a midnight calm at sea as the pen can produce, and it is in contrast to the storm of human

* The Chelsea Pensioners. By the Author of "The Subaltern." In 3 vols.

passions which succeeds, for the recruit approaches our author in this mood to relate his tale. He is the son of a gentleman of ancient lineage and great wealth in the North of England. His father is avoided by every body for his morose, saturnine disposition and unsocial habits; and his mother being dead, he passes through Eton and the University, knowing nothing of home or of family endearments. Returning from Cambridge, his studies finished, he finds the ancient, gloomy, dilapidated Hall; modernised with taste and elegance. — “The servant demanded my name. I was so confounded, that I could not contrive to stammer it out so as to be understood; and the man mistaking my words, ushered me in under some appellation which I have forgotten. My surprise amounted to stupefaction, when there arose to meet me, not my father, but a lady beautiful as an angel; young, elegant, graceful in every motion, with eyes that did not look, but speak—ay, Sir, speak words, plain, intelligible words—dark, large, brilliant, surmounted with long lashes, which softened, whilst they took not away from, the variable expression of the orbs beneath them. But I must command myself—so let that pass.” Presently the father enters, and introduces the lady to him as Charlotte, “his mother.” The father, aged forty-nine, had married the school-girl of eighteen; their habits and dispositions being as antithetical as their ages. “We never saw him, except at meals, for his mornings were spent in his library, and he retired thither as soon as dinner ended; and as to any act of kindness or attention, neither the one nor the other received such at his hands.” The conflict of nature and circumstances with the most sacred and awful duties, and the ascendancy of principle, are painted with great power. The son at length leaves the Hall, and after a lapse of time is summoned to it again, upon the dangerous illness of his mother-in-law.—“The door was ajar, and, without considering the consequences, I pushed it open. There was no attendant in waiting. The curtains were drawn closely round the bed; and the blinds let down, with the shutters half closed, threw a dismal light over the chamber. There was a dull noise, too, as of one that breathed with difficulty, or in slumber; and a slight movement of the bedclothes served to indicate that the former was the cause. Maddened by apprehensions,—I knew not of what, I hastily pulled back the hangings: it was a desperate deed, and desperately done; but it roused the sufferer from her lethargy. She opened her eyes; they fell upon my countenance, and I was immediately recognised. One shriek told this—a shriek shrill, loud, terrible;—there was an effort, too, to rise—a movement as if to meet the embrace which was offered, but it failed. Before my extended arms could reach her, she fell back upon the pillow—she was dead. I saw this, yet I saw it with eyes dry as they are now. I looked upon her pale, smooth forehead, beautiful even in death, yet not a drop fell from my burning balls; and I kissed her cold lips calmly, as I would have kissed a block of marble. I had no power to weep. I was gazing upon the wreck of all that once was lovely and loveable, when a hand laid roughly upon my shoulder caused me to turn round. My father stood beside me. There was an expression in his face of every evil passion by which the heart can be wrung—hatred, malice, pride, fury,—triumph likewise, hellish triumph, was in his eye, as he looked sometimes at the corpse of his wife and sometimes at his son.”

The father ejects him from the Hall, his last words being—“May the curse of a father weigh upon your spirit till it drag you to the earth.” The wanderer enters the army, as we have seen, and terminates his career, after a deportment corresponding with the effects of what we have related. The facts are very skilfully managed by the author; producing the strongest effects of the pathetic and the terrible, without infringing upon virtue or principle.

There is a striking tale called “Saratoga,” which gives the scenes in the American and British camps in General Burgoyne’s campaign.—“In a small chamber, the earthen floor of which was but scantily covered with straw, lay seven officers, two of whom, Colonel Breyman, and our gallant Brigadier,

were already in the agonies of death. The Colonel, whose wound was in the head, appeared to suffer no pain; a heavy breathing alone, with an occasional quiver of the lip, giving testimony that life had not departed. The General groaned audibly, like one in acute torture, and spoke, from time to time, with the strong voice of a man whose sufferings promised to endure many hours, though death must in the end remove them. A musket-ball had passed through the body, rupturing the stomach in its progress, and he now lingered a martyr to pangs as violent as such a wound was calculated to produce. Nearly opposite sat, or rather reclined, Lady Harriet Ackland, her face buried in her handkerchief, and sobbing audibly, whilst the Baroness Reidesdale's children were lying, like seraphs in the midst of carnage, sound asleep upon the floor."—"The Baroness recognised Fraser, and begged him for God's sake to come in. 'For I am in a sad plight,' continued she. 'Here is poor General Fraser dying in one corner of my room, and Lady Harriet Ackland frantic for the loss of her husband in another; besides a number of unfortunate gentlemen, more or less severely wounded, thrown, in a great measure, upon my attention.'" Passing through a wood, where there had been a battle—"the most remarkable objects in this horrid panorama were several American marksmen, who hung lifeless among the branches of the trees. These persons, who had mounted for the purpose of securing a good aim, and had done considerable execution, soon drew towards themselves a full share of our riflemen's attention. Very few escaped; and there they still hung, having been caught by the boughs, among which they waved to and fro, like the rocking-cradles in use among the Indians." There is a story of the destruction of a planter's cottage by the Indians, and of their bearing away his young and beautiful daughter. "But the barbarians into whose hands the maiden fell, quarrelled amongst themselves respecting their right to the captive; and one, more inhuman than the rest, clove her skull with his tomahawk. The cordiality, which had already begun to wax faint between us and our native warriors, was by this last act of devilish treachery destroyed. We regarded them now as little better than fiends, useless in the field, and worse than useless out of it."

"A Day on the Neutral Ground" is one of the best tales, in point of incident, character, and narration, that we have seen for some time. Two young officers had been in the habit of sporting on the tract of neutral ground between the camps of General Washington and Sir Henry Clinton. On one occasion surprised by the enemy, they had found security in the house of Mr. Morgan, a reputable planter, with whose daughter, Cecily, Harry Beckwith falls in love. Harry and his cousin Oliver are about to renew their visit, when the latter, finding his cousin's designs disreputable, refuses to accompany him, and with dog and gun he sets out alone, Oliver returning to the camp. The dialogue is admirably managed for displaying the two characters, and the mastery of mind and principle over the thoughtless notions of impassioned youth. "It would have been extraordinary had Harry Beckwith failed to be powerfully struck with the extreme loveliness of this unsophisticated girl. Finer women he had doubtless beheld—women of more commanding carriage and fashionable address; but upon a creature more perfectly loveable than this artless American maiden his eye had never rested." Harry Beckwith is seated at the hospitable board of Mr. Morgan with his children Cecily and Davis, when "the door of the parlour burst open, and a negro, with terror strongly depicted in his countenance, rushed in. Fly, massa, fly, hide, here come de Skinners a-foot and on horseback right up the valley, and the riglers (regulars) are all round de house." Harry is thrust into a closet concealed by a sliding portrait, and Captain Dobson of the Skinners, a species of guerrillas, rushes in and seizes Mr. Morgan, and is about to put him to the torture to make him divulge the retreat of the English spy, when "the picture itself was pushed aside, and Harry Beckwith, his eye flashing with fury, stood before them.—'Monsters, ruffians,' cried he, 'would you murder an innocent man in cold blood? Let that gentleman go, and make me your prisoner. But remember I am a British officer, and

I insist on being carried before your general, who will deal with me as justice requires.'—The effect of Beckwith's sudden appearance was as if a thunderbolt had burst over their head. Cecily screamed, and before Harry could reach her, fell senseless on the carpet. Mr. Morgan could only exclaim, 'Oh, Beckwith, you have ruined all;' whilst Davis, shaking himself from the nerveless grasp of the Skinners, darted through the door and disappeared." Morgan and Beckwith are bound hand and foot, Dobson holds a mock court-martial on them, and they are sentenced to be hung as spies, on the tree before the house. Captain Dobson is drinking before the two unhappy men, and invites them to drink with him. "'Now it strikes me,' observed the ruffian, pouring out a large goblet of wine, which he drank off at a draught, 'that you stand grievously in your own light just at present. A short life and a merry one has been my doctrine, and seeing your lives have been short enough, in the devil's name why not make merry to the last?'—'Wretch!' exclaimed Beckwith, 'for man I cannot call you, is it still possible that you can jest with the miseries of dying men?'—'Well rated, boy! spoken like any twaddler or old woman of three score. Jest! why what the devil would you have me do? sing psalms or say prayers? Jonathan Dobson has no great skill in such matters; he has been a merry blade all his days, and has made many a poor devil laugh as near the gallows as you are; and when it comes to his own turn, he means to laugh there too.'—'For heaven's sake,' exclaimed Mr. Morgan, 'grant me one request. My daughter, my beloved Cecily, and my son—let me see and embrace them before I die.'—'Your son! ten thousand devils seize the scorpion, where is he?' exclaimed the Skinner, starting up as he spoke. 'Let every hole and corner be searched for that young viper.'—'But my daughter, my Cecily!' shrieked the old man. —'Curse your daughter,' replied the Skinner, as he twirled the bunch of keys in his hand and quitted the room. What were the feelings of the unhappy father at this moment! Not gifted by nature with a mind particularly vigorous, he sunk into a state of despondency so pitiable, as to draw away Beckwith's thoughts from his own not very enviable condition." By the humanity of the Corporal, in the Skinner's absence, Cecily is admitted. "Bless thee, my Cecily!" exclaimed the wretched old man, "a father's last and holiest blessing upon thy head! They have told you but the truth, though it was indeed cruel to do so; our hours are numbered, and to-morrow you are an orphan." A scene of the most afflicting nature ensues, until Dobson seizes the old man, to apply the torture of fire to make him divulge the hiding-place of his son. "'Captain Dobson!' cried the Corporal, 'I have witnessed more of these matters than my conscience exactly approves, and by heavens I will not stand by to witness another! The first that lays finger upon my prisoner dies!' The Captain drew his sabre and sprang towards the Corporal, but before a blow could be struck or a trigger pulled, the voice of the sentinel at the front door was suddenly heard over the tempest. He challenged loudly, but his challenge was unanswered, and, before it could be repeated, the report of a musket rang through the house. 'To arms! the enemy are upon us!' was echoed in all quarters; the door was burst open; six of the Skinners rushed in, followed by twice as many more in British uniform. 'Forward! forward!' shouted a voice, which Harry instantly recognized as that of his cousin. The contest, though fierce and desperate, was of short duration. The brave and good Corporal, pierced by three balls, fell dead; Captain Dobson was pinned to the earth by as many bayonets, and the remainder of the Skinners entreated for quarter." We need not say that the sudden disappearance of the lad Davis accounts for the rescue of the party. The whole of them immediately set off for the British camp. "They had not, however, gained the bottom of the valley when a spectacle attracted their notice, upon which, even in their circumstances, few could look without horror.—The elegant villa, where of late such scenes had been acted, was one sheet of flame. In arranging his furnace on the flag pavement of the hall, Captain Dobson had not been very particular in avoiding the wood-work. In five minutes after the house was abandoned, it caught fire, and being con-

structed entirely of timber, the flames spread with inconceivable rapidity. The strong light cast by the blazing mansion over the woods and green hills produced no common effect, combating, as the flames appeared to do, with the torrents of rain which fell upon them. There appeared all at once in the midst of the fire a man, vainly struggling to make his way into the open air; and he was instantly recognized as the Skinner. His efforts to escape were vain. Enfeebled by his wounds, he seemed scarcely able to raise one limb after the other, and he had just placed a hand upon the outer ledge of a window-sill, when the substance on which he stood suddenly gave way, and he fell back into the fire. He was seen no more; and his shrieks, if he uttered any, were unheard amidst the roar of the flames and the bellowing of the storm." We need scarcely say that Cecily is married to Harry Beckwith, and we need hardly express our hope that the old father was restored to his lands, when the horrors of war had subsided. The whole story is admirably conceived, and in all its parts it evinces very high talents in its author.

A tale, entitled "*Maida*," evinces the writer's accurate analysis of the human heart. The allusions to the Sicilian Court and to the British army will be a source of attraction to general readers; but the portraiture of the conflicting passions in the hero's breast, is given with a truth to nature and a knowledge of effect which have seldom been surpassed. With the fifth tale, "*A Pyrenean Adventure*," we are obliged to find serious fault. It is too short. The materials of the story are worthy of being more elaborately wrought. The tale in itself is excellent, but it might be, and ought to have been made a story of altogether a higher class.

The last tale of these interesting volumes, termed "*The Rivals*," is defective, although it abounds in excellent point. The Ellen Shaw of this story may remind the reader of that masterpiece of Sir Walter Scott, the Jenny Deans of "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*." The scene in the military hospital between Ellen and her husband's friend, her first lover, must impress itself upon the mind of every reader.

The fault of these volumes is the parade of military details. They give identity to the scenes, but they occupy too much space, and, with the exception of certain points, they are not, with the general reader, calculated to sustain the high interest and intense feeling created by the greater part of the work.

PARLIAMENT AND THE LADIES.

THE House of Lords, during the late discussion of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, presented a perfectly novel feature. The space near the throne was occupied by females of rank and fashion, whose personal charms and splendid attire gave additional life and lustre to the scene. The earliest accounts of the state of society in England represent its females engaged in the toils of war and other dangerous pursuits of life, They were seen fighting at the side of their husbands and brothers,* painted, and clad in the skins of beasts. This primary testimony to the spirit and devotion of the British fair is gratifying; but it is grievous to think that men should not have appreciated the delicacy of the sex with a proper feeling, and did not reserve exclusively to themselves the course of labour and peril which Nature appears to have intended for their peculiar province. The present age boasts more gallantry. Modern warriors leave their wives at home; and the latter, although not all Penelopes, prudently prefer even this state of "single blessedness" to the din of battle and the rude accommodation of a camp.

* A remnant of this fashion still survives.

Reference is generally made to the winds for the illustration of fickleness. As fickle as the wind, is an old adage. Female fashions and pursuits are, perhaps, not less changeable; for the wind has been often found to blow during a series of weeks from the same point of the compass. At the most moderate rate, it must be allowed they keep pace with the moon. A list of female fashions is published every month in the year, in which almost every hour in the day, as well as every female occupation, has its particular costume assigned to it, from which it would be a violation of decorum to depart, intolerable in the fashionable world. There is morning dress, noon-day dress, and evening dress; dress for the carriage, dress for dinner, dress for the Opera, and dress for the ball; the shapes and colours and materials of which are as variegated and fantastic as the colours and figures of the floating masses of the clouds on a summer's evening. It is not, however, with the personal attire, but with the mental dress of our fashionable fair these lites have to do.

Females, although by the delicacy of their frame unfit for the rude encounter of the field, are not equally disqualified to shine in the wordy war; but they have never appeared in the Senate, except as spectators of the battle. Formerly they were admitted as auditors to the House of Commons during the hours of public business. Of the causes which led to the discontinuance of that privilege, there is no satisfactory account. The fair listeners, impatient under the restraint of silence, may have trespassed upon the liberty of speech, of which the House arrogates to itself the monopoly.* That unruly little member, which even Socrates, with all his powers of disputation, was unable to put down, may have risen in rebellion, and been pronounced disorderly by the chair. A stiff and unaccommodating Speaker, "dressed in a little brief authority," may have ejected the fair visitor without any pretence; or the gossip of the tea-table may have asserted its superiority over the eloquence of the Senate, and political debate, having become "flat, stale, and unprofitable," she may have spontaneously withdrawn from the scene, and confessed the mightier influence of the card-table, the Opera, and the ball. In fine, whatever may have been the cause, the fashion changed, and the House of Commons ceased to be visited by females.—About six or seven-and-twenty years ago, an effort was made to revive it. The late Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, upon one or two occasions made her appearance, with a female attendant, in the side-gallery. The royal visit soon became generally known, and several other females were tempted to follow the example. Among these was Mrs. Sheridan, the wife of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan; but this lady, considering herself an intruder, to whose presence, if known, exception might be taken, thought fit to disguise her person in male attire. Her fine dark hair was combed smooth on her forehead, and made to sit close, in good methodistical trim, while a long loose brown coat concealed her feminine proportions.

* At the commencement of the Session of a new Parliament, the Speaker of the House of Commons, when elected, attends at the bar of the House of Lords to receive the sanction of his Majesty, on which occasion he prays the royal permission for "freedom of speech," and the other privileges of the House.

Thus prepared, she took her seat in the Strangers' Gallery, anxious to witness a display of her husband's eloquence; but he did not speak, and the debate proved without any interest. The female aspirants whose taste was thus excited, were, however, confined to a few blue-stocking belles, without influence to set the fashion; and the attempt did not succeed. Female curiosity, when strongly attracted by the interest of the subject of debate, or the expected performance of some near relative or friend, has ever since that period been content with the accommodation which the loft immediately over the House of Commons affords. In this elevated situation a circle of beauty may be occasionally seen at night, formed around the circumference of the ventilator, like stars in the Zodiac, or the goddesses of the Heathen world looking down from a cloud on the feats of mortals under their especial care. Beneath is the body of the House, the field of political contest, the ground on which ambition runs its race, on which fame, honours, titles, places, and employments are to be won. Here the debater, the declaimer, the orator, the superficial and the profound, alike prefer their claims. Here

“Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle.”

It is the cauldron of the Weird Sisters, to which “black and midnight” agents minister, where

“Charms of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.”

The Northumbrian burr, the Hibernian brogue, the Welsh guttural, the Somersetshire zzz's, and the malapropos cockney aspiration, mix together in the charmed pot. The strange medley of discordant sounds bubbles up from the boiling cauldron, and, ascending through the grated trellis of the ventilator, makes way to the attentive ears of the fair group assembled around it. Does a single sprite below for a time maintain sole possession of the House on any important subject, exerting all his powers in support of the question, or in an effort to oppose it, sooner or later comes a sudden crash in one tumultuous roar of “hear, hear, hear!” bursting from brazen lungs in force sufficient to split the very benches.

Every one acquainted with the public press of Europe, must have observed the contrast which a London newspaper forms with the journals of every other capital in Europe. The foreign journals never break in upon the privacy of domestic life. There the fame of parties and dinners is confined to the rooms which constitute their scene, and the names of the individuals who partake of them never travel out of their own circle. How widely different is the practice of the London Journals! A lady of fashion can find no place so secret where she can hide herself from their search. They follow her from town to country, from the country to the town. They trace her from the breakfast-table to the Park, from the Park to the dinner-table, from thence to the Opera or the ball, and from her boudoir to her bed. They trace her everywhere. She may make as many doubles as a hare, but they are all in vain; it is impossible to escape pursuit; and yet the intro-

duction* of female names into the daily newspapers, now so common, is only of modern date. As, therefore, it is impossible to foresee how soon the visits of females of rank and fashion to the Senate may ripen into established custom, although the seeds formerly sown did not thrive, it may be curious to consider its probable consequences: how far it is congenial with the female character and commendable in it: how far it may contribute to the happiness of females, and enhance their value; and on the other side, how far it would be likely to interfere with the freedom of debate, and the course of public business.

Females were in the habit of visiting the Irish House of Commons on every occasion of interest. As these were not of daily occurrence, their visits were not frequent. The place for the fair visitors was in the gallery, the construction of which was peculiarly favourable for the display of their personal charms. The gallery ran in a circle round the House, divided by pillars, with projecting balconies between for the accommodation of strangers. Here a group of fashionable fair sat like a bouquet of flowers in a bow-pot in the window of their private mansion. Nowhere could a handsome woman be seen to greater advantage. Among the visitors of the House during the Viceroyalty of the late Duke of Rutland,† was his beautiful Duchess and her select party. At that period Dublin exhibited a galaxy of unrivalled beauty, many stars of which "have shot their fires and empty left their orbs," while some still remain to illumine the horizon with their descending lustre. The Duke's *aides-de-camp* were some of the finest and handsomest young men of that day. The female favourites of her Grace were among the loveliest of the sex. Upon one of her Grace's visits to the House of Commons the late celebrated Mr. Curran attacked the late Earl of Clare, then Mr. Fitzgibbon, Attorney-General for Ireland, in a strain of most provoking irony. The little witty barrister gave the great law officer of the Crown, to use a vulgar phrase, "a good dressing." Mr. Fitzgibbon was the prime Court favourite. His voice prevailed at the Council-board, and he affected the man of fashion as well as the man of the law. The Circular Road was the fashionable scene of equestrian display. There the Duchess drove her ponies in the day, and the Attorney-General his four blood blacks; and though never known to neglect his brief, or his duty to his client, the Vice-regal entertainments at the Castle found him a constant visitor at night. For such a man to be so put down in such a presence was not to be borne. Smarting from the wounds which had been inflicted in the debate, he sent his assailant a challenge. They met on the ensuing morn, and the duel terminated, as every friend to humanity would wish, without bloodshed. Dublin was at that day the most jovial and joyous city in the King's dominions. There was nobody in it sick, sore, or sorry. The Catholic question, which afterwards awoke in strife and clamour, then slept quietly in its cradle. The social system, since torn by party spirit, was without rent or flaw; or if any defect could be discovered in it, it was hospitality carried to excess. Trade was good, taxes were light, and

* The late Sir Henry Dudley Bate, Editor of "The Morning Herald," was the first person who introduced females into the columns of a newspaper. He was at the time Editor of "The Morning Post."

† He died in Dublin in October 1787.

provisions cheap. A gentleman could import for his own use the best claret the cellars of Bordeaux could supply, and drink it at his own table at the rate, in price, of sixteen pence a bottle. The innkeeper, who paid a duty, could afford to sell it at from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence; and excellent port at eighteen shillings or a guinea a dozen. Ireland had then its separate and domestic legislature. During eight months of the year Dublin was filled with a resident nobility and gentry, liberal, hospitable, and expensive in their habits; and scenes were then and there acted in which individuals of the first class of society were the performers, that might challenge comparison with the most whimsical freaks of the Second Charles and his favourite Rochester, or even rival the adventures of Prince Henry and the fat Knight of Gadshill.* In fine, it was the holiday-time of Dublin, the season of jubilee and enjoyment. Absentees of large property were comparatively few. They did not then, as now, crowd the streets of Florence, Rome, and Naples. Paris was the principal resort, and the *ultima Thule* of their foreign travels. How limited in distance were their excursions may be inferred from the wonder excited in Dublin by a voyage made to Jerusalem by the late Mr. Thomas Whalley, the brother of the Countess of Clare. Mr. Whalley boasted his intention to visit that city, but his friends, although aware of the eccentricity of his character, were incredulous. An aëronaut of 1829, undertaking a flight to the moon, would not be considered more frantic or extravagant. One of Mr. Whalley's friends proposed a bet of 500*l.* that he would not complete this extraordinary, and, in his opinion, dangerous and impracticable journey. Mr. Whalley accepted the bet, went and returned from Jerusalem, won the 500*l.* and with it a title. He was ever after called Jerusalem Whalley, in commemoration of his wonderful exploit. Were Peter Wilkins now to make his appearance, after realizing his lunar flights and his adventures with the Glums and Gowries, he would not be more stared at in the streets of Dublin.—But we lose our subject.

In some of the county towns of England, females, attracted by curiosity, attend the trials at the assizes. The Court-houses of York, Lancaster, Winchester, with several others, present, on these occasions, no ordinary display of female charms; but the custom, although long existing, has never become general, and even in those places in which it

* Among the female favourites at the Castle was Lady Anne Hatton, now Marchioness of Abercorn. Her brother, the Earl of Arran, then Viscount Ludley, having boasted that he would not submit to be robbed by a highwayman, a plan was formed to put his courage to the test. Accordingly, he was invited to a party at the Vice-regal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, and on his return home after supper, accompanied by his sister, he was stopped by a certain number of the youthful guests, mounted, and muffled-up in their servants' great coats. The Viscount immediately seized his pistols, but the pretended highwaymen having taken care to have the charges previously drawn, he was obliged to submit. The coachman, who was not in the secret, finding himself disengaged from the robbers, drove furiously on, and as he passed through the Park gate, in his fright, he made a sharp turn, and overturned the coach. The Viscount, when he learned the hoax that had been practised upon him, was disposed to treat it very seriously, and not easily prevailed upon to treat it as a joke. His sister, by the overturning of the carriage, received a cut over the eye, upon which she wore a black patch that soon became a convivial toast; and her Ladyship was, probably, for that reason induced to retain it long after it ceased to be wanted. A patch near the eye, in the vocabulary of the toilette, is called an *assassin*. Lady Ann Hatton's black patch did no little execution.

prevails, it is confined to females of coarse feelings and to the lower classes. Nowhere have females of rank and fashion indulged in it; among such, it is considered bad taste and vulgar curiosity. Indeed, on these scenes disclosures are often made improper for a female ear, and such as a modest woman must withdraw from. Nothing of the kind, however, is likely to occur in Parliament, the subject seldom or ever affording it. In the House of Lords, particularly, the gravity and dignity of the assembly, and the presence of the right reverend prelates, are a guarantee against the introduction of any matter that could be offensive to female delicacy. But neither in the English nor the Irish House of Lords has been seen, until the late occasion, a display of female rank and fashion. A solitary female may have been now and then observed contriving to hide herself close to the bar, wrapped up in the drapery of the Usher's box, like Lady Teazle behind the screen in the "School for Scandal," or, as she sits enveloped in its scarlet folds, perhaps more like the lady in the lobster. There she listens *incog.* but does not, as on the late occasion, challenge the admiration of the House by an open display of her charms. When the King opens or closes the session in person, it is usual to see an attendance of female nobility and gentry mixed with the peers in the body of the House, but that is a homage paid to royalty, and the scene presents a spectacle attractive to a female eye. Something of a like sentiment and feeling may have, probably, led to the late innovation. It is natural for a woman to admire courage in a man, because he is her natural protector. The ladies of England had already evinced their admiration of the Duke of Wellington by the erection of the statue in Hyde Park, and their late visit to the House of Lords may be regarded as a farther testimony of their esteem. This was strongly evinced in their demeanour. When his Grace rose to reply, on the third reading of the Bill, the ladies rose simultaneously from their seats, and remained standing until he sat down. There were, however, in the circle several females connected with his most active and strenuous opponents, who it is only fair to presume were simply attracted by curiosity to hear the debate in which their friends and relatives took so prominent a part.

The House of Commons exercises the most perfect freedom of speech. It is its most cherished privilege. A member may use as strong language as he likes, if he will only abstain from imputing "improper motives" to his opponents. He may speak as pointedly and directly as he likes against individuals present, if he will only say he means no "personal allusion." All the rest of the House understand him and do not fail to apply the words, and the party attacked feels their force and aim; but the orator disavows all personal allusion, and the rules of the House require no more. Should he be called to order, and requested to explain, he knows as well as Sir Lucius O'Trigger that it may be a very pretty little quarrel as it is, and explanation will only spoil it. Should the explanation prove unsatisfactory, an appeal is made to the Chair. The Speaker of the House of Commons is, *virtute officii*, the first gentleman in the land. He is perfect master of the rules of the House, of the exact limits and bearing of the licence of speech which it enjoys, and all must bow to his authority and decision; should he encounter any difficulty in adjusting the business, some good-natured friend starts up, who, to prove his humanity, and ingratiate himself into the favour of the two parties immediately concerned, is ready to assert

that, as he heard the words, they were not exactly those used by his honourable friend, and did not in strictness warrant the construction put upon them. In this way the incipient quarrel is settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and the whole affair passes off as a matter of course. No credit nor character is lost on either side. The courage of neither party moults a single feather. But it has been shown, in a striking instance, that the presence of a female may most materially alter the case; and lead to a widely different result. In the English House of Commons the sweet little charmer sits up aloft, but her influence, though unseen, is not less powerfully felt by those on whom her eyes are fixed below. It is a practice among the amateurs of the sod, when a cock seems shy or depressed, in consequence of being out of condition, or some constitutional defect, to introduce a hen into the pit. This expedient seldom fails to rouse the dormant energies of the feathered warrior, and to call forth his game; the colour of his gills assumes a deeper red, and he struggles to free himself from the grasp of the hander;—where the spirit of the senator is not of the highest order—where the temperature of his courage is not always at the point of highest pressure, the presence of a female, particularly of a favourite one, may produce a similar effect. He is more than usually susceptible of insult; he is more than usually severe in his attacks. He summons up all his strength; and labours to display his talents to the greatest possible advantage. An unlucky hit or two from his opponents disconcerts him, and, as generally happens to the orator who rises in a passion, after a few ill-directed blows, he sits down discomfited, and out of humour with all the world. This is the fate of humble talent exerted in a female presence. Superior genius may suffer equally, although in a different way. Wit is a dangerous weapon, and, although as polished as pointed, requires to be used with caution. The orator who wields it, should be free from all embarrassment; from every thing that may have a tendency to abuse, and tempt him to overstep the bounds of discretion; but when the possessor of this dangerous power is called upon to exercise it in the presence of a female whom he admires, he feels ambitious to display his great superiority at the expense of all around him. The power that was accustomed to play in a lambent flame, and to illumine the house with its harmless coruscations, now appears in angry flashes, scorching and wounding where it lights—and the sufferers never cease to feel a hostile disposition towards the offender. The Speaker cannot interfere;—irony is a species of argument that may be legitimately used in debate, and he can only join in the laughter which it excites. Here is female influence with a vengeance.

Meanwhile the fair visitor, on her lofty seat, witnesses the whole scene. She has been accustomed to the polite and polished language of the drawing-room; she never saw a frown in company, unless, perchance, upon the brow of a losing partner at the card table. She is astonished at the freedom of speech to which she has listened—the rudeness of attack, the sharpness of repartee, both of them intolerable in fashionable life. After a long sitting she retires, languid and depressed. She can eat no supper. Fatigue and anxiety for her friend have taken away her appetite. She relates to the family the incidents of the night; the rudeness of A, the vulgarity of B, the gross attacks made by C. upon dear Sir Charles, the wonderful patience he displayed—but she is conscious it was only assumed the better to secure his re-

venge, for no man of spirit could possibly receive such treatment without resenting it. She goes to bed and dreams of challenges and hostile encounters on Wimbledon Common * and Battersea Fields. She sees the parties on the ground and awakes in terror, fancying that she has heard the report of the pistol.

Enough has been said to show the disadvantageous effect of female presence upon the dispatch of public business in Parliament. Is it of any advantage to the female herself? A sensible woman, of a well cultivated mind, may naturally wish the national debt paid off, because she has learned that it is a millstone about the neck of the country, which depresses all its energies; but what pleasure can she derive from a debate upon the Sinking Fund, by which that payment is to be affected? She may like to hear about French silks, and the prices of cats and canaries.† These, however, are only a few faint and straggling lights that seldom occur to cheer the listener through the gloom of debate. She may naturally like to ride in a fine carriage drawn by fine horses, and attended by servants in fine liveries; but what pleasure can she derive from superintending the building of the carriage, the rearing and keep of the horses? Nowhere can a female appear to less advantage than in the field of politics. We can accompany her with pleasure to plays or masquerades, and follow her through all the mazes of the dance; but all her charms cannot elicit rapture from political disquisition. The highest praise of a female, who devotes herself to that ungrateful study, is to hear herself pronounced a woman of a masculine mind.

FROM PETRARCA.

LET thou and I stand here aside,
 O Love! and gaze upon
 Yon creature, in her glorious pride,
 Yon spirit of the sun!
 Look, what a dew of loveliness
 Around her presence flows!
 Mark how with pearls and woven gold
 Her splendid vesture glows!
 How softly those small feet she moves—
 How softly those meek eyes
 Glance brightness through the cloister'd woods
 Of this fair Paradise!—
 The new-sprung grass, the gem-like flowers,
 That strew the ancient shade
 Of yon dark oak, implore her foot
 To press them ere they fade.
 With sparkles from her radiant eyes
 The very air seems bright,
 And the pure sky more purely glows,
 Rejoicing in her light!

C. M. W.

* Wimbledon Common was the scene of the duel between Mr. Canning and the late Lord Castlereagh—Burdett and Paul met hard by:—Battersea Fields, of the meeting between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea.

† It was stated in debate last session, in the House of Commons, that at the election for the Borough of Penryn, forty pounds were given for a tom cat, and ten pounds for a canary bird. The cat was not a tortoiseshell tom cat, but the cat and canary had votes.

EMANCIPATION AND MR. WILMOT HORTON.

It would be idle to deny that a great deal of distress exists at the present moment, but the question for consideration is, as to its extent. Is it in greater proportion than might be reasonably expected under the circumstances of the country? A prevailing topic is in every one's mouth, and it is swelled into an importance that very often does not belong to it; and if it be really of paramount interest, as in the instance of the present distress, its difficulties are aggravated by the clamour with which it is surrounded. There are several causes that have a strong tendency to produce the present embarrassment, and one of the most prominent of them, probably, is the late deficient harvest: an occurrence that, we think, has not had its due weight in the calculation, at least not from reasoners generally on the subject, whilst, on the other hand, there are a few individuals who have run riot upon this point, and some of them assert that the diminished demand in the country, in consequence of the bad harvest, is equal to fifty millions. From the nature of the calculation it is exceedingly difficult accurately to define the actual amount, but from the means within our reach, which enable us to form an opinion upon it, we should state that the deficient wheat crop of the last year has reduced the consumption of manufactured goods in the home market to the amount of 10,000,000*l*. It must be also recollected that the harvest on the Continent was very deficient, particularly in France, which must likewise have operated against the foreign trade of the kingdom. When corn is dear, all other articles of human subsistence increase in price, and since the late harvest meat has been much above its average value. The means of the great proportion of consumers are limited within a narrow compass, and the purchase of dear provisions must, in a great degree, incapacitate them from buying manufactured goods; and so long as provisions continue at their present rate, the great proportion of purchasers must come reluctantly into the markets that are supplied from our manufactories. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer had come down to the House of Commons, with a proposition for increasing the taxes towards defraying the current expenses of the year to the amount of 10,000,000*l*. the pressure upon the people would have been instantly appreciated; but the tax upon industry, produced by an unfavourable season, although it comes more subtly, does not come with less certainty, than a direct impost from the Treasury Bench. Our home trade alone, we think, may be estimated to have suffered a diminution of 10,000,000*l*. by this single circumstance. The documents we have examined, and which bring us to this conclusion, would justify us in stating a higher amount; but the object of such an investigation, after arriving at the principal fact, is to keep it strictly within the boundary that the data have marked out. That we have done, making large allowances for several circumstances connected with the calculation. The conduct of the Americans in framing their tariff, although its evil effects are beginning to be severely felt by themselves, has had a considerable influence in temporarily embarrassing British commerce. Smugglers are already proving to the Americans the inefficacy of their restrictive attempt, but some time must elapse before their operations can be carried into complete effect, or the legislature of the United States learn the true policy of a great nation, by giving facility to its industry and encouraging competition. The internal dissensions, and the unsettled situation generally of the new Governments of South America, is another and no unimportant cause of the present commercial difficulties. From the first dawn of the independence of those states, they have been looked to by our manufacturers as large consumers of British productions, and that they will ultimately become so there is every reason to expect; but at present disappointment has followed all the anticipations that have been entertained respecting English intercourse with them, and this disappointment has arisen from the over-heated imaginations of those who have been dealing with them, and from circumstances inherent in newly-formed Governments. We are now confining ourselves purely to the commercial trans-

actions between this country and the recently recognised states, without reference to the mining speculations, and the loans that have been sent out to their treasuries; and in this comparatively narrow view of our connection with South America, an influential if not a prominent source of present distress may be marked out. At the commencement of their independence, and even when that event was only in prospect, the most extravagant notions of the powers of consumption of those Transatlantic states were entertained, and that the inhabitants were capable of disposing of any quantity of British goods, without regard to their poverty, their civil commotions, the condition of society among them, and a variety of other causes that attach generally to new independencies, and especially to those in question. The war in the East of Europe has also combined in temporarily crippling our commercial transactions. When political events, were in abeyance between the belligerents, the unsettled state of affairs there was not severely felt; at least goods continued to go out in almost their usual quantities, and we are persuaded that individuals who are the most largely interested in the Turkey trade did not expect a warlike result. When that unlooked-for result arrived, the local commercial stagnation was greater than it would have been if less confidence had been entertained. The consequence of this war is, that markets can only be reached by circuitous routes, communication is interrupted, and demand lessened by the poverty occasioned by military spoliation. The political situation of Portugal is another cause of the diminished consumption of the manufactured productions of this empire. As compared with some other causes, this may not account for a considerable reduction of demand; but the regularity with which that trade was carried on, and the old commercial connection between the two countries rendering it almost a domestic one, in the opinion of those engaged in it, as far as security went, the chasm that late events have produced has been felt beyond even the intrinsic importance of the intercourse. The late changes in the mercantile policy of this empire have had some effect in producing momentary stagnation. An alteration from a vicious to a wholesome system, as the one now pursued most undoubtedly is, may, for a time, cause a certain portion of difficulty, by turning the old channels of trade into new courses. Even the transit from a system, the principle of which was to fetter commerce, and, by encumbering it with unseemly regulations, was constantly throwing it into the extremes of excitement and depression, to another that tends to liberalize and extend it, may have a momentary unfavourable influence; at any rate, in localities which assist in augmenting the general depression. The increased use of, and extraordinary improvement in machinery since the peace, is probably the most prominent feature in the present situation of Great Britain. The other causes to which we have referred are, for the most part, temporary; the last is permanent, and must necessarily be very closely connected with the title of this article.

Having noticed some of the leading circumstances that enable us to account for the present mercantile embarrassment, we shall proceed shortly to the more direct consideration of the subject before us, which, with redundant population and over-production, is now so largely claiming the public attention. In entering upon it at all, we are aware that it is a question that exposes us to every kind of misrepresentation, more, probably, than any other that can be raised, as, indeed, is proved in the valuable publication upon our table; but we shall fearlessly and honestly give our opinion, even if it should be at variance with that of every other person who has written or spoken upon this intricate subject. Whatever shades of difference may exist between us as to the advantages of emigration, we think the country is under deep obligations to Mr. Wilmot Horton for the zeal with which he has applied the powers of an able mind to the consideration of it; and whether his scheme shall be ultimately acted upon, or not, we shall be always prepared to offer him our tribute of gratitude, if it were only for the valuable information his efforts have promulgated. One of the difficulties, in dealing with this question, is, that it is beset by a certain class of philan-

thropists, if they are to be so called, who are troubled with a logophobia, and shudder at the term political economy, as if the application of its principles at any time, or under any circumstances, involved inevitable and immediate destruction. Among this class is Mr. Sadler, who certainly in an evil hour quitted the retirement of private life, in which he was most respectable, to launch into politics, that he must already have found a thorny path, and in no instance more so than in his lucubrations respecting the Emigration Committee, upon which Mr. Horton has so justly and successfully animadverted. Mr. Sadler's anxiety to attack political economists, through the medium of that Committee, makes him lose sight even of its indefatigable industry, and has caused him to misinterpret its intentions, so as to lay him prostrato at the feet of his political antagonist, when the opportunity arrived for him to defend himself and those with whom he acted. We quarrel not with any man's philanthropy, however ill-judged, in our own opinion, it may be, and we claim, in return, freedom from misrepresentation, if we should put forth doctrines that may be startling to some minds. In discussing national objects in honest sincerity, the comfort and happiness of the great mass of the community must be the first and most anxious wish of those who promote such discussions; and if, in our course, we should use expressions, or advert to circumstances, that may to some ears savour of coldness towards the sufferings of others, we shall do so reluctantly, but without flinching. The chief object of politics ought to be to give the greatest portion of permanent happiness to the greatest portion of human beings. In the furtherance of this object, we will exercise the soundest discretion that is rendered to us, and we will not be turned aside by sickly humanity, or any other bugbear that interested or short-sighted persons may set up.

We have no positive objection to emigration, provided the expense be kept within due limits. Advantages would attend it, and colonization, under the present circumstances of the country, is desirable for ultimate objects; but we confess that we cannot see its immediate beneficial result. In our judgment, it cannot be held out as a panacea for the present difficulties of the country. A redundant population and over-production are relative terms, and are either permanent or temporary evils, and a strong line of distinction must be drawn between England and Ireland. If the pressure of population be temporary, as we believe it is, the difference of time that will be required to recover from it in one country and the other will be very great, although the germs may be, and we should say are, laid in both for the more efficient employment of the productive classes. We will endeavour to explain the distinction that we draw, in this particular, between the two islands. The population of England has become redundant by the temporary causes that we have noticed, and by the improvement and extended use of machinery. This sort of redundancy, or, in other words, want of demand for labour, has repeatedly occurred before; but then we are told by those who are interested in retaining high prices, that the employment of machinery has so diminished the demand for manual labour, that artizans must continue a drug. We believe that Mr. Horton can have no such apprehension. His views of commercial affairs are much too sound for him, we think, to entertain any such opinion, whatever may have led him to look so anxiously to emigration from England. It must be recollected that, under improved and improving management, and other altered circumstances of the world, the cost of production in various instances is not ascertained. In our great manufacture of cotton, for instance. Five years since, it was confidently stated, upon high practical authority, that cotton could not be brought to market, to leave any profit to the grower, under 6d. per lb. The same description is now to be bought at 3½d. A variety of other productions might be quoted as illustrative of this position. The truth is, there never was a period when things were more rapidly finding their level than at present; and we are satisfied that, if the circumstances of the present times are honestly dealt with, they will tend to the advantage and happiness of every class of society—every department of the State will become less artificial; and if

incomes are lowered, expenses will be lowered with them. The operation of decreasing the cost prices of raw materials, and of rendering manufactured articles cheap by the extension of machinery, are certain means of opening new sources of industry. As commerce becomes more unrestrained, new wants will be created; and those who have formerly only been customers for articles of necessity, will in time become consumers of luxuries. That a certain time will be required for bringing about these events, or completing a state of things that we believe to be now in progress, we are ready to admit, and that a great deal of individual suffering will, in all likelihood, occur; but if we light upon extraordinary times, we must take the prosperous and adverse circumstances together; and we deem it the especial, although a negative duty, of public men, not to attempt remedies where time and events alone can work relief. The effort necessarily creates impatience, and the disappointment consequent upon it produces excitement that, at any rate, is better avoided. If encouragement had not been given to this impatience, in the question of the Silk Trade, by the present Ministers, when they came into office, we are convinced that it would now be in a different state to what it is. An outcry was renewed by the silk manufacturers when they thought that they could make it with effect; and they were but too successful with Mr. Huskisson's successor, who in a degree departed from his system, to which deviation may be attributed, to some extent, the present stagnation in that branch of industry. Interference occurred at the very moment when it ought to have been avoided. It encouraged the cavillers against liberal commerce; it embarrassed those who were friendly to it in the silk manufacture, and who were applying an honest and enterprising spirit of competition against foreign rivalry, and showed to all that Government were not acting upon settled principles. The consequence is, that alteration has been constantly expected, and that which all the respectable houses in the silk trade require most—a permanent measure, has been denied to them; they are still uncertain as to the course that will be pursued next year.

The effects arising from this and other causes are well known as to the silk manufacture. Its unsettled state has rendered masters reluctant in pursuing it with that activity which they would have done; even those most clamorous against the destruction of their monopoly. This inactivity on the part of the masters, arising in a great measure out of the uncertainty they feel in pursuing their trade, and which of necessity checks those vigorous efforts which can alone secure successful competition, has, in its result, fallen heavily upon the workmen, by producing a lessened demand for their labour; and destruction of property, and other excesses, have taken place, by reason of which increased activity has occurred at Lyons within the last month or six weeks. English competition is not at this moment so much dreaded there as it was. We do not refer to this transaction at present with any other view than that of pointing out the danger of attending, and at this moment in particular, to false representations and interested clamour. We have but little fear that the State vessel will not right, but it must be by keeping her head to the wind, and by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; not by the commander following the advice of any one of the crew who may offer it, and who, from interested motives, wishes the course to be changed.

Great deviations from the former line of policy of this empire have occurred within these few years, greater within these few months; and if the national pre-eminence is to be maintained, still more important deviations must be in prospect. As to their ultimate success, every thing depends upon the manner in which they are pursued. They must be acted upon in the true spirit of the uncompromising principle—the public good.

To return from this short digression to the more immediate object before us. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that England is in a situation to render it imperative upon, or even desirable for her to encourage emigration upon a scale that would have an effect upon her population. As far as partial measures go for the purpose of colonization, it is useful; and at that point it appears to us wise to stop, under the especial situation of this country, as re-

gards her prospect of recovering from her present partial embarrassment, her relative position with Ireland, and various other circumstances ; without taking the benefit of the doubt upon general reasoning, whether the plan would ultimately lead to the relief that is expected. Temporary relief might be afforded to some districts. The difficulties and privations that individuals are struggling against, might in certain instances be alleviated, but upon the great scale we cannot believe that it would work well, even allowing the necessity for it to exist in England in a much greater degree than is insisted upon, even by the advocates of the measure.

Emigration from England at this moment would only superinduce the Irish population to come over in greater numbers ; and a vacuum of 10,000 Englishmen would be filled by as many Irishmen before the emigrants were half-way across the Atlantic, even if the operation went on simultaneously in Ireland. The political situation of that island is very different to that of England, but still we cannot think that emigration is the remedy to be applied to it. As regards all national relations, Ireland has been hitherto a chaos, but brighter prospects, we hope and believe, are in store for her, and justice, humanity, and sound policy will prevail. In that case, the capabilities of the country will be brought out by English capital and enterprise, and employment steadily present itself to her starving and wretched population. This, we are aware, will not rapidly occur, but if it proceed slowly, it will be constantly reducing the sum of misery. But then, it may be answered, a great proportion of distress remains behind, and why not assist in the dispersion of it by emigration ? The degradation to which the Irish population is reduced takes from them all anxiety as to the maintenance of a family in any thing like common decency, in the very lowest acceptation of the term. The Irish peasant, in his present state, only requires a wretched hovel, without chimney or windows, and which he divides with his pigs, to place him in a condition to enable him to marry ; and if his family can procure a tolerably ample supply of potatoes and buttermilk, their wants are chiefly supplied. In a state of society like this, we are not sanguine in the expectation that emigration would militate against redundancy of population. The wretched cabin that has been deserted by the emigrant to North America would be quickly re-occupied. The miserable pittance of support that he had derived, and upon which he had brought up a naked and half-starved race of children, would be seized by another individual, who in his turn would probably become the father of a family, and every loop-hole for maintenance that has been left behind would be eagerly occupied. The true way to check an excess of population is to elevate the moral habits of the people ; to give them a taste for the use of articles, which to their situation in society are relative luxuries ; in short, to surround marriage with greater difficulties, or in other words, to cause the bulk of the community to require more comforts before they enter upon it. As the use of these comforts, from improved habits, becomes more extended, the anxiety first to acquire, and subsequently to retain them, will create greater caution in entering upon matrimony. The Poor Laws, in their original condition, are congenial with the feelings of Englishmen. That the aged and infirm should be protected against the casualties and vicissitudes of life, is so just a principle, that we apprehend very few, even of the most indigent of those who pay their quota under these laws, would wish to see their original intention interfered with. It is the abuse, not the use, which is to be deprecated ; and which prevents in England that wholesome restraint upon individuals in entering into matrimony which will always prove the most certain check upon redundant population. The Poor Laws, as they are at present administered, are to England what the poverty and wretchedness of the people are to Ireland, as far as marriage is concerned. Both circumstances encourage it. In the one instance, a certain asylum is afforded to the man and his family who cannot maintain himself and them, no matter whether he be able-bodied or not, or what has been his improvidence ; he either meets with comforts in the poor-house nearly equal to those that his own industry would afford him in his

own habitation, or he is supplied with the means of providing himself with them at home. The young bachelor is fully aware of this, and he is consequently the less anxious to guard against the chance of being unable to maintain a family; and the effect is to leave him chiefly to his own inclination as to the period of marriage. In the other instance, wants are reduced so low as to present no obstacle to matrimony. The payment of a proportion of wages out of the poor's rates in agricultural parishes, particularly, is a gross fraud upon those rate-payers who do not employ labourers. They, in fact, are made to pay a part of the expenses of those whose occupations require labourers, without gaining any advantage from their services.

It is true, that the present situation of Ireland is peculiar, inasmuch as the Disfranchisement Bill is increasing the general distress of the population; but to what extent must emigration be carried to relieve even a small portion of those who will suffer greater hardships under the operation of this act than they had previously done? The fact is, the demand for labour at this moment in Ireland is so limited, that to relieve the pressure by any general plan of emigration, the country would in a degree become depopulated, for one half of the operatives could be dispensed with. But even if that could be done by a wish, with the present prospects of Ireland would it be desirable? For any general advantage to Ireland, time, according to our views, must be given for the flow of English capital into it; the increased employment of the people arising out of that circumstance, and their consequent moral improvement. This is a slower, but we think a more certain process to insure success. One great step has already been taken for the introduction of the unemployed capital of this country into the Sister island, and if it be followed up by a steady course of enlightened policy, we are sanguine enough to hope that the process will be less tedious than at first sight may appear probable.

The situation both of England and Ireland at present is peculiar—a want of demand for labour is severely felt in both countries. In the former, we can see no reason to apprehend a long continuance of the evil, provided a mischievous vacillation of policy do not interfere with the course of circumstances that is now before us. Great Britain is every day resorting to sounder principles than she has hitherto acted upon. She will meet with many interruptions in her progress, but if she persist steadfastly in maintaining those principles which alone will enable her to continue in her present proud station, France and every other country must follow in her track; imperious necessity will drive them into it, even should the intellects of their statesmen be so obtuse as not to see their own national interests sufficiently clear for them voluntarily to enter upon it.

We have now very shortly given our opinion upon the subject of emigration, and although we cannot arrive at the same conclusion as Mr. Wilnot Horton, we are deeply impressed with the value of his exertions with regard to it. If those exertions should not lead to any immediate result, they must nevertheless be collaterally useful, and we mistake if they will not be appreciated at a period, when his bigoted political adversaries and their vulgar taunts are together buried in oblivion.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Vinegar Merchant.

THE trumpet of Fame has exalted thy name,
 To thee Afric's hero in glory must bow:
 Not Hannibal's self, though an eminent elf,
 Was half so successful a warrior as thou.
 His doings the pages of Livy display;
 Thy liquid attainments spread wider and quicker:
 By vinegar he through the *Alps* made his way,
 But thou through the *world* by the very same liquor

SKETCHES OF TRAVELLING MANNERS AND SOCIETY.

Among the subjects of conversation started between travellers abroad, to wile away the tedious hours of a long evening at an *auberge*, or beguile the delay caused by the pelting rain on a dreary tract, that of the morals of other lands sometimes comes on the carpet. In the course of discussion, it is found that the opinions and ideas of many of the company have materially altered since they left their own shores; that the virtue of one territory has been unaccountably exalted, the vices of another furiously enlarged. It has excited surprise how these errors of opinion should have so long and so generally passed current, when so many strangers travel incessantly to investigate manners, habits, and passions, as they prevail out of their own land. Much must be allowed for prejudice, so long cherished that the most stubborn facts can scarcely remove it; much for the proneness the many feel to follow the train of views and feelings of the more acute and arbitrary few who have gone before them.

It has long been the fashion to decry the morals of our French neighbours as notoriously bad, and to laud those of the tranquil and secluded Swiss as good, *par excellence*. To both of these established opinions there are an infinite number of exceptions, more especially to the latter. To the old saying *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, may be added—"seek not purity in the land where it is professed, as well seek it in a monastery." Many instances may be given of this, of which the following may serve as a specimen; though contrary, in its details, to the taste of those who see only innocence and simplicity in Alpine manners, and end their tours with the most delightful predilections for the people. In a sweet village near Thoun, in the Canton of Berne, was a very handsome *paysanne*, one of the five daughters of a bricklayer: beauty is rare in the Cantons, both in mountain and valley, so that the attractions of this girl paved the way to her speedy celebrity. She was taken into the service of an affluent family of Berne, that treated her with extreme kindness, and regarded her in a light rather above the station of a domestic. They had an only son, who fell desperately in love with this woman, and contrary to Swiss ideas in general on these subjects, (as a hundred louis d'or more or less will often break off an engagement, if the fair possessing them meets the lover's eye a few weeks before he is to wed another,) he resolved to marry her. The parents would not hear of such a proposal, and he was driven to adopt the alternative of waving the ceremony, as the fair *paysanne* did not testify any stern scruples. She was maintained by her lover in comfort and even splendour, and the young Bernois continued entirely devoted to his passion. The steps of this woman through life were doomed to be marked with tragical events; and were any Swiss endowed with dramatic power, they would furnish a sufficiently impassioned and varied subject. In spite of the attachment and study of the youth to gratify her in every thing, she either was not perfectly satisfied to inspire one flame alone, or else his own ardent feelings made him jealous on slight causes. He was jealous, however, with all the fury of an Italian, though this fury, instead of being turned on his mistress, was directed, unfortunately, solely against himself. One day he came resolved on deadly purposes to her door, being well-armed, and having an idea that

he should find the object of his suspicions in company with that of his love. They proved to be vain, as she was discovered sitting alone and tranquil. The infuriated Swiss drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at her, inflicting only a wound in the arm, which, together with the affright, caused her to fall helpless on the floor. Persuaded he had slain the fair *paysanne*, he retreated to the head of the stairs, and heroically blew his brains out with the remaining pistol. The anguish of the parents may be conceived, for he was their only child. The now lonely object of his affection, instead of losing her time in vain regrets and lamentations, determined, with the true feeling of her country, to draw some pecuniary advantage from the circumstance. She accordingly brought an action against the parents for the wound inflicted on her by the son, and the confinement that resulted from it. Strange to say, the former agreed to allow her an annual income, in order to hush the proceedings. Covered with the *eclat* of this tragical event, she was no sooner recovered, than she resolved on fresh conquests. Her personal attractions, and the notoriety so lately conferred, rendered this no difficult circumstance, in a town the morals of which are so lax as at Berne. A wine merchant, in good circumstances, and a native of the place, was a successor in the attachment of this woman, whose extravagance and profusion, in the course of a couple of years, brought him to ruin and bankruptcy. When he was no longer able to supply the profusion of the fair *paysanne*, who seemed to regard all the good things of this life as made only for her enjoyment, she withdrew her countenance from him. The Bernois merchant was unable to endure the separation; he strove in vain against the hardness of his fate; and then, to end at once his sufferings and his love, he also blew his brains out. These events caused great notice, as they were so unusual in the annals of Swiss history, political or domestic; it being very rare for love to possess so absorbing an influence on the mind in this country, as to induce a man to forego life, liberty, and above all, the enjoyment of a good property, merely for a sentimental affection. Werter, it is true, is read, but who ever heard of his example being followed in this land before? it absolutely filled the natives with astonishment. Where divorces take place with such cordial good-will on so many occasions, and are countenanced by the law—where love is lost and renewed, and lost again, by this calm, calculating people, in whose eye the glittering louis d'or has infinitely more charms than Cupid or his mother—it might well excite surprise and deep comment, that two men of note should be so desperate in folly as to send themselves into the other world for a light and changeable love. The Swiss have been patriots, and flaming ones, though now no more so, and as such have justly and conspicuously figured in history; but who ever thought, either in the drama or in the tale, of making them figure as dying and despairing lovers—as helpless subjects of the soft, sweet passion, of contemning all things for its sake—riches, glory, life, &c.! The thing would carry contradiction in the face of it; but these events prove, as Lord B—— once observed, that there are things at times, in real life, wilder and more strange than the wildest romance. Previous to the last circumstance, the object of these violent deeds had returned to the village of Thoun, near the home of her fathers; where, installed in a good dwelling, she continued to receive the incense and adoration of admirers, neither

shunned for her scandalous life, nor for the fatal events to which it had led ; and at the intercession of one of the latter, who happened to be a man of greater note than those she had destroyed, was allowed by the magistrates often to come to Berne, although she had been exiled some time before to the distance of a few leagues ; and this distinguished individual went weekly to the authorities to obtain permission that so shameless a character should enter gates where neither corruption nor an enemy's foot once dared to come. That these things should take place in a land of such extreme and strict morality, may well be matter of surprise ; but the boasted purity, as well as glory, of the land, is a thing now of record and remembrance, but not of practice.

At the distance of two leagues from the Lake of Thoun, in a retired and desolate site, was an old and cheerless-looking dwelling. It was full of empty and miserable apartments ; the walls and floors seemed more suited to hold a captive for their inmate, than a man of large fortune and not a little celebrity. Near the dwelling was a still, marshy, and green-looking lake, on the banks of which no feeling of romance could kindle, no beautiful imagination could repose ; high mountains rose close on each side, and inclosed this sad and religious retreat. It deserves the latter appellation, on account of the wealthy and zealous individual who for two years made it his abode, with the view chiefly of enlightening the natives of Switzerland in respect to their best interests. To accomplish this end, neither time, nor zeal, nor expense, was spared ; private visits, as well as the circulation of pamphlets, were resorted to. There was self-denial, as well as enthusiasm, displayed in the resolution to pass two years in a place like this, in the sole purpose of doing good to others. Dreary and solitary ; three or four poor cottages near by, tenanted by coarse Swiss peasants ; not one intellectual being within reach, far or near ; what could induce a man of fine education and superior family to bury himself there for so long a time ? Had he been an ardent lover of Nature, the fixing on so remote a place of abode had not been so extraordinary, as, though it possessed no beauty in itself, many of the most glorious scenes of Switzerland were within a short distance. The Jungfrau, and its grand attendant mountains, were seen exquisitely, by advancing a few miles only from the retreat ; the lovely scenery of the Lake of Thoun and its shores were also close at hand ; but these occupied a small share of the attention of the recluse. His great and constant aim, by night and day, it might be said, was to instill purer and more correct views and feelings of religion, as he deemed it, into the minds of the natives, of low as well as of high rank. With this purpose was mingled, it must be confessed, a thirst to inspire others with his own peculiar sentiments : he was one, though the chief one, of a small and compact body, that made for some years determined, and, as the event proved, unsuccessful attempts to scatter truth, and to make proselytes both far and near. The effect these efforts have produced in Switzerland will be mentioned hereafter ; but it was a peculiar instance how far devotedness to a beloved cause will carry a man, to induce him to reside willingly and exultingly for two years in a dreary Swiss solitude, one of the saddest and most unattractive in the whole land. There are spots, and "neither few nor far between," of singular loveliness, which an eye of taste might fix on, though human steps seldom came there, and the voice of intelligence and the charms of society could

never be known or heard. But here, the calm, dull, green lake; the wild, unlovely mountains that inclosed, like eternal barriers, the poor, friendless abode; the few beings that ever passed by; the remoteness; the very chill, penurious look of the many chambers that had never known a wealthy tenant before—all were sufficient to bid the foot of the stranger retreat, and tarry not. Yet, with somewhat the same feeling, perhaps, that earnest Catholics have chosen deserts and dreariness for the companions of their religious progress and enjoyment, he chose a place where no luxury either of eye, ear, or of any sense, could come; where no perpetual forests, that are so common in the land, waved around—no everlasting glaciers cast back the glittering rays of the sun—no river rushed by in its freshness and power, or lake, save the one that spread before the windows, like the unhappy waters of Lethé, the contemplation of which from day to day was, in truth, sufficient to cause a forgetfulness of joy, past or present, but not of disappointment or sorrow.

From this deep solitude issued many a voice, that called (as far and as loudly as the press, and a few zealous agents could enable it to call) the people of the land to awake from their errors of sentiment and insensibility of feeling. Some listened to the voice, and followed it with the same earnestness that men awake from long-cherished and too tranquil and apathetic feelings, to those which are new, and far more vivid and exciting. Although the success did not answer the expectation of those individuals who gave so much time and expense to promote it; yet, after their final départure to their own country, the seeds that were sown flourished.

The effects of this institution, and one or two others, have spread far and wide in the zealous and increasing, though perfectly novel, body of people called the Momiers. Sectarianism of this kind was a thing hitherto unknown in Switzerland, and has commenced within a very few years. It began at first, like Methodism in England, by the assembling of a few zealous people together to talk over their peculiar and favourite sentiments, and to worship in private. But a spirit like this could not be long confined within narrow bounds; those who cherished it, believed it was their duty to endeavour to communicate it to others. Some of the ministers, chiefly young men, by degrees joined the party, and gave influence and authority to its proceedings. Their meetings often took place in the evening, at the houses of one or two of the most distinguished individuals, of whom an English lady held the chiefest rank. These religious *soirées* possessed for their society an enchanting sweetness; their feelings were enthusiastic, and their sentiments novel and aspiring. The Government began at last to think it time to interfere; and this despotic interference had the usual effect of all persecutions, of adding fuel to the cause it sought to suppress. The name of Momiers, which signifies fools, was given to these zealous people; and the Lutheran ministers who had joined in their conversations and religious exercises, were threatened with suspension and exile. In this state of things, the oppression that was heaped on them was softened by the counsels, encouragements, and consolations communicated from England by the founders, if the expression may be used, of the new doctrines; those sowers of the seed which was now ripening in spite of

the storm and tempest that descended on them. To men who place their chief delight and ambition, among other better motives, in being thus the chiefs of a zealous and enthusiastie sect, that drank in their opinions with greediness, it was sweet to hear of such devotion and resolution for the cause. They were wealthy, and they did not suffer it to languish for want of means; and the exiled ministers found that the poverty and destitution to which they were reduced were not left without resources. The measures of the governments on the Lake of Geneva became tyrannical in the extreme: numbers of individuals of both sexes, poor as well as affluent, were committed to prison. Private assemblies, *soirées* for pious purposes, were absolutely forbidden by a decree; but they were not suppressed. How was it possible to suppress an ardent and simple body of people, who deemed it their absolute duty, as well as delight, to meet together, though the dungeon or the stake were the alternative? And they did not stop here; but in the full tide and exultation of a new creed, they went from house to house, both men and women, exhorting and entreating the careless and supine to join them. Several ministers, who were established in comfortable "curés," and had enjoyed a good reputation, were banished from their situations, exiled from the Canton de Vaud, and forbidden to return, under penalty and imprisonment: they were previously required to promise that they would never again countenance or associate with the rising and sectarian *Momiers*, and on their refusal, were ejected as summarily as the ministers of our own Charles's day.

Such is at this time the state of things: secretly, silently, and fast, these Swiss methodists advance in their career of proselytism; their meetings are held in the night with closed doors, like those of the primitive Christians. When they are all assembled, they converse on the state of their own hope, faith, and enjoyment, sing "moving, melting hymns," and then depart quietly to their homes. On more than one occasion these assemblies have been broken into by the police; and ladies even have been, without benefit of sex or clergy, committed to durance. But in vain; for within the space of three or four years, since these sentiments were first started and discussed in a friendly manner at Lausanne, they have spread with amazing rapidity and success on every side. From the lower ranks they have ascended to the upper; the judge, the magistrate, and the merchant, are not ashamed to acknowledge them. As their numbers increase daily, their means increase also, as well as their confidence; they are now able, in more than one situation, to maintain their own ministers; and though the public exercise of their worship is absolutely forbidden, there are times when it is ventured on, and in private not a week elapses, in the chief towns of the Canton de Vaud, without several assemblies. The minister's arrival at the place from his own distant residence is carefully kept a secret from all but the members; the large room is well lighted (for it is night, and every moment passes anxiously by), while the assembly of both sexes, the men ranged on one side and the women on the other, sit in silence. He enters at last; to their great joy, an inspiring hymn is sung, and he commences an animating and impassioned discourse, quite extemporaneous, and addressed chiefly to the feelings of his audience. Sighs and tears, looks of rapture as well

as of mourning, often follow, and the zeal thus kindled has not time to subside ere a few days brings another exciting and beloved service. The real sufferers by the harsh proceedings of the Government, have been exiled and ejected ministers, who are now compelled to live in the Netherlands or in Germany, and consider themselves as victims to persecution. They have lost a sufficient income, a situation that was lasting, and are now cast on the stream. There was certainly much of the severe and gloomy spirit of Calvin in the measures resorted to in order to suppress the new sect: it is strange the Swiss authorities should not have better understood the human mind and character, than to think that menaces and imprisonment could stifle religious enthusiasm. They have proved, in this instance, the cradle from which it has sprung forth with new and unconquerable vigour. This cause is not like the transient and vehement system of the celebrated Krudener, who was also expelled the Cantons a few years since for promulgating her wild sentiments. She was too lofty and refined a visionary to seize on the feelings of the common people, who could not enter into her mysticism or share in her transports. The effect she produced was short-lived, and her cause faded away for want of zealous supporters. But this system of the Momiers, though perfectly simple, is concentrated and strong, and bears with it the very elements of success and victory. No lofty or peculiar revelations are claimed; no member is exalted high above the rest for surprise or imitation; but the minister and the poorest of the people, the *avocat* and the *paysan*, the lady and the washer-woman, all meet alike on the same kindred soil, drink of the same fountains of inspiration on a footing of perfect equality, speak of their hopes, fears, and triumphs with mutual sympathy and mutual kindness. All feel that they are embarked on the same troubled but exciting course, that the same tide wafts them onward for good or for ill; for the system is a purely spiritual one, and also an eminently social one. The interests of the society are admirably served by the private and earnest visits of the female members to families and individuals; they enter with an air of perfect simplicity, and being seated, commence a touching and earnest address on the subject of the best and highest interests. Two or three of their books and pamphlets are not forgotten, and are placed in the hand of the hearer. They have already their own hymn-books; many of the pieces are of original composition, and do no discredit to the genius of the composer; and treatises also, explanatory of their sentiments, touching on the darkness that shrouds too much of the land, the supineness that lulls the spirits of its people, the errors of sentiment that mark them to be in a degenerated state of belief, and so on. No Quaker, however, can be more unassuming or persevering than these female disciples, whom the rest of the natives call Quixotes, and regard with dislike; but if success is the test of a good cause, they have it, and will reap it in future years still more abundantly. The dry, cold, comfortless system of Calvin falls every day before these humble but untired and determined innovators—the Socinianism that has thrown its blasting shadow over the shores of the lake, begins to give way before the sure yet noiseless march of the obscure Momiers. A few years more, and they will, most probably, be a powerful and flourishing body of people; and the recluse at the feet of the wild mountains and the banks of the sad and marshy lake, will not

deem that he spent his two years of devoted seclusion in vain. It is not always difficult, by dint of earnest, well-timed, and devoted efforts, to kindle the flame of religious zeal even in the dullest lands ; and vain are the laws, or chains, or dungeons of commonwealths or of tyrants to calm or extinguish it.

VACCINATION RIGHTLY CONSIDERED.*

It is proposed, in this paper, to show the protective influence of vaccination, and thereby to prove the blessed advantages which the Jennerian discovery has afforded, in consequence of the various and conflicting doubts lately thrown upon it by the ignorant. The following observations are farther submitted with a view to strengthen public confidence, by assisting in the elucidation of this interesting phenomenon, ordained by Providence as an antidote to one of the most dreadful and loathsome diseases to which human nature is exposed. For it concerns every community throughout the world, and annually preserves life, health, and beauty, to tens of thousands in the British Empire.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to state, that the cow-pock has been supposed to have been derived from the grease of the horse, a disease peculiar to the heel and leg, or more commonly to the fetlock joint of that animal ; and it was believed that “ persons who had been affected with the matter of grease, were in a great measure unsusceptible of small-pox. This disease, however, has nearly been extinguished by the improvements introduced into veterinary practice. By the scientific lights of comparative anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and medicine, the practical treatment of the diseases of the horse is analogous to that of the human species ; and cleanliness, necessarily one of the first principles in surgery, is now more strictly enforced. If this disease be the foundation of the vesicle in the cow, the combined action of such co-operating causes must have materially checked the communication of the disease of the horse to the udder of the cow, and may probably account for the comparative variety of the vaccine vesicle. This fallacious origin of the vaccine pustule has been thus alluded to out of courtesy to a generally-received opinion, founded on the theory of the great Dr. Jenner ; and it may be here observed, that a favourite theory is too frequently pursued with a degree of pertinacious adherence, that neither argument nor ocular demonstration can remove ; the visionary phantom obscures the light of reason, and the hobby is ridden till it falls.

The disease of the cow, however, is *sui generis*, and is propagated alone in that animal, more commonly showing itself in the spring, and not unfrequently breaking out in the herd, when the grease of the horse is unknown in the neighbourhood.

The following highly-interesting experiments, communicated to me by Mr. Sewell, Assistant Professor at the Royal Veterinary College, irresistibly prove that such an origin is founded in error, “ the mere baseless fabric of a vision.” Any prejudice, therefore, arising from such an opinion should be at once dispelled. Mr. Sewell informs me that he was a witness, many years ago, to a series of experiments at the Royal Veterinary College, in the presence of Dr. Jenner, Dr. Woodville, Mr. Wachsell, and Mr. Turner, with a view to produce the vaccine disease in the teats of a cow. The matter of grease was immediately taken from the horse, and variously applied to the udders, by long-continued friction, punctures, scarifications, and by scratching the surface with a needle ; and from these severe trials, neither inflammation nor any affection, resembling a pock, resulted.

We are altogether ignorant of the sources of small-pox contagion. In

* • By John Marshall, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and District Vaccinator to the National Vaccine Establishment.

ancient authors, it is described as originating from a disease in the hoof of the camel; but such an association is perhaps very questionable, and requires a confirmation from modern inquiry.

The disease among cows is of rare occurrence, but when it breaks out, unless the farmer is on his guard, it will rapidly extend itself throughout the herd, being conveyed from one cow to the other by the milkmaid's handling the teat, this affection being incident only to that part of the animal. It is sometimes discovered in the early stage by the kicking or restiveness of the cow when the udder is attempted to be drawn: to check its progress, the diseased subject is usually separated, without delay, from her companions, and one person is appointed to milk her. The milkmaids thus receiving the infection on their hands and arms, gave rise, as we have already stated, to the idea of vaccination. In all the dairy counties, such persons were selected to attend, as nurses, those patients who were ill and dying of small-pox, it having been traditionally known that they were invulnerable to variolation.

A farmer, bearing the name of Benjamin Jesty, residing in Downshay, Isle of Purbeck, reasoning upon this fact, determined to try the effects of vaccine inoculation on himself, his wife, and two sons. He accordingly armed a needle from the vesicle on the teat of the cow, and operated on the back of his hand. This experiment took place in 1774, at least thirty years before Dr. Jeuner became the great promulgator of vaccination. In the year 1804, Mr. B. Jesty and one of his sons came to London, at the request of the medical board of the Original Vaccine Pock Institution, and an excellent portrait was taken of the former by Mr. M. W. Sharpe, as well as an engraving by Mr. W. Say, which is still in the possession of many of its former governors. On being asked why he did not persevere in his plan of inoculation, he replied—"That he was so laughed at and ridiculed by the inhabitants of the village, for introducing a *bestial* disease into his family, that he gave it up, and thought no more about it; notwithstanding which, however, he had the highest confidence in its value as a substitute for small-pox, and rejoiced to find that it was taken up by the faculty." Subsequent to this vaccination, neither he nor his family took the small-pox. In order, however, to ascertain whether they were secure after a lapse of thirty years, Jesty and his son, at the desire of the Board, were revaccinated, three punctures having been inflicted in each arm, a practice invariably followed in this Institution, —(but more of this hereafter,)—the operation was followed by premature and irregular vesicles, attended by itching, which died off in a few days, satisfactorily demonstrating, that even the original inoculation by the needle had not lost its protective influence. The description given by Mr Jesty of the progress of the vesicle in each case was truly characteristic, and the rigorous trials he and his son had undergone clearly proved that they were not susceptible of small-pox contagion.

Farmer Jesty was then in his 70th year, and on being interrogated how often the disease prevailed among cows, he replied, "That it was by no means a common or frequent occurrence; he had only seen the complaint three times during his life, and that it had happened about once in two or three-and-twenty years, or thereaway."

During the year 1828, the Board of the National Vaccine Establishment made numerous inquiries, through their extensive correspondence with practitioners in all the dairy counties of England, and no tidings could be learned of the disease in the cow, whence it may be fairly considered as having been lost during a certain interval; and were it not for the generosity and humanity of Government, supported by the laudable and active zeal of the gentlemen who form the Board, the nation might have been altogether deprived of the advantages arising from this happy discovery. The vast and daily demand upon the board for lymph, from all parts of the United Empire, affords additional proof of the scarcity of the original disease; and it was a very providential circumstance that a supply was forthwith attainable, at a time when the scientific practitioners of this vast metropolis were so eager in examining the practical value of vaccine inoculation.

The disease is not confined to the herds of this country, but has long been known on the Continent, in Asia Minor, and in many other remote parts of the world. England, possessing the honour of the discovery of the immortal Jenner, continues to diffuse its benefit to all countries, as appears by the numerous foreign applications to the National Establishment.

It is a curious fact, that the lymph still employed was taken from the cow in the year 1799, by the late Dr. George Pearson, founder of the Original Vaccine Pock Institution, which, in the infancy of vaccination, rapidly afforded means of disseminating this inestimable blessing to the poorer classes of society, and thereby of gratifying the anxious importunities of the faculty. The navy and army were also supplied by an order from Government. At this early period the benefits of the Institution were not confined to our own country; from the same source its advantages were extended to France, Germany, Russia, Portugal, Italy, different parts of Asia, Africa, America, and the West Indies. To corroborate the principle laid down, as regards the original source of the lymph, I may here be permitted to make an extract from the first Report of the Cow Pock Inoculation, written by the Physicians to the Institution, and published in 1803. "In 1798, after Jenner's publication, no one was in possession of vaccine matter during the remainder of the year 1798, except Mr. Cline, who inoculated one patient, but he did not avail himself of the opportunity of re-collecting it. Inquiries being made among the farmers and others concerning the history of the cow pock, matter was in consequence obtained in January 1799, on the appearance of disease amongst the cows of Mr. Harrison, in Gray's Inn Lane, and those of Mr. Willan's, in Marylebone-fields. From these sources only the vaccine inoculation was begun and carried on in London, and in several provincial towns, with great zeal by many practitioners; so that, by the termination of the year 1799, four thousand persons at least had been inoculated principally in London and its neighbourhood."

Having been from the year 1800 a Governor of the original Institution, and joint Treasurer for some years, it has enabled me to add my testimony of the vaccine vesicle not having undergone a perceptible change in any of its original characters, as exemplified on reference to the coloured engraving prefixed to the first report of the Vaccine Pock Institution, published in the year 1803, that beautifully exhibits progressive specimens of the vesicle in all its important stages, and exactly accords with the graphical representations of Dr. Jenner. These valuable documents prove that the vesicle has neither been vitiated, nor suffered in its efficacy, by passing through so many thousand persons during the period of thirty years. My appointment of District Vaccinator to the National Vaccine Establishment has offered the additional opportunity of minutely observing the repetition in every essential point in nearly two thousand cases. In the last annual Report, dated March the 2d, 1829, these remarks are most satisfactorily confirmed, "for it does not appear to us to be weakened or deteriorated by transmission through any number of subjects in the course of any number of years."

Some practitioners entertain an opinion that the security from small-pox, derived from vaccination, is only temporary, and that it loses its conservative power after four or seven years. From what false pathological reasoning so prejudicial an idea has arisen, it is not easy to conjecture; nosology does not sanction any such argument. The vaccine disease is surely worthy of being classed with those which are generally found to afflict the constitution but once during life, such as small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough. In what manner the human frame is ever afterwards rendered unsusceptible of their recurrence is truly surprising, and must ever remain a problem too difficult for the comprehension of man. Had our species been exposed to the unceasing repetition of such contagious diseases, population might have been swept from the surface of the globe: the child could scarcely have attained the period of manhood, the mighty object of the creation would have been lost, and the earth restricted to its primeval inhabitants—the beasts, birds, and fishes.

In my public and private practice, upwards of a hundred patients have been re-vaccinated; in almost every instance producing premature irregular vesicles, accompanied by incessant itching and dying off in a few days. These have been also tested at almost every variety of years subsequent to the original vaccination. They have, however, chiefly consisted of the mothers of poor children, who, whenever they have expressed a doubt of their security, have been re-vaccinated from their own babes, thus proving to demonstration (as they were, in all probability, vaccinated during their infancy,) that the prior operation had not failed to extend its protecting influence throughout their lives. Among these cases four occurred in private practice, in which regular vesicles were the result as they passed through all the gradations and terminated in the mahogany-coloured crust. The patients were under nine years of age, and had been vaccinated in the country. On inquiry, the progress of the former vesicles was deficient, and the cicatrix could not be discovered; the children were, therefore, in all probability, insecure until after the second operation.

Cases of small-pox after vaccination have recently occurred in some families of rank, which have caused a considerable panic and corresponding loss of confidence. Now, although the theory of insecurity after an indefinite period has been strongly opposed in this paper, yet no possible harm can arise by even an annual repetition of vaccination; since, by this means, the apprehensions of the timid may be allayed, and persons possessing any peculiarity of constitution which might render them liable to secondary small-pox, will thus continue in safety.

If an accurate history could have been handed down, of all the cases of secondary small-pox from the time of Charles the First to the present period, it would no doubt appear that such cases were at least as numerous in proportion to the number of infected persons, as those instances of small-pox which have of late years occurred after vaccination. But in such secondary cases of small-pox, it is a singular and well-known fact, that the last attack was invariably more severe than the first, and usually fatal. Whereas it may be contended on the clearest evidence, that the disease, when preceded by vaccination, is safe, mild, and usually denominated by practitioners a mitigated case of small-pox, turning on the fifth or sixth day, resembling rather a slight case of chicken-pox, and scarcely exciting alarm. Few instances of death have supervened, and, although in some rarer cases, a violent eruption of the confluent type has been observed, yet the protective influence afforded by vaccination has been singularly manifested by preventing the recurrence of the secondary fever: if, therefore, vaccination does not in every case afford absolute security, it protects the person from the fatal effects to which he might otherwise be exposed.

It is readily admitted, that many persons have had small-pox after vaccination; but, upon investigation, such patients are generally found to be deficient in those signs which denote the former to have been perfected; the abuse, therefore, to which vaccination is still exposed in this capital, cannot be considered as unworthy of notice. The following case, selected from many others, may serve for illustration. An infant nine months old was brought for re-vaccination, only a fortnight after it had undergone the operation. The mother, not feeling satisfied, wished it to be repeated; on examining the arms, there were three rose-coloured spots of an oval form, about the size of a split horse-bean, no elevation of the cuticle had ever taken place, or any surrounding inflammation; the lancet had actually been armed after tearing off the black scab from another child, which readily accounted for the failure. The infant was re-vaccinated from an eighth day case by five punctures in each arm; on the fourth day nine had taken effect, on the eighth day each vesicle was regularly formed with incipient indications of the areola, on the twelfth day they had passed the height, and the concentric circles were well defined. From some of these vesicles several children were vaccinated, and the board of the N. V. E. supplied with one hundred and twenty-five double-armed ivory points.

The period of taking the lymph for the purpose of vaccination is a subject of infinite importance, and the regulations regarding it cannot be too deeply impressed on the attention of practitioners; indeed, the neglect of this circumstance alone has been the real cause of bringing the cow-pock into disrepute. It cannot be used too early; as soon as the vesicle, even as early as on the fourth or fifth day, yields sufficient lymph to arm the lancet, it may be done with the surest effect: the usual time and the latest recommended is on the eighth day, prior to the full developement of the areola. If taken too late, it produces an irregular vesicle, destitute of the true characters: instead of being circular, the edge of the pock elevated, and its centre depressed, the form is reversed, rising in the middle like a cone, or pimple, by the projection of which the vesicle is more exposed to friction and likely to be broken, and it always appears as if disturbed by scratching. The lymph, instead of being absorbed into the circulation, and thereby affording future protection, is constantly exuding, as from an ill-conditioned ulcer; the concentric circles are not palpable, the texture is soft and flabby instead of being compact, and it fails to leave the proper test, viz. a permanent cicatrix. It is unreasonable to expect that such a marked deviation from the regular form and progress of vaccination can offer security against variolous contagion. The period, therefore, of employing the lymph is diametrically opposed to the former practice of inoculation for small-pox; the matter in that case was never taken until the pock had turned, as recommended by Baron Dimsdale, under the impression that, the matter having undergone this change, its virulence was modified. An allusion to this circumstance is here made under the apprehension that some gentlemen in the profession may still labour under a similar impression with regard to the vaccine vesicle: the remarkable case of failure above related seems to have arisen in consequence of such an opinion. To produce the effect of genuine cow-pock, it becomes indispensably necessary to employ the lymph from a well-formed vesicle while in its most active state, not exceeding the eighth day. The late Mr. Rush followed this practice, terming it "the golden rule of vaccination."

A curious anomaly with respect to the complete vesicle deserves notice in this place: the black scab, or crust of a well-formed pock, after having been kept for months, is sometimes found effective. For which purpose the crust must be reduced to a fine powder in a mortar, and mixed with cold water to the consistence of a mucilage, when vaccination may be performed with this liquid in the usual manner. This paradox future physiologists may perhaps explain; at present it is not easy of solution. It is singular that, after a certain time, as already exemplified, it withholds or ceases to generate the genuine pock, but by undergoing all the regular changes, it would seem that the original property is actually restored to the crust. Why the matter of the vaccine pock becomes less and less capable of producing the perfect vesicle after the ninth or tenth day, the following suppositions are submitted for consideration. We may suppose that vaccine lymph, in the first place, produces its own peculiar excitement, in consequence of which a transparent lymph is secreted in a vesicular eruption, impregnated with the vaccine poison; and that this secretion continues till a portion is absorbed, and an alteration thereby effected in the constitution, by which the system is rendered incapable of being acted upon in future either by the vaccine or variolous poison. After this constitutional change, the peculiar vaccine secretion ceases, and an ichorous serum, imperfectly vaccine, continues from the irritation of the fluid collected. The black scab being divested of the superfluous ichor becomes concentrated, and thereby re-assumes its original properties. The vaccine poison being absorbed, after a certain period it loses its efficacy, the specific action and true secretion being exhausted.

A difference of opinion prevails among the faculty with regard to the necessary number of punctures, some preferring one, others two, three, four, and even five in each arm. It is readily admitted that one vesicle, if well preserved, or allowed to remain entire, affords sufficient protection. All appre-

hension, however, of overdoing this mild disease is groundless, and is opposed in an inverse ratio to the introduction of small-pox matter. But the more freely the vaccine lymph is inserted, the greater perhaps will be the security effected; by affording a larger surface for absorption, the more complete may be the saturation of the system. The unpleasant casualty of one or two being broken or disturbed by accident, is effectually guarded against by increasing the number of vesicles. The Original Vaccine Pock Institution, from the beginning to its dissolution, uniformly set the example of forming three vesicles in each arm, in the figure of an equilateral triangle, each pustule making a triple apex, distinctly about an inch apart. The last year the number was augmented from three to five, six, or more, in each arm. It is not unlikely that the poor, by undergoing vaccination more freely, are better off than the opulent; the former, indeed, require greater protection, because they are much more liable to be exposed to the contagion of small-pox: many of their associates being yet insensible of the advantage of the preventive process, carelessly forego "the resource which the charity of Parliament most humanely and generously provides for its safety." This quotation is from the last annual Report (1829), and the following will equally add strength to the argument: "We have the satisfaction, however, of finding that more than 10,000 of the poor have been vaccinated in London and its neighbourhood since our last Report; and it is particularly gratifying to learn, from the records of the last year's experience of the Small-pox Hospital, that no patient admitted there under small-pox, after vaccination, had been vaccinated by any officer of this establishment: whence it is fair to presume, that when the operation has been performed with due care and intelligence, it is much less liable to be followed by small-pox; and that such care and circumspection are absolutely necessary to a just and confident expectation that complete protection will be afforded by it." In accordance with the foregoing sentiments, I have always in my public, and generally, if possible, in my private practice, made five punctures in each arm, about three-quarters of an inch apart, a distance sufficient to preserve each vesicle distinct; the areola a little exceeds in diameter two pustules an inch separate.

Only a single case has occurred of erysipelatous inflammation extending from the shoulder to the elbow after the twelfth day, which readily yielded to a saturnine lotion; the arm thus affected had four vesicles, the other three, with the areola of the usual character and dimensions, marked by the concentric circles. Whence an inference was drawn, that the inflammation had been caused either by accidental pressure, or external injury.

A practitioner having a number of patients to vaccinate from an eighth day case, a good sprinkling of vesicles allows him to do so with additional confidence, by enabling him to leave two or more untouched. When one or two pustules only are produced, the faculty are frequently requested to vaccinate the family of a relative or friend; and having no alternative, they are compelled to act contrary to their real wishes or approval.

When a vesicle is damaged during the most active period of secretion, from the fourth to the eighth day, it becomes materially deficient in the quantity of lymph, and deceives the observer by insidiously undergoing the relative vicissitudes of areola, concentric circles, to the black crust, and even cicatrix. By such a reduction of lymph, the chances are that an adequate degree of absorption, necessary to protect the constitution, is either greatly diminished or wholly defeated; and if only a single pock, a failure ought to be anticipated, and re-vaccination strongly recommended. This fact has been frequently recognised, while puncturing the vesicles for drawing lymph to doubly arm the ivory points for the Board. Out of four or five pustules in the same arm, the one that has been injured, although corresponding in size with the rest, but a shade darker, by repeatedly puncturing the cellular structure, so completely refuses to yield a discharge of lymph, that a single point or glass cannot even be moistened.

Should these remarks be honoured by the perusal of the fair sex, whose sympathising affection, anxious and maternal solicitude, are so invariably ex-

emplified on all occasions for the welfare of their tender offspring, "the mother's hope, the father's joy," it is confidently expected that all intelligent mothers will cheerfully become converts to the plans here suggested, and permit the surgeon to exercise his discretionary judgment. What can be the cruelty of a few punctures from the lancet, to that of leaving the child exposed to the ravages of a loathsome disease?

Lest, however, these observations may excite unnecessary alarm in the minds of the timid or nervous, on retrospection, if only one or two vesicles should have gone through the necessary changes unmolested, they may cheerfully conclude that all is right; but, if otherwise, the simple operation of re-vaccination becomes absolutely necessary. When inoculation was first introduced, an incision was made in the arm, deep and long enough to deposit a bit of thread from a quarter to half an inch in length, stiff, and saturated with the matter of small-pox.*

Burke has observed, that "early and prudent care is the nurse of safety;" let the parent cherish this maxim in his recollection, and in every doubtful case re-vaccinate the subject. As the vaccine lymph only contains its specific poison, no other disease can be communicated along with it; the thousands it has already passed through with impunity, readily satisfies the mind upon that point.

Casualties arising from the manner of vaccinating.—When blood flows too freely from the puncture, it may defeat the operation by washing off the lymph; on which account the most uncertain subjects are those under a fortnight old, when the muscles are flabby by reason of the cellular membrane not being filled up, and the cuticle so thin in its texture that the lancet, even with the greatest caution, wounds the vessels of the cutis; and the operation is generally required to be repeated. This early vaccination can only be justified under circumstances of small-pox breaking out in the same habitation or immediate neighbourhood. It has been generally remarked, that in almost all cases where blood issues too quickly it is more liable to fail. The variety in the texture of the cuticle of different subjects is very remarkable, and requires attention on the part of the surgeon, to adapt the puncture so as to avoid the casualty here alluded to with consequent failure. When the skin is thus delicate, success is better effected by arming the lancet with a full charge of lymph every second touch, holding the instrument in a slanting direction downwards, slightly pricking the skin, and wiping the lymph into the orifice. Another mode is by making as superficial a puncture as possible in the usual manner, and applying more lymph, after it has ceased to bleed, with the flat surface of the lancet.

Children ought to be vaccinated from six weeks to two months old, previously to the irritation of teething, in good health, and free from eruption.

Lymph should be taken from those cases only in which three or four vesicles have formed; and one or two, at least, should always be permitted to go through the regular course, without being punctured or otherwise disturbed; the *variola vaccinae* then may be considered complete.

Recent lymph, not exceeding the eighth day, should be preferred, whenever it can be procured.

If the Jennerian practice could be effectually and universally enforced, small-pox must altogether cease. The freedom, however, enjoyed by the people of the British empire precludes the Government from passing a bill to enforce vaccination. A proposal to legislate in this particular case was made, in the year 1813, by Lord Boringdon, for that express purpose, but rejected. The following extract from a popular periodical work†, proves the successful results of enforcing the anti-variolous influence in foreign countries.

* It may, perhaps, not generally be known that the constitution can be equally as well put to the proof by vaccine lymph as by small-pox matter; therefore, re-vaccination ought always to have the preference, because life is not endangered.

† Quarterly Review, No. 66.—1825.

“About twenty years ago, when it was proposed to purify the medical profession from quackery and ignorance by legislative enactments, the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, published a letter on the subject, in which he remarked, that, ‘England is a free country, and the freedom which every free-born Englishman chiefly values, is the freedom of doing what is foolish and wrong, and going to the devil his own way.’ This is strikingly exemplified in the present state of vaccination in Great Britain, compared with its state in other countries in Europe. In the latter, general vaccination was ordered by Government; no one who had neither cow-pock nor small-pox, could be confirmed, put to school, apprenticed, or married. Small-pox inoculation was prohibited. If it appeared in any house, that house was put under quarantine; and in one territory, no person with small-pox was allowed to enter it. By such means, the mortality from this disease, in 1818, had been prodigiously lessened. In Copenhagen, it had been reduced from 5500, during twelve years, to 158 during sixteen years. In Prussia, it had been reduced from 40,000 annually to 3000; and in Berlin, in 1819, only twenty-five persons died of this disease. In Bavaria, only five persons died of small-pox in eleven years; and in the principality of Anspach it was completely exterminated. In England, on the other hand—in England, the native country of this splendid and invaluable discovery, where every man acts on those subjects as he likes—crowds of the poor go unvaccinated; they are permitted not only to imbibe the small-pox themselves, but to go abroad and scatter the venom on those whom they meet. A few years ago it broke out in Norwich, and carried off more persons in one year than had ever been destroyed in that city by any one disease, except the plague. A similar epidemic raged in Edinburgh; and last year, it destroyed within one of 1300 persons in the London bills of mortality.”

This document may be received as an epitome of general results, fully authenticated and confirmed in all parts of the world. Foreign climes have now more to fear from us than we from them; for it is in this enlightened nation alone, which gave birth to Jenner, that small-pox is cherished, and the existence of a loathsome disease, which is daily devouring its victims, and has ever been considered as the severest scourge to the human race, is shamefully and ungratefully nurtured. The unwillingness of the lower classes to receive the boon so readily conceded to them, of gratuitous vaccination, is deeply to be deplored. The full prophylactic property of this invaluable blessing is opposed by obstinacy, bigotry, and prejudice. The mild form of cow-pock presents an antidote by which neither suffering, mutilation, blindness, nor death, can supervene; it figuratively portrays the triumph of Innocence over Vice, or the ferociousness of the tiger subdued by the gentleness of the lamb!

LONDONIANA—THE STREETS.

AMONG the endless variety of subjects for the pen of the “ready writer” afforded by this immense metropolis, I do not recollect to have seen the streets touched upon. I do not mean in their brick garb and uninteresting profiles alone, but in the prominent characteristics of their eternally-moving scenery also. I believe Gay, the poet, has adverted to this subject, but not having his works at hand, I cannot tell in what mode he has handled it. Long years have elapsed since his time, the appearance of London is greatly changed, and fashions are entirely altered, so that it is most probable nothing bears now the aspect it did in his day. How curious to see a belle of the Augustan era of English literature, as it has been conceitedly denominated, and one of the present year, promenading side by side up Regent-street! How the fair sex would marvel at their sister of 1720, and the extraordinary specta-

cle her dress presented, though she were "Miss Meadows," or "dear Lepel" herself—though she were the prime beauty of the Court of St. James's, immortalized in song, as no dame of quality has ever been since.

Of all the works of man, the dwellings of the inhabitants of London are the most uncouth in aspect and the frailest in frame. The beaver's dwelling is an eternal edifice to their habitations of ill-burnt clay, united by a mixture of adhesive chalk-lime; their spongy timber, too, being peculiarly attractive of the dry-rot. They are calculated just to last the term of the lease of the ground on which their shallow foundations are laid. Fronts black from an atmosphere loaded with sulphur, or here and there brightened a little by what is called "renovation," which means their being washed, and then pointed with mortar, till they present the aspect of distorted chess-boards, justly formed a theme of reproach. Mr. Nash and Regent-street have broken in upon previous usage, and rudely interfered with the "wisdom of our ancestors." A new era has begun, which, if it has brought no increase of durability to our urban residences, has at least the merit of increasing their external beauty. With all its failings, Roman cement is better than smoky brick; the harlequinade orders of Mr. Nash are beyond compare with the villainous ugliness of preceding civic architecture, not saying a word of the better proportions, nobler elevations, and more correct forms recently adopted. "Innovation," the ex-Chancellor's sworn enemy, has been fearfully at work of late. Reform has been busy in our streets. Liberal ideas have destroyed Swallow-street, (with all the associations so precious to thousands of recollections among its exiled inhabitants, as sundry cockney writers grieved, in their Jeremiads, on its disappearance.) Bills have passed the legislature to abrogate the brick fronts of the Flemish bond,* which came in with the Glorious Constitution of 1688. In short, our religion, constitution, and venerable brick-fronted houses, are going together—Catholicism, liberality, and Roman cement, have formed a conspiracy, fatal to Magna Charta, and subversive of Protestant ascendancy. At the time that venerable edifice of our forefathers, Exeter Change, was pulling to the ground, the Catholic Concession Bill was passing. Lords Winchelsea and Farnham were protesting, fulminating, and fighting; while Mr. Cross, with his wild beasts, and Mr. Clark, with his hardware, were grumbling and lamenting the devastation of their antique domicile, that rich example of the architectural wisdom and skill of our forefathers.

On and prosper, Mr. Nash! we exclaim—build any thing but palaces, and thou shalt have our feeble applause! The streets of London already exhibit what a judicious reformation may do for a great metropolis. Let cavillers rail at details if they will; we desire the impartial to examine results, and they will confess the spirits of innovation and improvement have already worked miracles. Who, that has visited the Regent's Park, and walked down Regent-street, does not feel this to be true? Who remembers Charing Cross "part and parcel" of the old system, and will not allow that the tortuous strait there has been taken

* British bond, or the old mode of laying the bricks of buildings, was discarded for the Flemish on the accession of King William; indeed, the fashion came over at the same time.

away to advantage, and that the buildings which have sprung up are preferable to those which were "consecrated" by the smoke and dirt of years? Is it not a happy exchange for the piled rubbish and scanty outlet of the olden time? Who sees the resurrection of St. Martin's magnificent pediment and desires its re-interment?—None! not even Lord Eldon himself, we will dare assert. Who, that has entered a crazy coach for the purpose of making speed into the city, though an aristocrat of the first water, and been jammed two hours in the narrow part of the Strand, does not applaud the Act of Parliament for widening it, and admit that the "cursed liberality" of the time, to speak *à la Newcastle*, brings some solitary benefit in its train!

There are few but must hail the different aspect of our metropolitan streets, where the hand of Improvement has been busy; while there are none strangers to the variety of appearance our older thoroughfares present. Some are broad, dazzling with the splendour of their shops, and filled with busy passengers. These are mostly the great thoroughfares which run in a sort of parallel from Hyde Park-corner to the river, and thence to the East India Docks, nearly seven measured miles, and from Tyburn to Mile-end Road. Westward, the broad streets and ample pavements are trod by a different class of inhabitants from the narrow, gloomy avenues of the East, where traffic, scanty room, and mud of deeper blackness than that on the shores of the Styx, imparts its character to the Israelitish visages everywhere encountered. Of all the filth of all the cities we have ever seen, at home or abroad, commend us to the sable mud of the London thoroughfares on a damp day. It is the most uncompromising of pollutions; the most liberally bestowed with which a congregation of humanity was ever blessed. Battening upon its tenebrious exhalations, the thorough-bred cockney who travels (since steam-boats have come in, cockneys are no longer limited, in journeying, by Richmond to the West, and Greenwich eastward,) affects disdain at the dirtiness of foreign towns, and turns up his nose at odours in their streets, which are attar of roses to those which greet the nostrils in the Eastern part of his own metropolis. The pestiferous smells from the tallow-chandlers' and oilmen's shops in the midst of a July day, attempered, it is true, by the sulphurous smoke bearing thick showers of levigated coal in suspension, or depositing a never-ending shower of tenebrious particles, far exceed any thing we ever witnessed even amid the filthy streets of Lisbon. Barring the remains of a few dead dogs and cats, (and these may be found in great plenty in retired nooks and courts in London,) that city cannot outdo it. We speak now, of course, of the pleasant purlieus of Smithfield and the Barbican, of the Eastern alleys and Wapping, and not of the Western part. The pure cockney is principally a tenant East of Temple Bar, though he migrates occasionally, and to his domain these remarks are immediately confined; not but that Drury-lane and St. Giles's have thoroughfares and *culs de sac*, that may vie with any in the Tower precincts, or Wapping, or Smithfield itself, on a drizzling day.

Amid the noise of vehicles that sets the stoutest nerves ajar, the man of traffic bustles on his way in the streets at the farther extremity of the metropolis, blending expressions mercantile with a brogue commercial or Judaic. Faces multiply there from all climates of the globe. The Lascar and Hindoo, the Mahometan and Greek, the Moor and

Negro, the Yankee and Armenian, render the scene motley enough from their varied costume.

At the West end comparative order and regality prevail. Gay equipages roll over smooth Macadamized avenues, as hollow beneath as the politeness of the inmates of these vari-formed vehicles. The five orders in Roman cement assume a patrician appearance. The beau and belle ride by in luxurious ease, or promenade the ample pavements, surpassed for convenience by no other city in the world. All is ease and gentlemanly composure, the slow pace of rank and fashion being substituted for the hurry and bustle of the East end, while the sun, for an hour or two in the day, during the eight months' winter of the climate, breaks forth over Grosvenor-square and Park-lane, as if he were attracted by the superior appearance of the *dicux mortels* that sojourn in them. The very shopmen have a stylish air, which, though not unimitated, is never attained at Whitechapel; the smirking draper of Regent or Bond-street, being a totally distinct species of animal, a sort of retailing noble, compared with him of the Minories and Leadenhall.

Over the water, in the remote precincts of the Borough and the *ultima Thule* of St. George's Fields, there is a third species of biped which prevails, differing greatly in character from either of those before alluded to. In the Borough, amid more than the dirtiness of Smithfield, the people look more ancient, savouring of the antiquity of mine host of the Talbot, but all chin-deep in worldly-mindedness; while the poorer classes and inmates of the alleys are as squalid and miserable in appearance as their neighbours on the North side of the Thames. There is less elegance in the shops and houses. In fact, it seems a second-hand warehouse to the lords of commerce in the city. In every thing they seem to stick religiously to the venerable customs of our ancestors. It is as if they were determined that Innovation should never set its foot there, if they could avoid it, and that King James still governed in plenitude of glory. The new bridges, however, have caused dangerous reformations. In some quarters their avenues have intersected ancient lines, and proved fatal to things "as they are." Around that glorious abuse of legislation, "the Bench," as it is called, a miserable race appears condemned to reside within certain limits, for the benefit of law officers and their jailer, and to await the issue of the Insolvent Court's decision. Placed, for not paying their debts, in a situation by which, if willing to pay, they are incapacitated for ever from fulfilling their wishes,—sad from hope deferred, and meagre from scantiness of fare, with a good sprinkling of knaves among them, they wander like ghosts on the shores of Lethe.

In the different thoroughfares and labyrinths of the "Fields," a genus of vicious characters, dog-fighters, butchers, drovers, and marine store-keepers, may be met with, who seem to hold an intercourse only with the fag end of humanity.

He who has not penetrated into the retired courts and alleys which, by narrow entrances, frequently branch off from the great thoroughfares of London, can have little idea of the misery, filth, and vileness of the metropolis. Let the curious man leave his watch and best coat at home, and with but a few shillings in his pocket, to risk little loss, explore these dens of penury, nastiness, and low demoralization. He will, indeed, find matter of astonishment where he did not dream of its

existence ; the state of the lower classes, in some of the more remote recesses of London, outdoes all that can be imagined of human wretchedness. The North American savage in his wigwam, surrounded by the majesty of nature, dark woods encircling him, and a glorious sky above, is a king to the beings to whom we allude. Little do the inmates of the luxurious chariots that roll by within a few yards of their dwellings dream of the contrast to their own splendour presented by fellow-beings so near them. This state of misery and filth engenders the grossest vices. High rents mostly prevent the hire of the humblest apartments by one family only. Three or four are crowded together in a room, a medley of old and young of both sexes frequently, even without straw to repose upon,—a state to which the worst regulated of our prisons is a luxury. Thousands and tens of thousands sleep in this way every night ; many never take off their apparel for weeks together. So far from Mr. Peel's statement of the increase of crime in London, being threefold more than that in the country, constituting matter for astonishment, it is rather marvellous how it is not more. When I have witnessed these scenes, I have thought that, contaminated as the morals of the metropolis are said to be, it is wonderful they do not lead to more ferocious vices. Misery is the parent of crime ; want of separate lodgings ! fuel heavily taxed in an inclement climate, so that in the bitterest winters the poor are obliged to buy their meagre food ready cooked ! is it wonderful they should learn vice, and that the well-disposed, forcibly amalgamated with the abandoned, should soon become corrupt ? These are causes sufficient to account for the multiplication of offenders against the laws—for that current of vice which flows on with incessant increase from the victims of penury, who, if it be contrary to their nature, are forced upon bad courses, to say nothing of the odious offences thus engendered against morals. How should it be otherwise, where the means of demoralization are co-operative with those by which existence itself is miserably sustained ? Every one must have been struck at times, in the better streets of the metropolis, in particular spots, at the miserable wretches, covered with filth and rags, who seem unaccountably to appear and disappear, no one knows whence coming or whither going.

The glazing and ornaments of some shops harmonize ill with the brick fronts and window-holes of others that rise near them, or sometimes remain over them ; here resembling a low range of stabling, there towering to four or five floors ; here worked up and pointed newly, there black with the dirt and smoke of a century. These incongruities, however, are rapidly disappearing. The renovated part of London is surpassingly excellent ; and what Government has voted money to do, and still contemplates doing, will be the cheapest outlay the Exchequer ever issued.

Whoever wishes to see the streets of London in their most singular aspect should mount his horse and ride through them between three and four o'clock on a summer's morning. What a contrast do they present, compared with their appearance at the noon-day hour ! their solitude is almost appalling. Now and then, a party of half a dozen persons may perchance be met returning home from the preceding night's revel. It seems a city devastated by some dreadful calamity. The very watchmen are silent, and mostly asleep, in their boxes. The

streets can commonly be associated with nothing less resembling them in character than their aspect at such an hour. Clear of smoke and endless in extent, with a pure atmosphere and sunshine over them, they seem operated upon by enchantment; the inhabitants appear dead, or exiled from their dwellings. It is as if there were a death in every house, and the closed shutters were tokens of mourning and funeral. But the unbroken, inexorable dead silence is, after all, most startling, when we find it where daily and hourly, for years, we have been stunned by noise and deafened by uproar. Yet in a few hours and all will again present the same busy, noisy, smoky, obscure appearance; man and art will arise and extinguish nature, and every thing will assume its accustomed character.

The appearance of the streets at night is scarcely less novel and striking than it is embarrassing to all but the initiated inhabitant. By lamplight, every part of town assumes nearly the same appearance; so that if a person ever so well versed in the knowledge of the different quarters of the metropolis, were set down blindfolded in any of the streets, not a great thoroughfare, he would not discover where he was, without inquiry, until he had walked a considerable distance, and found some spot with which he was familiar, and which might serve him for a reckoning-point.

Finding the way about London at night is attained by a sort of instinct, and is acquired by most persons, not so much from the names of the streets, as from the relative situation of the place sought being weighed in its bearing from the place of setting out, or from remembering on which side of the great thoroughfares it may lie. A person familiar with town, going to any quarter, rarely notices the names of the streets he passes through; perhaps he does not know their names at all; but he works his way unerringly by compass, as well as the angles of the streets will admit, never confounding his turns to the right or left as he proceeds; and in this way he keeps his course diagonally, or directly, as the case may be. The stranger thinks only of the names of the streets through which he must pass to his destination, examines his map, and is still obliged to inquire, at every turning, the rectitude of his course. The streets of London are too numerous to burthen the recollection with, and too much alike to be discriminated from each other; the inhabitant, therefore, goes in the direction of his object as the ship sails, and does not notice the names of the streets which intervene.

Two remarkable objects break in at night upon the uniformity of the chains of fire, which seem to be suspended on each side of the main streets. These are the different-coloured lamps of the apothecaries, and the more brilliant lights of the gin-shops and taverns, both warning the homeward-bound pedestrian with a sort of *memento mori* caution. A facetious French writer observes, that in France, the number of sick and the number of medical men, summed up exactly the same total. It is incredible the number of apothecaries' shops thus presenting themselves; there is almost one for every physic-taker.

There is great art in walking the streets of London: the countryman is a long while before he gets into the practice, and his awkwardness, in this respect, is one of the marks by which he is very readily distinguished, even if he have doffed his country-cut coat and hat, and imagines he is altogether one of the "right sort." How quickly will a pick-

pocket fix him in his eye, and keep close to his heels in a crowd for a whole street together. The habit of gazing at shop-windows, and at every trifling novelty in the great thoroughfares, and the want of that utter indifference to every thing but the object towards which he is journeying, distinguishes the indigenous individual from the stranger in the street. The genuine Londoner is an absent man in the most crowded parts of the city. He proceeds on his way coolly casting up his bills in his mind, arranging to-morrow's business, or projecting new schemes of profit, as unmoved and abstracted as if he were walking alone across a desert. He never jostles those he meets either right or left, but proceeds along, clear of porters and draymen, gliding with the current of vitality that flows on his own way at the general rate, nor breaking in upon the counter-marchers who face him in a continued stream; he could peruse a book or a newspaper uninterruptedly during his progress from Charing Cross to the India House, in the midst of thousands, undisturbing and undisturbed—his habitual ease in such circumstances being the distinguishing trait of his character. The sojourner of the provinces, on the other hand, when visiting the metropolis, is sadly puzzled to steer clear of the multitudes he meets. There is a story of one of them on record, who coming into Fleet-street from a cross court, mounted the step of a door at noonday to wait, as he said, "until the people coming out of church had gone by." It is pleasant to see him launched forth in the metropolis for the first time, raw from Cumberland and Westmoreland. Now he gets into the current of people passing the opposite way to himself, and finds himself pushed off the pavement into the middle of the street—now he staggers among those who have their right-hand to the wall, and not keeping the pace of the rest of the passengers, is pushed forward, or jostled, or, stopping at a window to see some common-place thing, obstructs the passengers, and is pushed through the glass, or loses his pocket-handkerchief. Disasters are for ever occurring. He is bewildered by the noise and confusion around him, and is happy to return and take his rest at his inn. It is scarcely credible to a Londoner, but there are well authenticated instances of temporary madness in persons bred up in the privacy and solitude of remote country villages, from being left alone and getting bewildered in the streets of the metropolis.

The great secret of walking the streets in comfort, is an adherence to the rules established by custom, namely, to take the inside of the pavement when the right-hand is to the wall, and the outside when the right-hand is toward the street,—to catch the pace of the going or returning current, as the case may be, and never to attempt giving others the law, but to proceed with what Johnson calls "the tide of human existence."

Never stop to listen to street-minstrels, nor stand looking up at the figures of St. Dunstan's church; if you do, you will infallibly discover the meaning of the proverb of being penny wise and pound foolish.

Never delay your homeward steps at a late hour by going out of your direct path upon seeing a mob assembled, or on hearing the watchman's rattle; proceed imperturbably.

Never give an alms, nor pay the least attention to night-beggars, nor notice the appeals of strangers, nor suffer any conversation to be maintained with you by them.

If a drayman bring his whip across your eyes, do not stop to resent it, unless you are sure you are the better man of the two, and have little money in your pocket for the bystanders to rob you of. If you are right in these respects, knock him down at once—you have no better mode of obtaining justice.

If a porter drive his load against your spectacles, forcing them into your nose, overturn him, burthen and all. If you are not strong enough, you must pocket the injury. .

Never buy a cheap box of cigars, a watch, a ring, a pencil-case, or similar articles, when offered you by any one in the streets.

Never buy of a street-Jew, not because of his faith, but because all Christians having united to persecute him, he very fairly thinks himself bound to retaliate by taking them in whenever he can.

When you meet ladies on a crowded pavement, you must forget your gallantry, and not think of giving them the inside, for those you meet compose a counter-current to your own—in your own current you may be as polite as you please to the sex.

Amuse yourself as you walk, in contemplating character in the faces of those you meet, and thence guessing their profession or class.

About 'Change you will find the genuine counting-house phiz—"thirty pence is two and sixpence." About the Haymarket, on market-days, you may contemplate the country farmer mingled with the off-scouring of *Palais Royal* opera-dancers, and the scum of Italy, in fur or brocade, pale, emasculated, idealess, and insolent. In Bond-street, the whiskered vacuity of the dandy's countenance may be studied to most advantage; while Goodman's Fields furnishes the primest physiognomies for learning the expression and character of the children of Israel. In 'Thames-street, at noon-day, you may see the cautious, plodding, commercial cast of face; and in Bishopsgate that of the petty retailer, who values sixpence more than he does his soul. The Borough, St. Giles's, and Wapping, also furnish distinct traits of feature.—Thus do the streets of London display endless studies of human nature for the reflective-minded passenger—all that is great, admirable, vain, vicious, and degraded,—in higher perfection than any other spot of the known world.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAZIL, NO. I.

THERE are probably few situations in which a man finds himself more completely *ennuyé* than in the double capacity of a neutral and idler in a besieged town. While he shares, in common with the meanest of the garrison, every privation, the magnificent game of war hourly passing before his eyes, affords to him none of its spirit-stirring excitements. It was under the influence of this feeling that, in the fall of the year 1822, I left the city of St. Salvador, at that time closely invested by the patriot army, and, accompanied by an intimate friend and associate, sailed for the Rio de Janeiro.

My companion, an old Peninsular campaigner, tired alike of *la vie bourgeoise* and half-pay, was allured thither by the prospect of joining the Imperial service, which at that time held out high inducements to a foreign officer. For myself, I was not sorry to exchange the mono-

tonous gloom of St. Salvador for the more exhilarating scenes passing in the capital. Nor was I, in short, without strong feelings of curiosity to observe, in its earliest stage of developement, the workings of that spirit of freedom which, in silence, I have long marked undermining the moral influence of the mother-country; and to witness the first impulse of a young people just budding into political existence, and shaking from their galled limbs the chains of three centuries of misrule and oppression.

The arrangements for our departure were soon made, and the morning of the fourteenth day, after an agreeable passage, saw us steering beneath the base of the Pao d'Assucar, which majestically flanks the entrance of the harbour. Were I to live for centuries, the impression made on my mind by the splendid combination of the luxuriant and sublime which suddenly burst on my enraptured eye, would, to the last, be green on the memory. I have since trodden the classic shores of Italy, have long sojourned amidst the sublime romantic beauties of Switzerland, and have often wandered along the vine-clad banks of the lovely Rhine. But these splendid creations of the European world, with their exhaustless stores of historical and poetic associations, never produced on my mind those feelings of mingled wonder and delight, that did the majestic sublimity of that masterpiece of Nature, the bay of Rio de Janeiro. To describe its various beauties is far beyond the powers of my weak pen; in the language of Voltaire, it is at once—

“ Beau, majestueux, harmonieux et sublime.”

On landing, every object wore the animated complexion of the times. Contrasted with the air of melancholy which pervaded every thing in the place we had so recently quitted, it burst on us like the momentary gleam of sunshine which sometimes enlivens the gloom of a November day. Arches of triumph raised their stately heads in all the principal streets, while the façades of the houses were thickly studded with allegorical paintings and devices. We were soon convinced that we had arrived on the eve of some great festival. Nor were we mistaken. The coronation of the young Emperor, we were informed, was to take place in two days. This event, calculated to influence so strongly the future destinies of the rising country, appeared to engross the public mind, to the exclusion of almost every other topic. All was bustle and animation, brightness and enthusiasm. The poor negro, even, watching the infection of the times, felt not his chains, and carolled, in the illusion of the moment, the air of liberty.

Singular inconsistency of human nature! While the more intellectual part of the nation were publishing to the world long and laboured dissertations on the abstract question of the Rights of Man and the dignity of Human Nature, and while their armies were in the field fighting for their practical illustration, they offered at the same moment the spectacle of a most melancholy anomaly, a mere fractional part of the nation contending for freedom in its most Utopian forms, while the remainder were groaning in the most abject state of slavery, or vegetating under the withering influence of prejudice, arising from the difference of caste and colour. On our way to the police-office, overcome by the sultriness of the weather, we entered a café. We were, on our entrance, literally overwhelmed with questions. In their avidity for news from

the seat of war, the curiosity of our interlocutors, in many instances, overcame their courtesy. A short time previous to our quitting St. Salvador, a sortie had been made by a party of the garrison, with the view of carrying off a large portion of cattle collected in the immediate neighbourhood. The attempt proved unsuccessful, and the party was driven in with inconsiderable loss. Some account of the affair had already reached the Rio, and what was in fact but a mere forage, was construed, by the vanity of the Brazilians, into a splendid military triumph.

It is with young nations as with young people; their vanity is even in an inverse ratio to their capabilities. On their early successes in arms they dwell with more than a lover's fondness; and viewing them through a medium highly magnified by youthful ardour and enthusiasm, the slightest strictures, however the result of a cool and dispassionate criticism, are associated by them with feelings of scorn and contempt, and as immediately repaid by inveterate and undisguised dislike. It is to this feeling, I think, rather than to the operation of baser passions growing out of the recollection of political misrule and oppression, that we may ascribe the deep-rooted and rancorous animosity which marks the feelings of emancipated colonies towards the parent states.

In the present instance, the compressed lip and clouded brow indicated, in no unequivocal manner, the rage and disappointment of many of our auditors at our plain and unvarnished account of the affair in question, so in disunion with their own ideas. At the police-office, we were loudly reproached with affection to the royalist cause, and favoured by the Minister in person with a bulletin of the action, in a style of more than Oriental bombast; by way of a climax, he gravely assured us that the future historian would rank it as a second Marathon. This piece of gasconade I really expected would have raised the shade of Miltiades; but there is no reasoning with prejudice engrafted on ignorance; so, leaving his Excellency to feast on the creations of his own imagination, we took our leave, and were really not sorry to find ourselves in the cool veranda of our posada, doing ample justice to a profusion of good things to which we had long been strangers.

We sallied forth at an early hour on the following morning to stock our portfolios with a few sketches of the magnificent surrounding scenery. We had been for some time busily employed in our task, when we were interrupted by the arrival of four or five officers in military undress. One of them, who rode a little in advance of the rest of the party, approached us, and asked, in a tone of great haughtiness, what we were doing; and without awaiting our reply, added, "Are you ignorant of the order which expressly forbids foreigners from making draughts of the harbour and its defences?"—"You must be but a young soldier," replied my companion, somewhat piqued at the tone of *hauteur* assumed by the stranger, "or your military *coup-d'œil* would not have betrayed you into so absurd an observation. Favourable as this spot may be for taking a sketch of the surrounding scenery, it is the very last we should have chosen for making a military reconnoissance of the harbour." Without appearing to heed the sarcastic retort of my friend, he questioned us seriously as to our name, country, and profession. We satisfied him on all these points, adding, that we had only arrived from St. Salvador on the preceding evening. On learning

this, he immediately dismounted, and seated himself on a bank a short distance from us. The conversation now became lively and animated. He manifested the most intense anxiety on every subject relative to the operations before St. Salvador, listened with profound attention to all our details, occasionally interrupting us with an exclamation of haughty importance whenever he supposed our narrative described in too flattering colours the position of the Royalists. He appeared to ridicule the idea of powerful reinforcements being on their way out from the mother country. We told him there was not the slightest doubt on the subject, as a band forming part of the squadron had reached St. Salvador the very morning of our departure: "Besides," added my companion, "if they only throw in provisions, the present garrison will hold out the place to all eternity against the rabble collected on the outside." I shall not easily forget the flash of indignation which in a moment suffused the handsome countenance of the young officer; his dark eyes flashed fire, and his very moustache curled with wrath. "Rabble!" he bitterly exclaimed; "it was such rabble that, on two occasions in North America, obliged the veteran armies of England to lay down their arms. It is such rabble that, on the other side of this Continent, have just achieved, after a hard-fought struggle, their country's independence; and it is such rabble, light as you may hold them, that will, ere long, work a glorious consummation to the noble work in which they are engaged. In the pride of art, and with the *truc esprit de corps* of soldiers, all your prepossessions are engrossed on the side of military organization and discipline, rather than on that of liberty and independence." We disclaimed the imputation, professed ourselves warm admirers of a new order of things, which would wrest so fair a portion of the globe from tyranny and oppression, and give a rapid development to its immense and varied resources. Our professions appeared to calm the burst of rising anger, for he immediately rallied us on the privations we had undergone; requested to look at our sketches; commended the performance in the most flattering manner, and gave us the names of several spots, which he described as fine subjects for our pencils. Cordially saluting us, he mounted, and rode off. We laughed heartily at our morning's adventure, and yet could not help remarking, as he rode off, that there was something about this young officer which singularly interested us. He was tall and elegantly formed, and had one of those fine dark animated countenances, shadowed by a profusion of raven locks, which limners love to paint. The air of hauteur which he at first assumed soon wore off, and was succeeded by an open frankness and good-natured *brusquerie* of manner which insensibly won upon us. His style of interlocution was rapid and comprehensive, and bore with peculiar force on all the leading points of the subjects under discussion. In fact, his conversation throughout powerfully indicated well-cultivated habits both of observation and deduction.

The dawn of the following morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the roar of artillery. At an early hour the capital poured forth its population, eager to witness the imposing ceremony of the coronation. All was *couleur de rose*, excepting the weather, which most provokingly evinced some old prepossessions in favour of the royal cause, for it rained in torrents. It was with some difficulty that we succeeded in making our way through the dense crowd assembled in

the great square, and re-entered the places in the church assigned to the officers of the British squadron. The ceremony I need not describe. There was the glorious pomp and circumstance of military parade; the gorgeous magnificence of the Catholic Church; the strains of solemn music, and the fumes of incense. There were the roar of ordnance, and the deafening shout of a whole people's praise. Amidst the host of contending emotions produced by this imposing spectacle, surprise predominated in the minds of my companion and myself, for in the person of the Emperor Don Pedro, we immediately recognised our interesting acquaintance of the preceding day.

We often afterwards met the Emperor in our rambles. Our salute was always most graciously returned. On one occasion he stopped us, and with an arch smile inquired if we had made any additions to our portfolio. Neither did the dishonouring manner in which my companion had spoken of the Brazilian troops, leave any unfavourable impression on his mind, for he shortly afterwards obtained high rank in the service.

THE SINGING LESSON.

Yes, well she profits by her master's skill:
How sweetly her bewitching numbers flow!
Is there not feeling in that gentle trill,
And magic in that cadence soft and low?
And when she sings of Love in flattering tone,
Might we not deem its trials were her own?

See, o'er her seat her young preceptor bends,
He speaks support, her cheek more warmly burns;
And when her sweet and murmur'd song she ends,
With timid, half-averted look, she turns
'To meet that dark eye's fond protecting gaze,
And drink the accents of that honey'd praise.

And 'mid the calm domestic circle round,
Not one can read that language of the eyes;
Their thoughts by custom's frozen chains are bound;
They judge the master's and the pupil's ties
By the dull measurement of pedant rules,
'Taught in their youthful days at former schools.

And will discovery come, and her stern sire
And haughty kindred scorn her prayer, her sigh?
And will she like a dying swan expire
In her sweet strains of dear-bought melody?
Yes, thus my heart forebodes will close ere long
'This peaceful morning scene of Love and Song!

M. A.

GERALDINE OF DESMOND.*

THE authoress of this work has made a high, and in some sort an epic attempt at historic romance, and her subject possesses every requisite for romantic interest. It takes us back, not simply, like the captivating fiction of "Kenilworth," to the days of Elizabeth's reign in England, but to the days of that reign in Ireland, where the drama of life, as we scan it even in the veracious page of history, exhibits to us agents, events, and impassioned scenes, incomparably more complex and impressive than we meet with in the happier annals of contemporary England. Ireland, in spite of all her calamities, had at an early period an image of English commerce, culture, and even chivalry within the Pale; and we are left to infer that, in that portion of the kingdom, there was considerable polish and courtesy of manners as far back as the time of Edward IV., when we find that monarch designating one of the Anglo-Irish nobles as the most perfect gentleman he had ever seen, and saying that "if good breeding and liberal qualities had left the world, they might all be found in the Earl of Ormond." It was to the Pale, however, no doubt, and to a very few of the Anglo-Irish aristocracy, that English manners, and even the habitual use of the language, were confined. For those English gentry who had received domains beyond the Pale, though of Norman, and in some instances of royal extraction, yet intermarrying with princely Irish families, and surrounded by Irish retainers, lapsed into the old manners and character—kept their bards or senachies—affected more or less independence—made war on one another, and though never renouncing a vague acknowledgement of England's paramount royalty, assumed in some instances the pride and privileges of sovereignty. For this degeneracy of her Anglo-Irish colonists, England had mainly to thank her own penal and selfish laws, which ruthlessly repelled the natives from participating in their protection, and for a long time made it no capital offence to kill a mere Irishman—as well as that equally cruel and impolitic distinction which was long kept up, between the dignity of English by birth, and English only by blood. The spread of the English language and English modes of thinking, which, if Ireland had not been grossly misgoverned, might have duly prepared her for the light of the reformation, was thus obstructed; and England had only one negative advantage, namely, that the Anglo-Irish beyond the Pale, by falling into barbarism, kept no pace with her in military discipline, and were unequal in the field to her archers and men-at-arms.

Nevertheless, as a mere subject of romance, the aspect of Ireland is heightened in picturesqueness by this barbarism of her population; and what the Irish spirit lacked in skill, it made up in racy strength of character. It was a poor, a savage, and a frightfully calamitous period, beyond doubt; but if we may say it without offence, there have been epochs in the same island when poverty and barbarism, equally painful to the sympathy, had yet an aspect more humiliating to the imagination. The wretched peasant of 1798, leaving his family to spread the manure on his potato-ground with their own hands for want of instruments, and sallying forth with his rags and his pike to insurrection, would furnish but a poor subject for the dramatist, the romancer, or the painter. But an Irish rebellion in the sixteenth century rises at least above monotonous and squalid horror; and no epoch can be found more fraught with those various colourings of human character and manners or those eventful incidents and solemn superstitions which give a melancholy splendour to the picture of national calamity. The Irishman of that period listened to the songs of his forefathers, and to the harps of revered minstrels, in the castle of his chief. He had traditions, whether false or true, of ancient national glory; he had a national costume, and songs of native heroes in his own tongue, that struck the chords of his heart in unison with his national music. He might be sometimes oppressed at home, and

* *Geraldine of Desmond, or Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. An Historical Romance. In three volumes.*

oftener by ravages from abroad, but still he had a sept and a chief to whom he was tied by the bonds of fellowship. He was the member of a family which—how exaggerated and absurd soever their pride might be—was still a proud family; if he bled in fight, it was not in rabble insurrection, but under that banner of his clan which, in the pithiest, essential spirit of poetical language, was denominated “the sun-burst of battle.” Nor were the leading insurgents of Elizabeth’s reign spirits of vulgar or common-place metal. The O’Nial was calumniated by her Majesty’s parasites as a merely ferocious and habitually drunken barbarian. In their intercourse with him, however, the English found to their cost that his conduct betokened any thing in the world but the sot and the savage. When summoned by Sir Henry Sydney to appear as a culprit in Dublin, the O’Nial had the adroitness to persuade that Governor to come and visit him in his own castle, where he silenced Sir Henry by his logic and eloquence, and preferred a statement of his case that confounded the Council of Dublin. When called by the Queen to London, he came to her Court with a retinue of his body guards; and his gallowglasses, with their saffron-coloured robes and peculiar armour, astonished the eyes of the Londoners, like people come from the ends of the earth.

The Desmond, our authoress’s hero, had a similar spirit and destiny. There is something deeply touching in the naked truth of his history—in his declaration that he had been wrung into rebellion by misusage—in his flight, and famine, and wanderings, on the territory which he had ruled as a chief; and in his naming himself to his murderer, as a last though fruitless appeal to his respect and mercy. Yet there was pride in the Desmond’s spirit, no less than pathos in his story. When defeated and wounded by the Earl of Ormond’s followers, he was borne off the field by some of the victorious tribe. One of his litter-bearers had the cruelty to ask him, “Where now is the great Earl of Desmond?”—“Just where he ought to be,” replied the Desmond, “still on the necks of the Butlers.”

Menaced and harassed as the Pale had often been by the desultory, and not unjust reprisals of the ancient natives, the Irish septs had too many quarrels among themselves over to coalesce effectively against the English; and as long as their religion remained the same as ours, their antipathy to the Saxon name was insufficient to give them any formidable union. But when the Reformation was forced upon them by threats and proscriptions; when they were commanded to disbelieve the creed of their forefathers, and to abandon their Irish church, proudly held to be of almost apostolic antiquity, together with tenets which they thought essential to their eternal salvation, it was then that, if in point of action all Irish hands were not united against England, yet in point of sentiment all Irish hearts, with the exception of a few nobles of the Pale, imbibed a consensual horror against our country and her Protestantism. And though it is perfectly true that Elizabeth was justified in defending the reformed religion, and in maintaining her regality in Ireland, yet it is equally true that, though right in her general object, she was quite as wrong in her special means of attaining it, as if she had consulted Rome and the Jesuits and the Spaniards for the best means of making Protestantism odious in Ireland; for her enemies could not have conscientiously advised her to a surer method of doing so, than to that system of spoliation and insult which she miscalled her Government. The rebellions of her reign had thus all the bitterness of religious hatred; yet it would be underrating the wrongs of Ireland, to consider those insurrections in the light of mere religious warfare. For the violent extension of English dominion respected the property as little as the creed of the natives. Elizabeth told her nobles that the troubles of Ireland would be the making of their fortunes—and when Sir Henry Sydney and the Perrots attempted to temper their strong measures of suppression with something like a mixture of equity and mercy, she recalled them, rebuked and disgraced them, and sentenced one of the Perrots to death.

In framing a work of fiction, equally brilliant and affecting, on the ground-

work of this tragic period, our authoress has chosen her leading characters from two families, that were alternately the most pre-eminent for several centuries in the history of Ireland. One of these was the Butler family of Ormond, the other that of Desmond, a branch of the Geraldines. The only great circumstance in the tale before us that is unsupported by history, is the mutual attachment between Lord Thurles, son of the former peer, and Geraldine the daughter of Desmond; but this departure from the letter of fact is a legitimate liberty, since we find that the two families had at times had intermarriages, in spite of their bitter feuds. We have felt so much pleasure in being carried along the broad and strong current of this romance, and we are so well aware how much the best-told tale may be marred to a reader's interest by forestalling his acquaintance with its issue, and precluding his suspense and curiosity, that we forbear to epitomize the story of Geraldine, and shall content ourselves with marking out some of the most prominent scenes and portraiture of character, leaving the writer's graphic powers for the most part to speak for themselves, rather than detailing them to the peruser's admiration.

The introductory chapter explains, in ten purely historical pages of great concinnity, the events in Ireland that led to the deeply critical situation of the country in 1565, shortly after the suppression of O'Nial's rebellion, when the contests between the Earls of Desmond and Ormond, and the iniquitous partiality of the English cabinet to the latter, led to important results and to a temporary renewal of civil war.

The former nobleman is thus portrayed:—

“Gerald, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, assumed all the pomp and pride of an Irish chieftain. Descended from a long line of ancestors, who had enjoyed many extraordinary privileges, and who for centuries had lived in almost regal splendour, he sedulously endeavoured to preserve the peculiar customs of his progenitors uncontaminated by the innovations of modern ages. He delighted to retrace the genealogies of his high lineage, at the same time vaunting the exploits of his heroic predecessors, which the narrations of antiquarian records, the eulogiums of bardic fiction, and the equally romantic traditions of oral testimony had immortalized, either in the symbolizing elements of national mythology. . . . His personal appearance was most remarkable and imposing. Time had stamped its seal upon his brow, and had blanched to whiteness the venerable locks which, thrown back from his temples, were fastened behind in the national *Cooleen*, and fell luxuriantly on his shoulders; yet age had failed to quell the spirit of his eye, that flashed with brightness on the slightest irritation. His figure was tall and robust, but eminently graceful and dignified; and were it not for the deep lines impressed on his expansive forehead, the silvery wavings of a beard that fell upon his breast, and a slight bend in the contour of the neck and shoulders, the Earl of Desmond might have passed for one of those heroic warriors, who, in the prime of manhood, seem to want

‘Nothing of a God but Eternity,
And a Heaven to throne in.’

His dress was arranged with scrupulous attention to the ancient national costume of his country. His head was usually covered with a close green cap, that, surmounted with plumes of the same colour, was studded with Irish diamonds. He wore the *Cota*, or shirt, made of fine saffron-coloured linen, which was wrapped in large folds upon the bosom, and was only partially concealed by a short purple vest, interwoven with threads of gold. This vest scarcely reached the elbows, and consequently displayed the immense sleeves of the *Cota*, hanging in loose and graceful draperies from the arm. His shirt was open at his throat, which was adorned with a broad gold collar of exquisite workmanship, splendidly inlaid with jewels. His limbs were clothed with the *Truis*, or straight *Braccæ*, which formed trousers and stockings in one, fitted close to the shape, and were made of worst striped with various colours, running in divisions, resembling the Tartan plaid. Over all was thrown the *Cocula*, or upper garment, a kind of long flowing cloth mantle, which, like the regal robes of the East, was of bright crimson colour, embroidered round the border, and edged with yellow silken fringe. This cloak was clasped at the breast with a large silver embossed fibula or brooch. Round his neck was a massive antique gold chain, and on his feet the Earl wore buskins, or short boots.”

Such circumstantial minuteness in the description of garniture would be tiresome if it were merely fanciful, but here it is the result of research, and has all the value of antiquarian veracity, enabling us to look on the express images of departed beings, that same veracity which gives a charm to the delineation of dresses in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

The traits of Desmond's character, that was splendid in its elements, but imperfect in their combination, and full of constitutional virtues that too often caught the contagion of adjoining vices, are sketched with very natural probability, and easily harmonize with our conception of the influence which his circumstances and semi-barbarous age would exercise in moulding the shape of his mind. He spoke the English tongue with fluency, but always thought in Irish, and this gave a metaphorical tone and a tincture of enthusiasm to his dialect, which was naturally eloquent and persuasive, though rudely magnificent. By a former marriage with the widow of the preceding Earl of Ormond, he was the father of Geraldine, who was consequently the cousin of Lord Thurles, the youthful hero of the story; but the Desmond had married again and become the father of an infant son. In these domestic relationships the benevolent qualities of the heroine's heart are richly developed in the ascendancy of her sense and suavity over an envious step-mother, and in the warmth of her fondness for her little brother. But the attachments that are the main-springs of her earliest trials, that call forth her deepest tenderness and highest heroism, that bring nature and duty to their most fearful conflict, and that tie the Gordian knot of her fate—are the filial instinct that will brook no severing from her father; the religious faith, that will make no compromise with its devotion; and her womanly love, that looked with the true gratitude of woman, to her manly and devoted Thurles, across the gulph of adverse faith and faction which divided them.

Stinted in the limits of our present notice, we look with some distraction over the many chapters of pictures and narrative that court our choice. Almost at random, we revert to the spectacle of old Desmond himself, in his feudal palace, though reluctantly passing over the landscape of the castle, and the portraiture of its ill-starred and mysterious inmate, the Jesuit Allan, in the chapters that precede the following scene. The time is sunset, when it threw its rays on the forest tops and pointed turrets of the antique edifice, leaving all the rest of it in partial gloom.

“The evening hour was generally the signal for the commencement of that clamorous wassail and hoisterous mirth which distinguished the revels of the Chieftain, when with feudal magnificence he regaled at his festive board the numerous clansmen of his house. Of his kindred and surname alone, the Earl could enumerate above five hundred gentlemen, who, attended by an interminable train of gill-glasses, kerns, foresters, and gossips, formed a multitudinous and imposing assembly, of which in later times we can scarcely conceive an adequate idea. The banqueting hall was an apartment of prodigious extent, the walls of which were completely covered with ancient armour, pikes, spears, and battle-axes, hostile weapons of various workmanship, hunting instruments, and shields, or targets, curiously emblazoned on the outside with the bearings of the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom.

“In imitation of the manner in which in former days the triennial Parliaments of Ireland had been conducted in the Royal Palace of Tara, a principal herald was appointed to regulate the order of precedence, which was ever carefully observed. Down the middle of the hall, long tables were set, that were loaded with substantial viands, such as boar's flesh, h Reeves, and fallow deer, as well as with quantities of fish, and the more esteemed luxuries of pheasants, and game of every description. Low forms, covered with the furred skins of beasts that had been killed in the chase, were placed on each side of the tables, and at the head of the centre one, on an elevated chair of state, and under a splendid canopy, which was looped up by the gigantic horns of the *Cervus Megaceros*, sat the Earl of Desmond. Two magnificent Irish wolf-dogs lay at his feet, and a cupbearer and page stood on either side of their lord. On his right his nearest of kin were placed; on his left, seated beneath their respective shields, were those chiefs, who, in case the revolutionary notions of the period terminated in open war, had been appointed to hold the rank of commanding

officers in the Irish army, then in process of organization. In the middle of each of the long tables enormous salt-cellars were fixed, beneath which crowds of inferior guests and clansmen were indiscriminately seated. An extraordinary display of gold and silver vessels glittered among utensils of a rude and common description, some of which were made of baked clay, others of pewter and wood. The latter, however mean in the material of their composition, were often so singularly beautiful in their designs, that they nearly approached the antique form, which, in the present day, is termed *classical*.

"Immediately facing the Chieftain's throne, there was a sort of gallery, or orchestra, filled by a numerous band of musicians, over whom Cutholin, the *Ollamh-re-Samhacha*, or chief minstrel of the Desmond, presided with an air of conscious authority. The other bards occasionally struck their harps to swell the chorus of a national air, while celebrating with the fire of song the fame of departed heroes, whose actions were shielded from oblivion by the banners of victory.

"At the opposite end of the table, the hobillers, or Irish cavalry, the gallow-glasses, or foot-soldiers, and the kerns, or light-armed infantry, were placed, according to their military rank. They presented a very martial and striking appearance, as the rays of golden light which yet illumined the western sky, darting through the high gothic windows of the hall, blazed on the lances of the cavalry, played on the javelins of the infantry, and fell powerfully on the stern and warlike countenances of the gallowglasses. Those men were clothed in linen vests, stained in saffron, which had long and open sleeves, surcharged by a short military harness. They were armed with large battle-axes, their heads were bare, and their long curling locks flowed on their shoulders, from whence depended a loose cloak. The costume was picturesque, and aided by its strong effect the groupings of a scene, which produced some portraits worthy to create the inspiration of the most exalted genius.

"There was a wild and fearless, but shrewd and penetrating expression developed in the faces of the last class of soldiers, on which the philosopher might dwell with interest, or the painter linger with delight; for even the barbarism of ignorance had failed to quench the intellectual light that Nature had bestowed, which communicated a powerful intelligence to the stern but finely-moulded features of the gallowglasses; 'who' (to use the words of Stanburst) 'were men of huge stature, able-bodied beyond the generality of men, brave swordsmen, but blood-thirsty, and strangers to mercy. They wore weapons of a foot in dimensions, not unlike battle-axes, double, and sharp as the keenest knife, which were affixed to halberts somewhat longer, and with these they wounded desperately whomsoever they struck. Before any one was admitted into the order, he was obliged to swear a solemn oath that he would never turn his back on his enemy in the field of battle, although time should have slackened the rigour of this usage. He also swore, that if in any fierce and sharp contest he should come to close conflict, he should either be killed himself, or kill his adversary.'

"The effect of this political institute might be traced in every action of the Irish gallowglasses; and as the Desmond surveyed his noble adherents, his heart beat high with pride, and a haughty spirit flashed from his eye, when having received from his cupbearer an antique goblet sparkling with piment, and he quickly circulated it, and turning to his bard Cutholin, demanded a strain of the deeds of heroes."

The song invoked the Star of the West, or his chief, Desmond, to arise for the deliverance of Ireland, and was received by the whole clan with shouts of exultation and the waving of swords.

"An instant's pause (continues the narrative) succeeded the glorious animation of the preceding moment; and during that absorption of spirit which over-excitement had created, a long, shrill trumpet-blast was heard. Every eye turned to the great archway, from whence the piercing note had issued. In the same instant, the massive oak doors of the banqueting-hall flew open, and a knight, clad in complete armour, entered, preceded by a flag of truce, and bearing on his shield the insignia of the House of Ormoud, which was, *Or, a Chief indented Azure, with an Augmentation Coat of the Three Cups*, surmounted by the crest of a falcon within a plume of feathers. By a word, the Desmond recalled his wolf-dogs as they furiously bounded forward, and with a look he controlled the storm of conflicting feelings that raged in the breasts of his clansmen: while with dignity he turned to the stranger, and said, 'Sir Knight, your own courage and the laws of honour prove your safeguard within these walls; yet this intrusion on our hour of revelry requires explanation. Speak—who are you?—whence do you come?—and upon what errand?'

“ ‘Cheltain,’ replied the Knight, ‘my name is Eustace Butler. I come from Thomas Earl of Ormond. My errand is to declare, on his behalf, that in revenge for your Lordship’s late unjust attempts to charge the Decies with caign and livery, black rents and coshuerings after the Irish manner, my Lord of Ormond hath levied his forces for the defence of the country; and in case that reparation for those wrongs be now refused, he means to give you battle at Affane, where he awaits your answer.’

“ ‘My answer is here!’ exclaimed the Desmond, starting from his seat, and unsheathing his sword, which, leaping from its scabbard, seemed to flash the light of vengeance.

“ ‘And here!—and here!’ shouted a thousand voices, as with the precipitation of outraged feelings and indignant heroism the whole assembly rose, and dispersed to prepare for the approaching contest, with all that ardour which men generally evince, when engaging in a cause which they conceive to be associated with the preservation of their rights and the honour of their country.”

The Desmond takes the field, is overpowered by the troops of England and of Ormond, carried a prisoner to Ormond Castle, and there visited by his daughter Geraldine, whose beauty makes an indelible impression on the son of the captor her kinsman, Lord Thurles. On her father’s removal to the Tower of London, she follows him, in company with her uncle, Sir John Desmond; but, before sharing his confinement, she is taken by her kinsman Sir John to visit and consult Dr. Dee the Astrologer, and the description of this extraordinary personage’s residence, together with the reception of the visitant by Dr. Dee, and the sudden appearance of Queen Elizabeth in the astrologer’s house, constitutes, we think, the most striking and original chapter of the volume.

In the second volume we have the trial of the Desmond for high treason at Westminster-hall—an imaginary event, for he was only examined before the council—as well as a view of Elizabeth’s court, and of her splendid tournaments and entertainments. From thence we are not unwillingly brought back to Ireland again, and presented with a battle between the Irish insurgents and the forces of England, more vividly described than any that we remember to have seen in description since the Flodden of Scott’s *Marmion*. We shall only give the conclusion of it, which has a peculiar novelty of circumstance.

“It was in vain to fight against impossibilities, and Irish rashness yielded to English steadiness. With a heart bursting with indignant desperation, Sir John of Desmond was forced to command the little remnant of his army to retreat. The order was obeyed so slowly, that the Irish, in the act of withdrawing from the field of battle, looked more like a rallying than a routed army.

“Turning round several times, they resolutely faced their enemies, presenting the determined front of men who, even in the last hour of defeat and ruin, dared to come to the closest quarters with their conquerors. At length they neared their hill of refuge. As they approached still closer to its foot, a shout of exultation broke from the harassed and almost exhausted Irish. It changed to a frantic cry, which was reverberated until it reached the skies. A startling discovery, an awful sight had caused that burst of despair. The mountain was wrapped in a sheet of flame! The wood upon its side had been set on fire by the English. The impetuous elements, aided by a strong wind, blazed from the crackling timber, and with frightful rapidity spread throughout the forest. For an instant each man stood transfixed in horror and surprise, but the next moment another electrical shout broke from the Irish, who, one and all, rushed unhesitatingly into a pass, which, though contiguous to the flames, had partially escaped them.

“The English pursued, and the tumult raged louder than ever. Yet, even amid the uproar and confusion of the awfully brilliant scene, the figures of two warriors rose pre-eminent. These were Thurles and O’Nial, who, once more closed in fight, were seen struggling together on the edge of a bare and rocky cliff, that jutted considerably outwards from the burning mountain. The top and a great part of the sides of this platform had as yet escaped the conflagration; but a circle of fire nearly surrounded its base, while in the high background the outbursting element streamed a vivid light upon the combatants, and gave their glowing figures distinctly to the view, as they fought on their rocky pedestal. With a sea of flame beneath, and a fiery heaven above them, Thurles and O’Nial pursued their frantic strife, braving

horrors from which the greatest hero might have shrunk. Danger thickened to destruction. The smoke and heat grew insupportable, as the advancing flames held on their devouring progress. It became difficult, almost impossible, to breathe the stifling atmosphere; and no hope could be rationally entertained of withstanding its baneful influence beyond a few seconds.

“ ‘Yield!’ cried Lord Thurles in a suffocated voice, as he made a desperate attempt to obtain a last and sure revenge.

“ ‘Never! for Geraldine is mine!’ burst in a sort of choked articulation from O’Nial. Scarcely had these difficult words found utterance, when an enormous brand of burning oak dropped from a tree which blazed above the heads of the combatants, and falling with a dreadful crash between them, stopped their career of vengeance, which thus, a second time, the hand of Providence suspended. O’Nial, with the swiftness of lightning, leaped across a chasm that was now a gulf of flame, and lighting on a rock which was still untouched by the blazing element, he turned a projecting point, that gave access to a defile of the mountain.

“ Thurles, springing down through volumes of smoke and flakes of fire, regained the open plain, from which his soldiers bore him to his tent half-senseless from exhaustion.

“ The unexpected measure of revenge that the English had adopted, but slightly impeded the retreat of the Irish, who, rushing round a small angle of the burning forest, escaped to the depths of the mountain, through a pass that was only partially affected by the fire. The existence of this avenue was unknown to the English, until the instant when the movement of the retreating army rendered it perceptible.”

The patriotism of our authoress has not blinded her to the duty of developing the dark as well as the bright side of the Irish cause, and the mixture of atrocity in a portion of its savage partizans. The assassin, Sir John Desmond, accordingly forms not only a contrast to the polished Ormond, and the chivalrous Thurles, but a foil even to the ruder magnificence of his brother’s character; and he has his part as a conniving agent in the abduction of the heroine, an event which, followed by her rescue by Thurles, and her restoration to her father, forms one of the most ardently spirited scenes of the work.

With the same impartiality, though she has not shrunk from showing us the possibility of virtue under a Catholic cowl, she has done full justice to the cunning and malignity of Jesuit bigotry in her portraiture, both borrowed from true history, of Allan and Saunders. Allan redeems his bigotry at least by a brave death; but the fiend Saunders continues to live and to achieve what makes us heartily wish he had obtained the honours of a martial death-bed.

With much difficulty Thurles accomplishes a meeting for the object of pacification between his father and Earl Desmond in the castle of the latter. On its issue the possibility of his union with Geraldine apparently depends, as well as the life of the unfortunate Desmond himself. With what agonizing suspense Geraldine awaits in the adjoining chamber for that issue may be easily imagined. The affair comes so near to a conclusion that Ormond exclaims—

“ ‘Let the result of what I have advanced, my Lord of Desmond, be concord! Consent to the terms I have named, and then your princely person shall assume its proper station near the Throne of England. You will enter on a career of honour and of glory for us all! and the union of our children shall be the cementing bond, to reconcile our feuds for ever!’

“ Thurles involuntarily lifted up his hands in the attitude of prayer, and riveting his eyes upon the Desmond, looked a thousand supplications, which no words could have expressed so eloquently as did that full affecting gaze.

“ The Desmond was moved. Parental affection, one of the strongest passions of his soul, now worked within him. Feelings of yearning tenderness came over his heart, and the emotions of the father struggled with those of the misguided patriot.

“ The Lords Ormond and Thurles awaited, in speechless agitation, the issue of this inward contest.

“ A scornful smile had never left the lip of Doctor Saunders, who, during the latter part of this scene, stood like an incarnation of the Evil One, watching for the

moment when his machinations might be wielded to the best advantage. He now hastily advanced, and in a deep low voice he muttered in the Desmond's ear,—‘My Lord, the Lady Geraldine should be consulted on a point of such importance to her happiness.’

“ ‘Tis true—she ought. Father, I pray you, seek my child—tell her what has passed, and bring her quickly here.—Oh, God, direct!’—The Desmond checked the broken exclamation, threw himself on a seat, and pressing his hand to his brow, as if to still the fever of his brain, he sunk into an agitated silence, when the door closed on Doctor Saunders, who with eager haste proceeded on his mission.

“ For purposes which will explain themselves hereafter, the priest secreted the chief minstrel of the Desmond in a small room adjoining the audience-chamber; and after having arranged some future measures with the bard, Saunders hurried to the private sitting-room of the Lady Geraldine. He entered, and found the object of his search alone, and kneeling at a small table. Her eyes were mechanically fixed on the falling sand of an hour-glass that stood before her, and she clasped against her heart a small silver image of her guardian saint, as if silently imploring its protection. There was a settled paleness on the maiden's cheek, that told the agonized suspense which she had suffered during the deliberations of the council in the audience-chamber. The moment Geraldine beheld the Doctor Saunders, she arose and tried to speak; but her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, and she could only look the inquiry which she wanted power to utter. Saunders obliged her to sit down, and taking a place beside our heroine, he hastened to give a succinct but most exaggerated statement of the requisitions of Lord Ormond; studiously concealing all the generous traits of conduct which the Earl and his son had shown, and skillfully magnifying every point that could add a stimulus to the pride and patriotism of his auditors, or which could lead her to adopt the impressions that he laboured to produce. The artful priest marked with joy the inward conflict, where love warred with pride, in the bosom of the Lady Geraldine. He gazed on her without feeling one relenting pang, while proceeding to communicate the *permission*, which Saunders said the Earl of Ormond had reluctantly yielded to the marriage of his son with the daughter of the Desmond. This information was followed by a distorted statement of the national degradation of Ireland, and the total compromise of the Chieftain's honour, which, according to his confessor's account, were annexed to the execution of the compact that had been suggested.

“ The glance of the high-souled Geraldine shot fire. Saunders seized on an excited moment, that seemed propitious to his views, and communicated the Desmond's message. Stating that Geraldine's decision on the proposed question would either preserve or destroy her father's consistency and her country's freedom, the priest implored for a rejection of the specious offers of the Earl of Ormond.

“ ‘Father! I will give the answer you require,’ exclaimed our agitated heroine, in a tone in which pride and misery of heart contended. A sickness of the soul succeeded to these words; for Geraldine felt the vast extent of the sacrifice she was about to make, and keenly saw the dangers and the wretchedness which might follow it. Her senses swam. A film overspread her sight, and she breathed with difficulty. Saunders threw open a window, applied cold water to her temples, and forced some down her throat. Geraldine struggled with her weakness. After the lapse of a few moments she arose, and leaning heavily on the arm of the priest, she pointed to the door, silently signifying that to obey her father's message, and the wishes of her spiritual guide, formed the immediate impulse of her mind. This was precisely what the Doctor Saunders most desired. He was anxious not to give our heroine time to think or reason. Snatching, or rather carrying, the Lady Geraldine, Saunders hurried her across the passages that led to the audience-chamber. He quickly reached it, and throwing open the door, exultingly exclaimed:—‘My Lord of Desmond, I have told your daughter all;—she comes to answer for herself!’

“ The soul flashed forth from Geraldine's dark eyes, as they turned and dwelt on Thurles with a look of anguished love. Deprived of power to advance a single step, she was compelled to pause, and to cling still closer to Saunders's arm; but finding it inadequate to support her tottering frame, she leant against the door, seeming rooted to the spot on which emotion had enchained her. Geraldine's lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped them; and the arm she had raised dropped motionless by her side.

“ Thurles stretched out his hands imploringly, every faculty suspended in the intenseness of his feelings, and almost equally agitated, the whole group stood in a state of mute and breathless expectation.

"At this critical instant, the dead silence that reigned was broken by the war-strain of the Desmond, which burst out like a peal of thunder.

"At the soul-stirring sound, Geraldine, as if she were a statue starting into life, sprang forward, clasped her father's knees, and gasping forth—"Be firm—honour!—liberty!" she raised her eyes and gazed on the Chieftain with a wild look of fixedness, as though the grasp of death was on her.

"Insensibility, that blessed oblivion of wretchedness, was denied to Geraldine. Thurles rushed to her assistance; but, with admirable presence of mind, Saunders threw himself between the lovers, and raising the Chieftain's daughter in his arms, he bore her from the chamber with the quickness of thought.

"*'I will be firm,'* were the Desmond's first words, while all the veins of life appeared to throw their flushing tide into his face.—*'I spurn your overtures, and reject your councils. Claim not ascendancy for an apostate church, within a country where its rules were never recognised; redress the injuries that have been inflicted on this land; unite the English and Irish into one people, and endow them with the privileges of the laws to which they are required to submit. Grant this, and peace shall reign throughout the nation! Refuse it, and I will be the champion of Ireland! Her people shall arise to trample on the necks of their oppressors, and freedom shall be bought with blood!—This is the Desmond's answer.'*

"*'Rebel Chief, hear mine!'* vociferated Ormond in a volley of wrath. *'I refuse your terms, and throw defiance on your threats. If you do not retract them, and submit within the space of four-and-twenty days, by proclamation you shall be declared a traitor!'*

"When Ormond, with terrible energy, had denounced this warning, he seized Lord Thurles's arm, who clasped his hands convulsively together, and uttered a bitter exclamation of despair, as his father forced him from the audience-chamber of the Desmond.

"In a few moments the Peers rejoined their suite. Indignantly rejecting the repast that had been prepared for their refreshment, the whole party mounted their horses, and proceeding at full gallop, they were many miles on their road to the metropolis before the last beams of day had rested on the mountain's top.

"It is scarcely requisite to add, that the war-strain, which produced such a remarkable effect on the individuals who were engaged in the meeting we have just described, was struck up in obedience to a secret signal that had been concerted between the minstrel and the Doctor Saunders, when the former was stationed in the room adjacent to the audience-chamber."

To the praise of high moral feeling and fancy which this work evinces, we can conscientiously add that of a merit more rare in female writings, namely, that of extensive and minute historical information; and, on the whole, we can take our leave of the fair writer with an unfeigned congratulation, that, if her accomplished and public-spirited father,* a man whose death was a loss to science and to Ireland, instead of prematurely falling a martyr to his professional courage and humanity, had lived to peruse his daughter's performance, though he might have pruned the luxuriance of its eloquence, he would have smiled with just pride at its fertility.

* Dr. Crumpe published a Treatise on Opium of great merit, and an Essay on the best means of producing employment for the poor in Ireland, which gained the prize in the Royal Irish Academy, and evinces no ordinary depth of knowledge in Political Economy, at a time when the science was a novelty in Ireland. As a physician he was eminent. When he happened to observe one day in the street a wretched female pauper, who was stretched in what the bystanders thought a state of intoxication, which he recognized at once to be the debility of fever, he got the sufferer conveyed to an hospital where, in attending her, he caught the contagion, and died in the prime and high promise of his life, at the age of thirty.

A CHAPTER ON HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

“ Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo.”—*Latin Grammar*

Did you ever look
In Mr. Tooke,
For Homer's gods and goddesses?
The males in the air,
So big and so bare,
And the girls without their bodices.

There was Jupiter Zeus,
Who play'd the deuce,
A rampant blade and a tough one,
But Denis bold,*
Stole his coat of gold,
And rigg'd him out in a stuff one.

Juno, when old,
Was a bit of a scold,
And rul'd Jove *jure divino*;
When he went gallivaunting,
His steps she kept haunting,†
And she play'd, too, the devil with Iuo.

Minerva bright
Was a blue-stocking wight,
Who lodg'd among the Attics;
And, like Lady V.
From the men did flee,
To study the mathematics.

Great Mars, we're told,
Was a grenadier bold,
Who Vulcan sorely cuckold;
When to Rome he went,
He his children sent
To a she-wolf to be suckled.

Sol, the rat-catcher,‡
Was a great body-snatcher,
And with his bow and arrows
He *Burked*, through the trees,
Master Niobes,
As though they had been cock sparrows.

Diana, his sister,
When nobody kiss'd her,
Was a saint, (at least a semi-one,)
Yet the vixen Scandal
Made a terrible handle
Of her friendship for Endymion.

* Not a Catholic agitator, (as some Brunswickers might imagine,) but Dionysius, a very orthodox tyrant, who lived before Popery was invented. He did not wait for clerical permission to put his enemies to death; and broke his promises as cleverly as if he had a hundred bulls in his pocket.—*Scribblers*.

+ “ I'll search out the haunts
Of your fav'rite gallants,
And into cows metamorphose 'em.”—*Midas*.

‡ Apollo Smintheus. He destroyed a great many rats in Phrygia, and was probably the first “ rat catcher to the King.”—*Ict. Schol.*

Full many a feat
 Did Hercules neat,
 The least our credit draws on ;
 Jestings Momus, so sly,
 Said, " 'Tis all my eye,"
 And he call'd him Baron Munchausen.

Fair Bacchus's face
 Many signs did grace,
 (They were not painted by Zeuxis :)
 Of his brewing trade
 He a mystery made,*
 Like our Calverts and our Meuxes.

'There was Mistress Venus,
 (I say it between us,)
 For virtue cared not a farden :
 There never was seen
 Such a drabbish quean
 In the parish of Covent Garden.

Hermes cunning
 Poor Argus funning,
 He made him drink like a buffer ;
 To his great surprise
 Sew'd up all his eyes,
 And stole away his heifer.

A bar-maid's place
 Was Hebe's grace,
 'Till Jupiter did trick her ;
 He turn'd her away,
 And made Ganimede stay
 To pour him out his liquor.

Ceres in life
 Was a farmer's wife,
 But she doubtless kept a jolly house ;
 For Rumour speaks,
 She was had by the Beaks
 To swear her son Triptolemus.†

Miss Proserpine,
 She thought herself fine,
 But when all her plans miscarried,
 She the Devil did wed,
 And took him to bed,
 Sooner than not be married.

But the worst of the gods,
 Beyond all odds,
 It cannot be denied, oh !
 Is that first of matchmakers,
 That prince of housebreakers,
 The urchin, Dan Cupido.

M.

* "Mystica vannus Iacchi."

This was either a porter-brewer's dray, or more probably the *Van* of his druggist.—*Scriblerus*.

† There is some difference of opinion concerning this fact ; the lady, like so many others in her interesting situation, passed through the adventure under an *alias*. But that Ceres and Terra were the same, no reasonable person will doubt ; and there can be no serious objection to the little *trip* being thus ascribed to the goddess in question.—*Scriblerus*.

THE WOES OF CHANGE.

It is most cheering to find, in revisiting those from whom time or accident may have separated us, that a change of circumstances is all that has passed upon them, and not a change of feelings ; that the same eager aspirations after what is good and great still animate them ; that they still cherish an undying hatred of oppression wherever it may be found—an unquenchable sympathy with virtue, no matter what may be its guise ; that their perceptions of “ whatever is pure, and lovely, and of good report,” are now, as always, ardent, and their forth-reachings after it sincere ; and that, though the outward form and framework may be somewhat worn and fretted away by time, the master spirit still reigns supreme within.

It was with feelings of this description that I gazed, in a recent interview, on the venerable historian of the glorious Medici. Years many, many, had elapsed since we last parted, and by vast changes had they been marked ! I bade him adieu as he stepped into his carriage, loudly cheered by the multitude—at the head of the poll—secure of his election for Liverpool—in the possession of acknowledged affluence, and, what he coveted much more ardently, literary distinction. I now met him in his pretty garden in Lodge-lane, busied about his flowers, and boasting of his show of hyacinths. I left him in the bustle, and heat, and fervour of matured life, and flushed with political excitement—I found him with the silvery locks of age thinly scattered over his noble brow, the very picture of a placid and contented old age.

Yet the mind, the man, was the same. His eye kindled, and his voice swelled into a deeper firmer tone, as he expressed his pleasure at the abolition of the Test Act, and his persuasion that intolerance was daily losing ground. He pointed to the article on the Forest Gardening in the “Quarterly,” said to be written by Sir Walter Scott ; and after entering keenly into the merits of the plan, and the probabilities of its general adoption, gracefully diverged into criticism—if that can be called criticism in which there is no dash of gall, not an atom of malevolence—on the mannerism and peculiarities of the “wizard of the age.”

In point of happiness, too, the biographer of Lorenzo seemed to have lost nothing by the exchange of the sumptuous splendour of his former residence for the quiet elegance of his suburban villa. If the traces of age were visible on his cheek, peevish discontent was not. Time, 'tis true, had planted here and there a wrinkle on his brow ; but the deep furrows of care were wanting. He talked cheerfully, I might almost say gaily. Nor shall I ever forget the spirit, taste, and tenderness with which he quoted this stanza from Thomson, as a faithful transcript of his own feelings.

“ I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of fair Nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods or lawns, by living stream at eve ;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave ;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, you cannot me bereave !”

I left him. I was hurrying on to Chester, and hastily stepped on board

the packet which was to convey me so far on my route as Eastham. "You that are ever talking," said my companion, Mr. Aspinall, "about change, change, as if you were Rothschild's cousin-german,—turn your attention this way. Observe that individual—there—now you have him. He is leaning against the paddle-box, and looking, at this very moment, towards you."

I did as I was directed. My eye rested on a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man, neatly though shabbily dressed, and evidently shrinking from the observance of those around him. His mild blue eye, though it looked sad and sunken, preserved its habitual expression of tranquil intelligence. He stood by the side of the vessel, and gazed abstractedly on the port she was quitting; though ever and anon there was a quivering of the lip and a contraction of the brow, which seemed to indicate that the reverie which occupied his mind was any thing but pleasing to him.

"That man," said Aspinall, "was once Mayor of Liverpool—possessed property to an amount little short of half a million of money—and entertained the present King (when he visited our port as Prince of Wales) in a style of splendour and on a scale of expense which some of his Majesty's suite yet remember and marvel at."

Such, thought I, as I again turned to gaze on him, is one of the many wondrous changes which fleeting time procureth!

We had reached Eastham, and the myrmidons of the inn stepped on board in search of the passengers' luggage. One of them accosted the old gentleman, and begged "for his Honour's portmanteau."—"Thank ye, friend,"—his colour seemed to mount unconsciously—"it's but light; and for the distance I have to travel I can carry it myself."

"That man," whispered Aspinall, "rarely came into Liverpool but with four horses to his carriage, and three footmen behind it!"

How rarely an entire change of circumstances is not accompanied by a thorough change of feelings! The last time I saw Miss O'Neill was as Monimia, in the "Orphan." I looked around that crowded and brilliant house—it was her benefit—there were few countenances which bore not traces of tears. The first time I saw Mrs. Wrixon Beecher was hanging over her brother's chair a few days previous to his departure from England. One arm was thrown around the soldier's neck, in the other she held her little girl—caressing the one, charging the other to be frequent and punctual in his letters from India; and at times, when her voice failed her, mingling tears with the kisses which she planted on her baby's brow. Here, then, under an entire change of circumstances, were the self-same feelings. The mind was unaltered: the woman was unchanged: she

"Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers,"

never could have maintained her despotic sway over the minds of her auditors, had she not possessed within herself those exquisite feelings, those tender and gushing sensibilities which found their natural and appropriate vent as a sister and a mother.

But of all the woes of change those perhaps were the most unexampled and appalling which attended "Betsy Cains." Alas! my memory yet runs riot upon the beauties of this unfortunate. Still do I commiserate that fate which I could neither avert nor remedy. "Betsy

Cains" was the yacht which brought over King William in 1688. Tradition states that when selected for that enterprise she was "an old ship," but a "lucky and fast sailer." With the success of her noble freight, her fame rose proportionably. She became one of the appendages of the Court, and for many years was the pleasure yacht of Queen Anne. This we may safely term the meridian of her glory. On the death of her royal mistress she was doomed to experience the vicissitude inherent in all sublunary objects. By order of George I. she ceased to form part of the royal establishment. Still she weathered it bravely under the protection of one of the lords of Court. On his disgrace, change and chance again assailed her; and at length, after manifold degradations, she settled down—I burn with shame while I record it—into a common collier; and was employed in the coal-trade between Newcastle and the metropolis! In this lost and deplorable condition many weary years and heavy seas rolled over her; till, at length, having up to the last hour of existence maintained her original character of "a lucky ship and a fast sailer," she struck on a reef of rocks, near Tynemouth Bar, on the morning of February 17, 1827. Though considerably damaged, it was not deemed, at the time, impossible to get her off; and a neighbouring clergyman in particular was extremely anxious that her preservation should be attempted, and if possible secured, by transforming her into an episcopal floating chapel. His wishes, however, were not seconded. The Antiquarian Society at Newcastle were applied to, but the state of their funds precluded their negotiating for her purchase. And thus, through the supineness of some, and the indifference of others, the opportunity of preserving the oldest ship in the navy, perhaps in the world—a ship which had been constantly at sea for a space at least of one hundred and thirty-nine years, and very probably one hundred and sixty*—a ship with which so many and such stirring associations were connected, and which might fairly have been considered an object of national interest—was lost utterly and irretrievably.

For two or more days she lay stranded on the rocks—beating about at the mercy of the elements; and to one mind at least, seemed to present a melancholy emblem of fallen greatness.

What hopes were bound up in that vessel! With what an enterprise—how righteous in its design, and how magnificent in its results—was she fraught! How many beating hearts felt their all was involved in her safety! What numerous, and what ardent supplications were offered up for her success! How many were anxiously, eagerly, hourly, on the look-out, for tidings of her arrival! And there, after so lengthened and useful a career, she lay fallen—prostrate—deserted—plundered!

In this abject, but nevertheless interesting and picturesque situation, a drawing was made of her, from which I have reason to believe an engraving will be taken. From the frequent repairs she had undergone, but little of the original vessel remained. That little, however, was very fine. It was oak, richly and profusely carved, approaching in colour, from age and exposure, to ebony. There was literally a scram-

* Assuming she had been one and twenty years at sea when she sailed with King William:—no improbable or improvident supposition, as she is stated to have been then an "old ship."

ble among the populace to obtain fragments—John Bull, though ever boasting of his Protestantism, is as eager as any Catholic for relics—which were sold at exorbitant prices. Considerable portions were sent over to Ireland, and were eagerly bought up by members of the different Orange Clubs, and manufactured into snuff-boxes. Among others, Sir Harcourt Lees feeds his Protestant nose from a tabatière formed out of the sinews of her, whom I loved when living, and mourned when fallen—Betsy Cains.

Yes ; the dispersion of the limbs of my darling I must ever deplore as a barbarous and unnatural proceeding. What ! was there no man of taste—no aspirant to *virtù*—no kindred and congenial spirit to interfere in her behalf, whose very vitals must have been redolent of Orange principles ? “I thought that ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards” to have saved from ruthless demolition the aged deposit of Protestant principles. Where was the Duke of Cumberland ? Where was the Earl of Eldon ? Was there no one to represent the case to Government ? No one to bring the matter under the eye of the first gentleman, the keenest connoisseur, and the most munificent patron of the arts, in England ? He, I am sure, would have been anxious to preserve—would have been well pleased to secure from wreck and spoliation, a vessel intimately connected with the destinies of his family—a vessel which bore to England those principles which have seated him upon the throne of these realms.

To have carried a king to empire—to have been a leading agent in bringing about one of the most mighty, yet bloodless revolutions, the world ever witnessed—to have been privy to the address and intrepidity of Zuylestein, the burning ardour and devoted earnestness of Bentinck—to have been subsequently the favourite of a queen—to have witnessed those interminable struggles for political pre-eminence, those intemperate ebullitions of party spirit, those manifestations of irreconcilable jealousy between Oxford and Bolingbroke, which not even the presence of Anne could restrain, and “which hastened her end” *—to have been privy to the rapacity of the Duke of Marlborough, the domineering deportment and imperious insolence of the Duchess—to have witnessed the servility and obsequiousness of the insinuating and softly speaking Mrs. Masham—to have echoed the eloquence of Bolingbroke, caught the whispered plots of Harley—to have sunk down into a collier—and at length to be torn almost piecemeal by a mob :—

“To what base uses may we come, Horatio !”

π. 6. φ.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN SOCIETY, POLITICS, & LITERATURE.

Paris, June 10, 1829.

THE principal literary event of the last month has been the success of M. Cassimir Delavigne's tragedy of *Marino Faliero*. It is an imitation of Lord Byron's play, but the French poet has spoiled the beautiful character of Angiolina, the wife of the old Doge. He makes her guilty, and the first scene of the tragedy exhibits her venting reproaches on her lover Fernando, the Doge's nephew. But though this fault must incur censure, yet it cannot be denied that M. Delavigne has turned it to good account. The very best scene in the play is that of Angiolina's confession to her husband. It resembles the powerfully moving scene in Kotzebue's “Stranger.”

* Smollet.

We have in Paris a privileged theatre called *Les Français*, to which Napoleon assigned a grant of 4000*l.* per annum, which allowance the king increased to 8000*l.* This munificence proved the ruin of the Theatre Français, to which M. Delavigne has just given a death-blow in the following manner. He offered his new tragedy to the Theatre Français, and a contention immediately ensued between two or three wretched actors, each of whom claimed the right of personating the Doge. Their utter incompetency to fill the character would to a certainty have condemned the piece. M. Delavigne accordingly withdrew his tragedy, and presented it to the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, where it has been performed with extraordinary success.

In spite of the merit which Marino Faliero unquestionably possesses, the author has failed in giving a correct delineation of the delicate shades of human passion. M. Delavigne's versification, however, is no less brilliant than that of the "*Henriade*" and the heroic tragedies of Voltaire. This is a sort of literary merit which is always duly appreciated in France. The piece, too, is interspersed with political allusions exceedingly hostile to the aristocracy, a circumstance which has insured to it a degree of success for which it would not otherwise be easy to account.

The golden age of dramatic literature is at an end in France. Instead of faithfully portraying the workings of the human heart, the grand aim of our authors is to write easy and flowing verses. I must, however, make an exception in favour of M. Scribe, whose talent is not unknown in England.

He has recently brought out a piece, the subject of which is founded on the American Revolution in 1775. It is entitled *La Bohémienne*, and the principal character is a gipsy girl, who falls in love with a young officer whom she and her uncle are employed to watch and betray. Mademoiselle Leontine Fay represents this character with a degree of talent which promises to raise her to a level with our first French actresses. There is one scene in the piece in which the uncle is watching the movements of the officer, for the purpose of sacrificing him. The gipsy-girl is present; but here the author has given her nothing to say. However, the fine pantomimic action of Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, aided by the expression of her beautiful dark eyes, is more eloquent than any language she could utter. This scene, in which probably the author never thought of producing any effect, has become the most attractive in the whole piece. Mademoiselle Fay has but one fault, which is a want of fluency in her articulation; but the exquisite feeling and talent with which nature has endowed her, compensate in a great degree for the defect. This young actress established her reputation by her excellent acting in one of M. Scribe's little dramas, entitled *Le Mariage d'Inclination*.

Among our new publications, the most attractive have been *Memoires*. Those of Madame Dubarry, and a *femme de qualité*, are highly interesting and amusing; but both are eclipsed by the "*Memoires of the Duke de St. Simon*." The Duke, who died in 1753, presents a complete picture of the reign of Louis XIV., and the regency of the celebrated Duke of Orleans. Fragments of these *Memoires* have already been published, by the Marquis de St. Simon. The manuscript copy of the complete work, which comprises sixteen octavo volumes, is in the hand-writing of the Duke, and may be seen at the publisher's; but this proof of its authenticity is scarcely necessary, for it would have been no easy task to counterfeit the energetic, though inaccurate, style of the Duke. The appearance of this work has not a little alarmed several of our noble families, whose founders were, it would appear, any thing but noble about the year 1660, when they assumed illustrious names, to which they were in no way entitled. The "*Memoires de St. Simon*," if translated into English, will require some explanatory notes, most of which may be collected from M. de Montmerqué's edition of "*Madame de Sevigné's Letters*," and in "*Michand's Biography*."

A new Journal, entitled "*La Revue de Paris*," has lately published some interesting anecdotes of Robespierre the younger, the brother of the too celebrated hero of that name. They are from the pen of Charles Nodier, a

writer of considerable talent, and a successful imitator of Sterne's style. The "Revue de Paris" has also published a little tale entitled "Matteo Falcone," which has been more read and admired than any similar production that has appeared for a considerable time.

The story is said to be founded on facts which occurred in Corsica about the year 1810. A brigand, who is pursued among the mountains of the island by a party of French gendarmes, seeks refuge in the habitation of Matteo Falcone. The latter is from home, but his son, a boy of twelve years of age, after some hesitation, receives the fugitive, who has been wounded by his pursuers, and conceals him in a hay-stack near the house. The gendarmes, guided by the drops of blood which mark the track of the wounded robber, enter Falcone's cottage in search of him. The commander of the gendarmes interrogates the boy, from whom he is at first unable to gain any information, but by the gift of a watch he at length tempts him to disclose the secret. He points to the hay-stack in which the robber is concealed. Falcone returns home before the departure of the gendarmes and their prisoner. The robber informs him of his son's treachery, and Falcone, having desired the boy to prepare for death, shoots him. It is impossible in this brief description to convey an adequate idea of the interest with which this little story is worked up. It is the production of M. Merimée, the popular author of the "Theatre de Clara Gazul."

THE LIBERTINE'S CONFESSION.

In imitation of the Writers of the Sixteenth Century.

I'm sad and sore afraid,
That, fickle and forsworn,
I've sported life away,
And now am left forlorn.

Poor fool! I dreamt the years
Of youth would never fly,
And pleasure's brimming bowl
Methought could ne'er run dry.

'That woman's bounteous love
Should e'er wax cold for me!
It seem'd that she must first
A woman cease to be.

Her fondest smiles I thought
My rights by charter were;
Her sighs, her tears, forsooth,—
Whilst I—was free as air.

I've knelt at many a shrine,
Of wit and beauty too;
I've lisp'd light vows to all,
And sworn that all were true

My pastime was to gain
Their young and grateful love,
Then break the heart I won,
And straight to others rove.

Ah! wild wit, now at last
'Thy vagrancies are o'er;
The ear and gazing eye
That you enthrall'd before,

No longer hear or see;
Whilst those you now would woo,
The time-worn truant slight,
Nor dream of love with you.

SCHOOLBOY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE JESUITS.

THE colleges of the Jesuits have lately attracted a good deal of attention, and the Legislature has been strongly called upon to seal up in this country those fountains of Catholicism. In the recent Act of Parliament, a clause has been introduced, which, although nugatory for the purposes of practical effect, shows that the Government has found it necessary to make some offering to the prejudices which continue to exist against the disciples of Ignatius. No Jesuit can, for the future, enter these realms. It is pretty obvious that it will not be very easy to convict a man of this newly-created offence; for, what evidence can be produced to establish the fact that a man is a Jesuit? That of the superior who administers the vow, or of the individual who takes it. The proviso is therefore destitute of all validity—the knife is too blunt to cut the throat of the victim. The Society of Jesus will not be deterred by any legislative expedients from prosecuting their labours; and as far as I can form a judgment, from the experience of some years amongst them, those labours will not in the least degree interfere with the beneficial results of Catholic Emancipation. I have known the chief members of that obnoxious body from a very early period, and to me, a friend of liberty both civil and religious, they appear to be wholly innoxious. I do not, however, sit down to enter into any elaborate vindication of them, nor to write an essay upon the principle of their institution; it is my purpose in this article to detail what I saw and observed during my residence at two of their schools, and to give a sketch of the incidents of my boyhood, rather than to indite a treatise upon the tendencies and character of a body of men whose opinions have, I believe, been misrepresented, and whose importance has been of late greatly exaggerated.

As if it were but yesterday, though 'tis now many years ago, (*Yeheu fugaces!*) I recollect the beautiful evening when I left my home, upon the banks of the river Suir, and sailed from the harbour of Waterford for Bristol, on my way to school. It is scarcely germane to the matter, yet I cannot help reverting to a scene, which has impressed itself deeply in my recollection, and to which I oftentimes, in those visions of the memory to which I suppose every body is more or less subject, find it a pleasure, though a melancholy one, to return. There are few rivers more picturesque than the Suir, (which Spenser honoured with a panegyric,) in its passage from Waterford to the sea. It is broad and ample, capable of floating vessels of any tonnage, and is encompassed upon both sides with lofty ridges of rich verdure, on which magnificent mansions, encompassed with deep groves of trees, give evidence of the rapid increase of opulence and of civilization in that part of Ireland. How often have I stood upon its banks, when the bells in the city, the smoke of which was turned into a cloud of gold by a Claude Lorrain sun-set, tolled (to use the expression of Dante, and not of Gray,) the death of the departing day! How often have I fixed my gaze upon the glittering expanse of the full and overflowing water, crowded with ships, whose white sails were filled with just wind enough to carry them on to the sea; by the slowness of their equable and majestic movement, giving leave to the eye to contemplate at its leisure their tall and stately beauty, and to watch them long in their progress amidst the calm through

which they made their gentle and forbearing way. The murmurs of the city were heard upon the right, and the lofty spire of its church rose up straight and arrowy into the sky. The sullen and dull roar of the ocean used to come over the opposite hills from the Bay of Tramore. Immediately before me were the fine woods of Faithleg, and the noble seat of the Bolton family, (Protestant patricians, who have since that time made way for the more modern but wealthy Powers;) on the left was the magnificent seat of another branch of the same opulent tribe—Snowhill; and in the distance, were the three rivers, the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, met in a deep and splendid conflux; the ruins of the old abbey of Dunbrody threw the solemnity of religion and of antiquity over the whole prospect, and by the exquisite beauty of the site afforded a proof that the old Franciscans, who had made a selection of this lovely spot for their monastery, and who have lain for centuries in the mould of its green and luxuriant churchyards, were the lovers of Nature, and that when they left the noise and turmoil of the world, they had not relinquished those enjoyments which are not only innocent, but may be accounted holy. I had many a time looked with admiration upon the noble landscape, in the midst of which I was born, but I never felt and appreciated its loveliness so well as when the consciousness that I was leaving it, not to return for years to it again, endeared to me the spot of my birth, and set off the beauty of the romantic place in which my infancy was passed, and in which I once hoped (I have since abandoned the expectation) that my old age should decline. It is not in the midst of its woods that I shall fall into the sere and yellow leaf!

“Something too much of this.”—The ship sailed, I landed at Bristol, and with a French clergyman, the Abbé de Grimeau, who had been my tutor, I proceeded to London. We took up our residence at the “Swan with two Necks,” in Lad-lane, and after having seen the instruments for torturing good Protestants in the Tower, and heard the roaring of the lion in Exeter Change, the Abbé informed me that I was to be sent to Kensington House, (a college established by the Pères de la Foi, for so the French Jesuits settled in England at that time called themselves,) and that he had directions to leave me there, upon his way to Languedoc, from whence he had been exiled in the Revolution, and to which he had been driven by the *maladie de pays* to return. Accordingly we set off for Kensington House, which is situated exactly opposite the avenue leading to the Palace, and has the beautiful garden attached to it in front. A large iron gate, wrought into rusty flowers, and other fantastic forms, showed that the Jesuit school had once been the residence of some person of distinction; and I afterwards understood that a mistress of Charles the Second lived in the spot which was now converted into one of the sanctuaries of Ignatius. It was a large old-fashioned house, with many remains of decayed splendour. In a beautiful walk of trees, which ran down from the rear of the building through the play-ground, I saw several French boys playing at swing-swang; and the moment I entered, my ears were filled with the shrill vociferations of some hundreds of little emigrants, who were engaged in their various amusements, and babbled, screamed, laughed, and shouted in all the velocity of their rapid and joyous language. I did not hear a word of English, and at once perceived that I was as much amongst Frenchmen as if I had been suddenly transferred to a Parisian college. Hav-

ing got this peep at the gaiety of the school into which I was to be introduced, I was led, with my companion, to a chamber covered with faded gilding, and which had once been richly tapestried, where I found the head of the establishment, in the person of a French nobleman, Monsieur le Prince de Broglio. Young as I was, I could not help being struck at once with the contrast which was presented between the occupations of this gentleman and his name. I saw in him a little, slender, and gracefully-constructed abbé, with a sloping forehead, on which the few hairs that were left him were nicely arranged, and well-powdered and pomatum'd. He had a soft and gentle smile, full of a suavity which was made up of guile and of weakness, but which deserved the designation of *aimable*, in the best sense of the word. His black clothes were adapted with a peculiar nicety to his symmetrical person, and his silk waistcoat and black silk stockings, with his small shoes buckled with silver, gave him altogether a shining and glossy aspect. This was the son of the celebrated Marshal Broglio, who was now at the head of a school, and, notwithstanding his humble pursuits, was designated by every body as "Monsieur le Prince."

Monsieur le Prince, though neither more nor less than a pedagogue by profession, (for he had engaged in this employment to get his bread,) had all the manners and attitudes of the court, and by his demeanour put me at once in mind of the old *regime*. He welcomed my French companion with tenderness, and having heard that he was about to return to France, the poor gentleman exclaimed "Helas !" while the tears came into his eyes at the recollection of "cette belle France," which he was never, as he then thought, to see again. He bade me welcome. These preliminaries of introduction having been gone through, my French tutor took his farewell ; and as he embraced me for the last time, I well remember that he was deeply affected by the sorrow which I felt in my separation from him, and turning to Monsieur le Prince, recommended me to his care with an emphatic tenderness. The latter led me into the school-room, where I had a desk assigned to me beside the son of the Count Décar, who has since, I understand, risen to offices of very high rank in the French Court. His father belonged to the nobility of the first class. In the son, it would have been at that time difficult to detect his patrician derivation. He was a huge, lubberly fellow, with thick matted hair, which he never combed. His complexion was greasy and sudorific, and to soap and water he seemed to have such a repugnance, that he did not above once a week go through any process of ablution. He was surly, dogged, and silent, and spent his time in the study of mathematics, for which he had a good deal of talent. I have heard that he is now one of the most fashionable and accomplished men about the court, and that this Gorgonius smells now of the pastiles of Rufillus. On the other side of me was a young French West Indian, from the colony of Martinique, whose name was Devarieux. The school was full of the children of the French planters, who had been sent over to learn English among the refugees from the Revolution. He was an exceedingly fine young fellow, the exact reverse in all his habits to Monsieur le Compte Décar, on my left hand, and expended a good deal of his hours of study in surveying a small pocket-mirror, and in arranging the curls of his rich black hair, the ambrosial plenty of which was festooned about his temples, and fell profusely behind his head. Almost all the

French West Indians were vain, foppish, generous, brave, and passionate. They exhibited many of the qualities which we ascribe to the natives of our own islands in the American archipelago; they were a sort of Gallican Belcours in little; for with the national attributes of their forefathers, they united much of that vehemence and habit of domination, which a hot sun and West India overseership are calculated to produce. In general, the children of the French exiles amalgamated readily with these creoles:—there were, to be sure, some points of substantial difference; the French West Indians being all rich *roturiers*, and the little emigrants having their veins full of the best blood of France, without a groat in their pockets. But there was one point of reconciliation between them—they all concurred in hating England and its government. This detestation was not very surprising in the West Indian French; but it was not a little singular that the boys, whose fathers had been expelled from France by the Revolution, and to whom England had afforded shelter and given bread, should manifest the ancient national antipathy, as strongly as if they had never been nursed at her bosom, and obtained their aliment from her bounty. Whenever news arrived of a victory won by Bonaparte, the whole school was thrown into a ferment; and I cannot, even at this distance of time, forget the exultation with which the sons of the decapitated or the exiled hailed the triumph of the French arms, the humiliation of England, and the glory of the nation whose greatness they had learned to lisp. There was one boy I recollect more especially. I do not now remember his name, but his face and figure I cannot dismiss from my remembrance. He was a little effeminate creature, with a countenance that seemed to have been compounded of the materials with which waxen babies are made; his fine flaxen hair fell in girlish ringlets about his face, and the exquisite symmetry of his features would have rendered him a fit model for a sculptor who wished to throw the *beau idéal* of pretty boyhood into stone. He had upon him a sickly expression, which was not sufficiently pronounced to excite any disagreeable emotion, but cast over him a mournful look, which was seconded by the calamities of his family, and added to the lustre of misfortune which attended him. He was the child of a nobleman who had perished in the Revolution. His mother, a widow, who resided in a miserable lodging in London, had sent him to Kensington House, but it was well known that he was received there by the Prince de Broglie from charity; and I should add that his eleemosynary dependence, so far from exciting towards him any of that pity which is akin to contempt, contributed to augment the feeling of sympathy which the disasters of his family had created in his regard. This unfortunate little boy was a Frenchman to his heart's core, and whenever the country which was wet with his father's blood had added a new conquest to her possessions, or put Austria or Prussia to flight, his pale cheek used to flush into a hectic of exultation, and he would break into joyfulness at the achievements by which France was exalted and the pride and power of England were brought down. This feeling, which was conspicuous in this little fellow, ran through the whole body of Frenchmen, who afforded very unequivocal proof of the sentiments by which their parents were influenced. The latter I used occasionally to see. Old gentlemen, the neatness of whose attire was accompanied by indications of indigence, and whose seamy coats exhi-

bited an excessive assiduity in brushing, used occasionally to visit at Kensington House. Their elasticity of back, the frequency and gracefulness of their well-regulated bows, and the perpetual smile upon their wrinkled and emaciated faces, showed that they had something to do with the "*vieille cour*;" and this conjecture used to be confirmed by the embrace with which they folded the little marquises and counts whom they came to visit.

Kensington House was frequented by emigrants of very high rank. The father of the present Duke de Grammont, who was at this school, and was then Duke de Guishe, often came to see his son. I recollect upon one occasion having been witness to a very remarkable scene. Monsieur, as he was then called, the present King of France, waited one day, with a large retinue of French nobility, upon the Prince de Broglio. The whole body of the schoolboys was assembled to receive him. We were gathered in a circle at the bottom of a flight of stone stairs, that led from the principal room into the play-ground. The future King of France appeared, with his *cortège* of illustrious exiles, at the glass folding-doors which were at the top of the stairs, and the moment he was seen, we all exclaimed, with a shrill shout of beardless loyalty, "*Vive le Roi!*" Monsieur seemed greatly gratified by this spectacle, and in a very gracious and condescending manner went down amongst the little boys, who were at first awed a good deal by his presence, but were afterwards speedily familiarized to him by the natural playfulness and benignity of Charles the Tenth. He asked the names of those who were about him, and when he heard them, and saw in the boys by whom he was encompassed the descendants of some of the noblest families of France, he seemed to be sensibly affected. One or two names, which were associated with peculiarly melancholy recollections, made him thrill. "*Helas! mon enfant!*" he used to say, as some orphan was brought up to him; and he would then lean down to caress the child of a friend who had perished on the scaffolds of the Revolution.

I have been drawn away from my original theme by the scenes which, in reverting to the days of my boyhood, rose upon me. This establishment was conducted by several French priests, assisted by some Germans and Italians, with the Prince de Broglio at their head. They were almost all members of the order of Jesuits, though they called themselves by the less obnoxious title of "*Pères de la Foi.*" The only person of rank among them was the Prince de Broglio, who had, I am inclined to think, from motives of convenience entered into this spiritual corporation, as the best mode of earning his livelihood. At this period, the order had not been restored by any formal bull from the Pope; but it was notoriously encouraged at Rome, and a considerable establishment had been founded in Russia, where the General of the society resided. The Jesuits at Kensington were in communication with him, and, from their antipathy to every thing English, disputed the authority of the Provincial of the Anglican Province. On the plea that they were French Jesuits, sojourning only for a short period in Great Britain, they rejected the mandates of Doctor Stone, (the Rector at Stonyhurst,) and refused to obey any injunction which was not issued by the General himself. These differences would not, in all probability, have arisen under the old system of regulation, but the order was

only on the point of resuscitation, and of course the discipline amongst the "Pères de la Foi" was a little lax. For instance, Monsieur le Prince de Broglio, the quasi head of the French Province in England, kept a very handsome curricle and pair, which he used to drive himself with equal dexterity, intrepidity, and grace, and has often won the palm of charioteering in the Olympic field of "Rotten Row." Certain frivolities, (for he was a perfectly moral man, and his defects were little more than the levities of a Frenchman,) excited the censure of the more rigorous members of the establishment, and especially of the Père Alnot, who was the completest specimen of the monk—for he had little of the Jesuit about him—I have ever seen. This Père Alnot was at first regarded as a saint amongst us. He was a man of a very lofty and slender person, and was dressed in long robes of coarse black cloth, with a cowl thrown over his head, and a girdle of strong black leather round his waist, to which a massive rosary and crucifix were attached. His face, of which we could only occasionally catch glimpses, was wan and sallow, with glaring eyes, sparkling, in the midst of paleness and emaciation, with an evil and inauspicious lustre. He seldom washed himself, considering uncleanness to be an incident to devotion, and his beard, covered with filthy snuff, stood in stubbles upon his long and pointed chin. His mouth was full of false sweetness and guile. He lived in a small room adjoining the chapel, where he heard the confessions of the students; and all its furniture corresponded with the apparatus of the man himself. It consisted of a few wooden chairs, a bed of the hardest materials, and a little table, on which a skull was placed, with a perpetual lamp burning beside it. Here he used to sit with his elbow leaning on the table, and his long and skinny hand placed upon his forehead; and when a boy told him that he had broken into an orchard, or robbed a hen-roost, he would lift up his eyes and heave a profound groan. This mysterious person was at the head of a society called "the Sodality;" an institution which is adopted in all Jesuit seminaries, and which selects the Virgin Mary as the object of its veneration. A separate chapel was dedicated to her by the Père Alnot, which he took a special care in adorning. It was painted with green, representing heaven, and was studded over with spangles by way of stars. The Père Alnot was wont to deliver his homilies in this separate sanctuary: he attempted to introduce a practice, which has also been resorted to by a sect established in Dublin by Mr. ———, the ex-fellow of Trinity College, who are known by the name of the "Oscular Society," from the nature of the religious ceremony of a peculiar character to which they resort—their favourite text in Scripture being "Salute each other with a holy kiss." I recollect that this grim and horrid personage strongly recommended to the members of the Sodality the adoption of this usage; but the other Jesuits interposed, and prohibited this singular manifestation of his very peculiar zeal. A little time afterwards, the Père Alnot was dismissed from the college, and I afterwards understood that, under his sackcloth, he concealed a depraved and guilty heart. He was, it was reported, executed upon the Continent for some enormity. I always looked upon him with an instinctive aversion, in which I was confirmed by a Genoese Jesuit, the "Père Molinari," who represented him as a person of the darkest and most evil character. Molinari was an exceedingly kind, amiable, and well-in-

formed man. He was the only one in the whole school that knew a word of Greek. He had been educated, though an Italian, at Prague, and practised as a lawyer. He then became a Jesuit, and certainly was sincerely devoted to religion. Though entirely free from the monkish gloom of the Père Alnot, there was a large infusion of fanaticism in his character. He believed firmly in witchcraft, and was versed in all the mysteries of demonology. The bodily presence of the Devil was among the articles of his creed, and I recollect him to have told me stories of the appearance of Lucifer, with such a minute specification of circumstance, as made "my fell of hair to stir as life were in't." Another point in which he was a little weak was the fatal influence of "the Illuminés" in Germany. He improved upon Barruel, which was his manual, and regarded Waishaupt as an incarnate fiend. I have heard him describe the midnight orgies of the German philosophers, who, according to him, assembled in chambers covered with rich scarlet cloth, and brilliant with infernal light, where, by the power of sorcery, every luxury was collected, and where men devoted themselves to Satan in a registry kept by the Secretary of the society, where every man's name was enrolled in his own blood. But, with the exception of these strange credulities, he was a most estimable man—he had an heroic disinterestedness of character, and dedicated himself with all the ardour of spiritual chivalry to the cause of the Jesuits, which he regarded as identified with that of true religion.

I was for a considerable time placed under his care, and am indebted to him for a zealous solicitude for my welfare. He took the greatest and most disinterested pains in giving me instruction, and would devote hours of unremunerated labour (for the salaries of the boys were all paid in to Monsieur le Prince) to the explanation of difficulties, and in clearing the way to knowledge. He was exceedingly mild in temper, but had frequent recourse to punishment of a very intense sort. He had a whip made of several strong cords, with knots at regular intervals, with which he used to lash the hands of the scholars in such a way as to make the blood leap from them. It seemed to give great pain to inflict this chastisement, and I have seen him weep at what he called the necessity of being severe. He had a very extraordinary method of reconciling the devouter students to this torture. He sentenced you first to nine lashes, and then ordered you to hold out your hand; "Offer it up to God and his saints," he would say, "as a sacrifice." He would then select you nine saints. The first blow was to be suffered in honour of St. Ignatius,—"*Allons, mon enfant, au nom du plus grand de tous les Saints—St. Ignace!*" and down went the whip from a vigorous and muscular arm. "*Oh! mon Dieu!*" cried the little martyr, withdrawing his hand after the first operation. "*Allons, mon enfant, au nom de St. Francis Xavier!*" and he then inflicted a second laceration upon the culprit. "*Mais, mon Père, ayez pitié—jamais, jamais, je ne ferai des solecismes—oh, mon Père, jamais.*" The Jesuit was inexorable—"Allons, mon enfant, au nom de Saint Louis de Gonzaga;" and thus he proceeded till he had gone through his calendar of infliction. But with these singularities (to us at least they appear so), he was an exceedingly generous-hearted and lofty-minded religionist. He would himself have looked death in the face without dismay in the cause of St. Ignatius; and indeed he gave a practical proof of his en-

thusiasm, by setting out at a week's warning for the deserts of Siberia, where he proceeded by order of the General to propagate the Gospel, and if possible to make his way to China, in the hope that he might obtain the reward of martyrdom in the service of the Lord.

The person who next to Molinari attracted my attention, was "Le Père Caperon." He was a great Oriental scholar, and was regarded as a master of the Arabic language; and was, I believe, as profoundly versed in the Koran as in the Gospel. He was not employed in teaching the boys, (an occupation for which he would have been wholly unfit,) but in composing essays upon the mysterious literature of the East. It was one of our favourite amusements to disturb him in his studies. A group would collect under his window and assail him with all kinds of strange noises, when he would rush forth with a huge stick, which made us all take to our heels, and woe betide the urchin on whom he first seized. "Oh, petit malheureux!" he would exclaim, as he grasped some intruder upon his meditations, and avenged upon him the losses which Oriental learning had sustained by the trespass which we had committed on his meditations. Père Caperon believed himself to be occasionally tempted by the Devil in a more direct and palpable fashion than Satan is apt to use. This conviction made him frequently an object of entertainment with us. When he said mass, he used to throw himself into such strange attitudes, and indulge in such extraclerical ejaculations, that the Frenchmen used to rejoice whenever he administered to their devotions. The poor man conceived that he was struggling with the demon in a corporeal wrestle, and cast himself into postures corresponding with his grotesque delusion. Sometimes he used to bid the fiend begone to "the Red Sea," and at other times used to stamp as if he had got the head of Lucifer under his feet.

There were few persons in this school who were very much calculated to create the respect of the students whose instruction was confided to them. There was, indeed, one very eloquent preacher, "Le Père Colman," who was a German by birth, but was French in language and manner. He had a most noble bearing, a visage fit for canvass, a deep, sonorous voice, and a great command of pure oratorical diction. He was, however, too valuable to be allowed long to remain in so inferior a spot as Kensington House, and was ordered by the General of the Jesuits to proceed to Russia. So was Molinari, who acted towards me a part of great kindness and friendship previous to his leaving the establishment. The Prince de Broglie, he informed me, had got himself into great embarrassments, and had made an effort to induce the Jesuits of Stonyhurst to assist him. With this view he had sent a deputation to that college, and offered to annex Kensington House to the Anglican Province. To this proceeding, to which he was originally adverse, on account of his national disrelish to every thing English, he was reduced by his emergencies. The English Jesuits were, however, too shrewd to acquiesce in this proposal, and it was manifest that the institution must be broken up. Molinari farther informed me, that he had been himself ordered into the deserts of Siberia, with instructions to penetrate, if possible, into China, as a missionary of the Gospel. He recommended me to write home, and to apprise my friends of what was about to take place. Stonyhurst he pointed out as the best seminary which I could select, and said, that if he was at liberty to exercise

any selection, he should himself have chosen it as his residence; but that he had no will; that his volition had been laid down as an offering to his God when he had entered the order; and that he must at once proceed to the place of his destination. I thanked him; he shook my hand, and proceeded to that country from whose bosom it is not likely that he ever will return.

This man was the only example which I witnessed among the *Pères de la Foi* of that lofty devotedness to the interests of their society, and of that romantic dedication of their hearts and lives to the advancement of Catholicism, for which the Jesuits are remarkable. The larger portion of the individuals who were assembled by the Prince de Broglio at Kensington House were Jesuits only in appearance. They were a few raw recruits, got together under the banners of the order. Molinari seemed the only genuine soldier of Ignatius. The promptitude and alacrity with which he at once precipitated himself into the wildernesses of Tartary, at the mandate of a priest living in a distant region, recalls to me what the Abbé Raynal, who had himself been a Jesuit, has said upon this subject. After describing the wonderful achievements of this extraordinary body of men, and the moral subjugation of the Indian tribes which was effected by them, he says:—

“It is impossible that any reader who reflects, should not be desirous of knowing what strange infatuation can induce an individual who enjoys all the conveniences of life in his own country, to undertake the laborious and unfortunate function of a missionary: to quit his fellow-citizens, his friends, and his relations; to cross the sea in order to bury himself in the midst of forests, to expose himself to all the horrors of the most extreme misery, to run the risk at every step either of being devoured by wild beasts or massacred by savages, to settle in the midst of them, to conform himself to their manners, to share their indigence and their fatigues, to be exposed to their passions or caprices, for at least as long a time as is required to learn their language and to make himself understood by them. If this conduct be ascribed to the enthusiasm of religion, what more powerful motive can be imagined? If to respect to vows of obedience taken to superiors, who have a right to order them to go anywhere, and who cannot be asked the reason for those orders, without committing the crime of perjury and apostacy, what good or what evil is it not in the power of hypocritical or ambitious masters to do, who command so absolutely, and who are so entirely obeyed? If it be the effect of a deep sense of compassion for a part of the human species, whom it is intended to rescue from ignorance and misery, what virtue can be more heroic! With respect to the constancy with which these extraordinary men persevere in so disgusting an undertaking, I should have imagined that by living so long among the savages, they would have become savages themselves: but I should have been deceived in this conjecture. It is, on the contrary, one of the most laudable of human vanities that supports them in their career.

“‘My friend,’ said once to me an old missionary, who had lived thirty years in the midst of forests, and who, since he had returned into his own country, had fallen into a profound melancholy, and was for ever regretting his beloved savages—‘My friend,’ said he, ‘you know not what it is to be the king, almost even the God of a number of men, who owe to you the small portion of happiness they enjoy, and who are ever assiduous in assuring you of their gratitude. After they have been ranging through immense forests, they return overcome with fatigue and inanition; if they have only killed one piece of game, for whom do you suppose it to be intended? It is for the Father, for it is thus they call us; and, indeed, they are really our children. Their dissensions are suspended at our appearance. A sovereign does not rest in greater safety in the midst of his guards, than we do, sur-

rounded by our savages. It is among them that I will go and end my days.'"

I followed the advice of my friend Molinari, and caused myself to be removed from the school, which a little while afterwards was completely broken up. The system of instruction there was miserably defective. Molinari was, as I have stated, the only person who understood Greek; and Caperon, though an Oriental scholar, was not acquainted with the language. Some attention was paid to composition; a Père Henri, (a gaunt-looking man, who used to sit for hours twisting two crumbs of bread between his forefinger and thumb, and revolving a sonnet to some favourite saint,) took the trouble to teach me how to write French rhymes. There was also some relish manifested for the beauties of the Latin writers, and pains were taken to make the scholars feel the strength of the expression. But arithmetic, geography, history, were all neglected. A worse course of education cannot be well imagined, though these Pères de la Foi conceived themselves to be greatly superior to the professors in either of the English Universities.

I left Kensington House for the great seat of British Jesuitism in the North of England. On arriving at Manchester in the mail, I proceeded in a post-chaise to Blackburne, and drove from thence to the school which has since awakened the eloquence of Leslie Foster, and the orthodox terrors of Sir Thomas Lethbridge. Through a long avenue, in the old fashion of English pomp, and which was bordered by ponds of broad deep water on either side, the horses carried me rapidly towards two huge towers, which 'rose to a great elevation out of a magnificent building of Elizabethan architecture. Before I had time to survey this fine and venerable structure with minuteness, and to observe its windows of massive stone-work, and to rest upon the groves of old yew trees that rose about the decaying walls of its gardens, the horses' feet clattered under the archway, and I was rolled into an old quadrangular court, that seemed to belong to the castle of a feudal baron, and not to the society of useful and meritorious votaries of Loyola, whom I shall describe in a continuation of this article in the next number of "The New Monthly Magazine."

THE LAUREL BRANCH.

TAKE this branch of the laurel tree,
Well may its leaves thy portion be;
Does not their emerald brightness tell
Of the dazzling scenes thou lov'st so well?
Dost thou not think of the taper's blaze,
And the vaulted dome, and the voice of praise?
Dearest, the gift thou may'st proudly claim,
'Tis the meed of talent, the crown of fame.

Decem me not vain, if I also see
In this fadeless laurel a type of me;
Like it, my love has through storm and ill
Smiled on in its lonely verdure still.
Short is the reign of the summer flowers,
Frail are the friendships of prosperous hours;
But wintry tempests, and worldly grief,
Can change not love, or the laurel leaf.

M. A.

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA, NO. IV.

A Lazy Day and Shot-shooting.

“ Here was no lack of innocent diversion
For the imagination or the senses.”—BYRON.

WE had been out above a fortnight, when, as we broke up for the night, a gentleman informed us, in a most drowsy tone, that, as his charger was stiff and Devil-skin sore-footed, he did not think it would do for him to go out next morning; and though he burst into a self-accusing laugh, as our lamps were held to his face to ascertain whether fag, bile, or simple, unsophisticated laziness, had made him thus considerate, we gladly seized the opportunity of indulging the sufferers and ourselves, and proclaimed with acclamation the succeeding day to be one of rest, or, in jungle-phrases, of revel. An antelope and sheep were divided among the varlets, sugar-cane was bought for the horses; all the native talent of the neighbourhood, tumblers, jugglers, and dancing-girls, were summoned to attend us; and what with Hodgson and Manillas on our side, and arrack and calleans* on our people's, before night we were, as Sterne says, “ debtors and sinners before Heaven, a jolly set of us!” These were our days of dandyism; heads were shaven, faces washed, and foreheads painted amongst the men-servants; flowers were enwreathed with the oiled and glossy tresses of the ladies, whose cleanest rags enfolded limbs which merited more intelligible praises than they received from one who styled them “ perfect simitars;” while the young hopes of Islam, or Pariahism,† rolled about in unblushing nakedness, or proudly waddled in our discarded waistcoats, till their little pride would have its fall, as they realised the apparent difficulty of walking into their own pockets. Our taste was exhibited in the cut of the mustachio and beard, and in the colour of the silk drawers, and the riband of the straw hat which we wore to protect us from the heat.† It was noon before our slug and breakfast were over, and we stretched at length on the mats of one of our tents, laughing at dear old Froissart's delicious jumble. I know nothing I have met in literature that puzzles me like his credulity, and the power he seems to have (for I cannot bear to think the old man a rogue) of holding an opinion he wishes in spite of legions of facts, and even his expressed deductions from them. Whether pity for the victims of our Black Prince's atrocity extorts his “ God have mercy upon their souls, for they were veritable martyrs!” or one of the murders committed by Count Phoebus de Foix, who “ was perfect in person and mind,” makes him cry out, “ Holy Mary! was not this an act of great cruelty?” these facts no more affect his admiration of their perpetrators, than the dicta of the profession he belongs to, do his belief in the handsome and accomplished Knight Sir Actæon, who was turned into a stag to do penance for angering a

* A smoking apparatus. The most common ones are formed of a cocoa-nutshell, with two holes, in one of which is fixed a wooden trumpet-like tube, the end of which holds the tobacco, &c. The smoke is drawn through the water in the shell by the other hole, to which the smoker brings his mouth.

† I beg to state here that I mean what I say, in spite of the authority of the Commentator Jallalo'ddin, who, remarking on the words of the Koran, “ He hath given you garments to defend you from the heat,” declares that, in this case, heat means cold.

goddess. I really resemble him so far that, though I cannot doubt his existence, I never read the Chronicles without half persuading myself they are a Cervantic satire upon their times; and the Canon of Chimay as imaginary a being as Cid Hamet Benengeli himself.

On the arrival of the tumblers—more lucky than Sir Isaac with his fireplace,—we had only to order away a side of our canvass house, and call to the salaming and cringing reprobates “to leave their damnable faces and begin!” Though weary enough of sword-swallowing and snake-dancing, I never saw the cutting of the betel-leaf without interest. A man is laid at length, with a doubled leaf upon his bare stomach, when another takes a sharp sword, runs towards him, and cutting down furiously, checks his hand so critically as to divide the leaf, print a line on the man’s stomach, and yet not break the skin. They somerset surprisingly among drawn swords, pointing upwards;—but the adage respecting edged tools was verified by them, for one who threw up a ring in which were fixed three daggers, meant to descend two on one side and one on the other of his extended arm, managed so badly, that one of the weapons pierced it through and through. These worthies always ensured me that half-sickness at stomach which apprehension or disgust brings on me. Even the best of these exhibitions—those their princes and ministers give—are painful or disgusting. Their dramatic dialogues are too beastly even to allude to; and the lions of the grandest *soirée* I ever saw were a Yogue,* whose matted hair formed a net, in which he was carried by a pole run through it, and two boys tied by their extended arms to a post supporting themselves in that position with their feet off the ground; their faces being ochred so as to give to the marble-like fixedness of their features an expression of suppressed suffering, so striking that at this moment I can only guess it was unreal. It was with a shout that we welcomed the strutting jingle of the Banglas,† and I was doubly pleased that our visitors were Gentoos. Many of them want but complexion to be perfect beauties. Their figures are exquisite, and their regular features, soft skins, and full swimming eyes—but, above all, a diffidence in their carriage, a something of the beautiful and beneficial affectations of the sex, gave them, in my eyes, an interest which the bolder beauties of the Mussulmaunee never raised. When old, these latter looked, with their frightful mouths and haggard features, the very refuse of licentiousness; and, in fact, I never saw one of them past girlhood in whose countenance I did not fancy something of malignity. They seemed to me to know their life of pleasure was one of guilt; while in the placid expression of the

* A Hindou devotee. The practice of a class of these, who are contemplative, resembles that of the monks of Mount Athos, as I have seen it described. They sink themselves into deep raptures, and sit for hours motionless, beholding, as they believe, God himself, like a very bright and ineffable light, and feeling an inexpressible joy, attended with a contempt and forsaking of the world. The great difference between them appears to be, that the Yogues gaze on the tip of the nose, and the hermits look at the navel, during the operation.

† Feet-ornament of Eastern women. We find in Isaiah, “Because the daughters of Sion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; &c. the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet;” and as the Prophet proceeds, he enumerates “the round tires like the moon, the nose-jewels,” and various other ornaments of the daughters of Sion, which are common to those of India.

Gentoo girls I felt pleased to trace the freedom from self-reproach which their belief would naturally bestow. The blackening of the lid and lash gives to their eye an expression of power rather than beauty, it enlarges the eye, and gives the white a stronger body from its contrast, so as, in some faces, to look unnatural and almost unearthly. They often brought to my mind the large projecting eyes of the Hindoo idols, and I always associated them with the idea I should form of those of a being of supernatural though not angelic nature—a Spirit of the woods or mines, for instance. When still, they look passionless; but a single glance will tell that, if they do not feel, at least they can speak of feeling eloquently well. It is ridiculous to call their movements dancing, and, in saying so, I disclaim all offence to such as walk through quadrilles. They merely stalk about keeping time to the music, which they accompany with a movement of the hands and eyes, advancing or receding leisurely, until the clattering and blowing becomes louder (as the musicians work themselves up, till they look half drunk, half crazy), when the steps become more hurried, the bodily contortions more violent, their eyes roll in a fine frenzy, and they kick up the front of their petticoats in a style that, where ladies are present, inevitably betrays the unhappy beings who have not been seasoned at the Opera-house. They accompanied their paces with songs, during which our conversation, for we listened à l'*Italienne*, would only be checked by some outrageous scream—at which the syren would raise her hand to keep her betel in her mouth, and play off the necessary evolutions as a coyish concealment of the (too often ebon) beauties of her teeth. After dinner we had a “grande-chasse,” i. e. we formed a quorum on the principle that corporate bodies have no souls, to justify by reciprocal support the laziness which neither our zeal nor our rivalry would have allowed us to indulge in alone. When we were within reach of them on these occasions, we rode out with hunting cheetas. These are beautifully formed, with barrels drawn up like greyhounds, quite different from the heavy bow-legged domesticated race. They are brought on a car, as near the antelope as possible, when the winkers are taken off; it is most interesting to see their vacant and roving gaze catch and rivet itself upon their victim. An intense singleness of purpose seems to speak in every muscle as the leopard strains upon the rope till it is slipped and he springs down. He moves off sometimes at a swinging trot, and at others steals on crouchingly, (lying flat and motionless if the deer but turn towards him,) until he is near enough to burst upon his prey. His last spring is grand. At one moment he is in the air, and the next flat on his stomach in the cloud of dust he has whirled up—his teeth fast in the throat of the antelope, whose horns are driven in the earth, and whose feet, all upwards, are quivering in their last sensation. They seldom run far, but when they fail, stop and purr like a cat, and the winkers are put on them by means of a long rod. They show training by singling out bucks, for which they get a haunch—whereas they only receive the liver of a doe. It is by forcing this perquisite into their mouths that they are disengaged from the deer.—We had usually on our return to the tents to appease some feud, originating generally in the philanthropy of our ladies, and their husbands’ unwillingness to let this virtue be its own reward; and though we could succeed so far as to have

them rolled up in their respective clothes, our influence went no farther, and at intervals through the night would be heard screams of defiance and volleys of abuse that shamed the wretched combinations of European blackguardism.—The day after these saturnalia was one of hard fag; late, indeed, and “bloody with spurring fiery red,” would he return whom fate had destined to come back empty-handed. It was on an occasion of this sort that I came rattling in when, as I brought up beneath the tree, I was struck chill by a most unusual appearance of dejection on every face, and my boy, as he held my rein, whispered, “Sheikhussein is drowned, Sir!” “Good God!” I exclaimed, “how?” The matter was simple enough; the poor fellow had gone in, as our people do, for a duck—had become entangled in the weeds and pulled under by them; but the circumstances of his death afford some illustration of the apathetic indifference one finds in India. While he was battling with the weeds, with his long black hair flying wildly about, as he shrieked, and almost leaped from the water in his convulsive struggles, an elephant passed over the bank, and its Mohaut was entreated—reviled—and threatened, to induce him to let the beast go in to save his fellow-Mussulman. But he would not—he had no orders—he watched the frightful spectacle till its object sank exhausted, and then pursued his way. In two hours he had to retrace his steps to do that service for the dead body he had refused to the dying man. This risk of our people is the very greatest of several great objections I have to duck-shooting. There is so much dirt and drudgery about it, and it offers neither the comparative excitement, nor the beauty nor variety of scene of other sports. Tanks are mostly near a cultivated flat, which is below their level, and a long bank is the chord to which the outline of the water forms the arc. When the bunds are planted with bamboos, they look well. This plant, with its fasces-like stem, and thousand feathery curves, is always beautiful, but in a storm its waving is graceful beyond description. No sport is more dangerous, as it is followed, than duck-shooting in India—I say as it is followed; for I am convinced a man who shoots from behind a bund, sending a boy with a pistol to the other side, will kill more than he who wades up to his middle, or stands for hours with his feet in water and his head where a thermometer would rise to 120°. But the birds pack in such bodies, and offer such inducement to disregard inconvenience for a very profitable shot, and this excellent provision disappears amid such praises and thanks to the provider, that I never knew a duck-shot who did not return with some excellent reason for having “that once” violated his resolution to keep dry. Amongst the swarms of ducks in India, where I have heard their crossing flight compared, and really not hyperbolically, to thunder, there was one, a red, heavy-looking bird, we called the Braminy, whose acuteness of hearing was distracting. Conceive a man creeping up as if he was about the most infernal sin the world ever saw, hidden by the bank—a sultry day keeping the ducks motionless on the water—heaven and earth conspiring in his favour—catching his breath at a noise—listening again, smiling as he feels it was but fancy, and still creeping on, when a harsh sound like “conk,” in harrowing reality, grates upon his ear, and turns the perspiration on his brow quite chill. His lips clench, and his eyes turn up in reproachful appeal to heaven, as he grasps his gun, and rushes

hopelessly towards the bund, from behind which "conk," and "conk," and "conk," come rapidly and hurriedly intermingled, as one by one the ducks rise and bear away from the unfortunate gentleman; who raves, and for the fiftieth time in his life, upbraids the tantalizing and too partial fates, that give such interest to sport, and such ears to Braininies.—There are white and black curlew, bitterns, and clouds of snipes, in the neighbourhood of these tanks. I never shot the latter but when they came in my way. I have known a person fire at one flying low, and his boy pick up five others that had sat within the spread of the shot; and it is no exaggeration to say, a man will often fire at them as fast as he can load; but he must be wet to do this, and will be always out in the very middle of the day. No shooting is so repaying in number, nor is any more recklessly followed. An adage of ours gives two years' life to a determined snipe-shot; and this sport is the more dangerous, as the uncommon fag of it often renders brandy-and-water an indispensable auxiliary. Whenever this is the case in India, a man should give up sporting—it will make him an invalid, if not something worse. Resolution by no means insures results in this matter, "*Un peu de vin pris modement est un remède pour l'ame et pour le corps, c'est ainsi que pense le sage Memnon, et il s'enivre.*" That water is best, I take to be as true in India as at Bath; but in jungles, and on the line of march, it is safest to qualify it with a little brandy. If to drink when much heated is dangerous anywhere, it is needless to say it is especially so within the tropics. I have seen a man in robust health die in six hours after drinking a glass of water. While shooting, I always found the champing a piece of dry grass, which I was in the habit of pulling and chewing mechanically, preserved me completely from thirst. But I seldom shot in the heat of the day; and when I did, I walked quietly after hares, and partridges, or florikens. The latter is a beautiful bird, and ought to be knocked over as it rises, being not only large and heavy, but the greatest of India delicacies, and moreover extremely difficult to put up a second time. There is a variety of it, which I have only seen in the hot months, with a deep brown and more of pink in its plumage; it has a long and glossy black feather on each side of its face, which we called its mustachio.* The birds peculiar to India which we shot were these: a spotted variety of the snipe, another of the partridge which *called* like the corncrake, and the small birds that swarm on the plain under the general name of rock pigeons. These we christened jack grouse, taking *jack* to be a "word of exceeding good command," as in the case of snipes, to signify diminutive, and conceiving that the manner in which these birds pack and squat on stony ground, together with their being feathered to the toe, justifies our assumption of that of grouse. The very prettiest of the varieties of this bird are found in retired spots; they rise with a cry not unlike a clash of the castanets, repeated at intervals, while the others make a much quicker and more modulated noise. I could kill a good deal of the small-shot game when I could make up my mind to it; but I had no dogs, and I had too good reason to distrust my temper to wish to use beaters. They are a most provoking auxiliary. It is best to keep a little before

* Are these the birds which we find enumerated as "Flanderkins" at the knightly tables where our Eastern beauty the peacock held so dignified a place?

them, and to have two on each side within (at most) twenty yards. The more silently they move, the better, for noise sends off the game before we near it. They should strike each bush once and then thrust in their sticks downwards, as hares, and particularly partridges, lie very close. I mention this because experience, in teaching me it is the best plan, has also taught me that too many of us are unhappily inclined to hold the men of India responsible for the conduct of its birds and beasts, as well as for the heat of the weather, and our own bad shooting; and this system, in improving the chance of sport, may perhaps tend to preserve the sportsman from the humiliating sensations I have seen crimson the cheek of well-tempered men, as they looked upon the wretched beings who had suffered from their forgetfulness. "Action is momentary—a pulse, a blow, this way or that," and assuredly the annoyances of sport, and the want of tact of these poor creatures, acting on the irritability induced by the climate, are "sair to bide." I should like to know the exact degree in which the climate of India renders men less culpable in their comicalities than that of Europe; for it must:—when we know that minds having a tendency to insanity, imperceptible before they leave or after they return to Europe, become affected in India, and that the degree of dissipation which is undergone with impunity at home, induces madness there, it is idle to say such a climate is uninfluential. There are cases in which the solemn and considerate opinions of most honourable and conscientious men are such as to leave us in doubt whether an inaccurate perception of right and wrong in them, or an acknowledgment of the prevalence of weakness in the community, has given them the bias that has excited such frequent animadversion;—but I'm getting didactic, which is by no means my business. I only mean to imply that there are unfair odds in this world against more people than the indignant and resisting house-breaker, who taunted the too numerous police with "Oh, ye villains! Three to one—ah! three to one—it's scandalous!"

THE BROKEN LUTE.

In imitation of the Writers of the Sixteenth Century.

As roving down the mountain side,
A broken lute I chanced upon,
Its graceful form was rudely crush'd,
And all its chords of sweetness gone.

Come, minister of song, I said,
Thy fading glories I'll restore,
A young and ardent spirit shall
Awake thy drooping soul once more.

With buoyant zeal, and gladsome voice,
I thus bespake, and thus perform'd,
And hoped for kindred harmony
To the gay thoughts my bosom warm'd.

I raised the song, and swept the strings—
'Alas! they chime not with my theme;
'The voice of joy it was I sought—
'The voice of sadness only came!

Oh, then, cried I, if bootless all
 My efforts to recover thee,
 Thou passive slave of man's device!—
 And bring back thy lost melody;
 To heal thy wounds and make thee whole,
 Thou broken heart, what idle care!
 Oh how profane to breathe of joy
 Amid the lonely ruins there.
 No! vex not with officious love,
 The spirit of the lonely breast;
 To brood in secret o'er its woes,
 Is now on earth its only rest!

LIBERALITY.

“ Ces services que nous leur rendons, sont, à proprement parler, un bien que nous faisons à nous mêmes, par avance.”—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

I do not mean to enter upon the hackneyed question concerning the selfish origin of our most generous affections: which, after all, is but a dispute on words; for when all is said, the benevolent man and the knave alike do that which, every thing considered, they like best, and in this point all metaphysics must end. If there be any who imagine that humanity gains by that self-worship, which would add a cubit to our moral stature, I shall not disturb them in the enjoyment of “the flattering error.” The illusion, if it be one, is an amiable illusion; and to say the worst of it, it cannot do much harm. But, however individuals may think of the matter as it concerns the species in general, the hardest advocate for the divinity of human nature will admit, that in it all is not gold that glitters; and that a great deal of the liberality which passes muster in the world, is at bottom no better than it should be. We English, in particular, set up large claims to liberality, both in opinion, and in money-matters; but, if the truth may be spoken without offence, no small part of it is pretty much of the same quality as that of the French bishop, of whom it was said, that he would at any time rather give a crown-piece to a free-hearted girl, than a penny to the poor.* There are few particulars in which the shop-keeping habits of the nation are more predominant, (not to speak of their gentle leaning towards hypocrisy,) than in this very liberality, concerning which most Englishmen are accustomed to speak so boastfully. There is a vulgar proverb, which characterises the cozening propounder of a good bargain, as a generous churchwarden, who keeps the silver and gold collected at the church-door himself, and gives the half-pence to the poor; and, Heaven knows, we have too many of these generous churchwardens in all ranks and conditions of English society! A commentary upon this text may be found in almost all our institutions, and in all our habits. What, indeed, are our poor-laws themselves, on which we pride ourselves, as a characteristic distinction of the country, but an organized system of vassalage, a cloak for oppression, and an instrument for obtaining the greatest possible security to the rich, with the

* “ Aussi liberal que notre évêque, qui donnera plutôt un écu à une garce, qu'un denier à un pauvre.”

least possible remuneration for the services of the poor. Then, again, we have the liberality of the lawyers. Justice (which, in the very teeth of the *nulli vendemus* clause of our charter, is sold in England at a higher rate than in Turkey,) shows her liberality in the guise of a suit *in formâ pauperis*; and if there be any man possessed of a right to defend, who is so destitute as to come within the terms of the Court's generosity, every briefless barrister will thankfully accept the appointment to plead for the pauper client, which will enable him to show his zeal and his capability to—the attornies. Exactly with the same liberality, physicians and surgeons are eager candidates to do the very laborious duties of our great hospitals gratuitously, in order to make a connexion; and rising young apothecaries open domestic dispensaries, to try "their 'prentice hand" on the poor, and to get in with parish officers, and with the good ladies of the village, who sometimes—take physic themselves. I do not mean to say that the individuals so acting are to blame in this matter, or to aver that they do not perform their office with all the industry and humanity necessary to the establishment of their own professional reputation; but the arrangement which enforces this gratuitous duty on the profession, forms a part of the national pretension to charity; and, therefore, it must enter into the present catalogue of fudges and humbugs. The clergy, for their part, (all due allowances being made for honourable exceptions,) are not behind their lay brethren in this species of generosity. They support all the charitable institutions that are patronized by their bishop, or recommended by the minister of the day; and after having appropriated to themselves that portion of the tithe which their Catholic predecessors were bound to give to the distresses of their parishioners, they are doubtless very generous with their "farthings to the poor." The members of Parliament are also a most liberal body; and, on the eve of an election, subscribe most handsomely to all the charitable establishments within the verge of the borough, or county, as the case may be. But to leave these somewhat invidious details, and to come to something more sweeping and conclusive; is not the English the only nation on the face of the earth that publishes its almsgivings in the newspapers, and advertises, to all whom it may concern, the pound notes bestowed upon distressed widows of clergymen, and the victims of calamitous fires! Just as if the founder of religion had not expressly enjoined them not to let their left hand know what their right doeth. "Oh! father Abraham, what these Christians are!"

Next to the pleasure of seeing one's name in the diurnal rubrics of opulence and piety, there is no self-seeking motive that simulates liberality more frequently than sheer gluttony. Whenever it suits a man's account to get up some new public charity, to manufacture some untried eleemosynary institution, he has nothing to do but to bait his trap with a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, and the good Samaritans will flock in crowds to pour oil and wine into their own stomachs; and if, when "hot with the Tuscan grape," they bleed freely, their maudlin good-nature passes current for a charitable disposition, and they take free credit with Heaven for a pecuniary advance, the real motive of which was far less a sympathy for their fellow-creatures, than an affection for cold punch and calipash. This trap, however, embraces only one half of the creation: the fair sex cannot attend public dinners; and to draw in the ladies,

charity balls, and benefit plays and concerts, are a more appropriate excuse for gratifying the love of pleasure. It is inconceivable the sums expended in this mock species of liberality, which are placed to the account of charity, but by which charity benefits in a very small proportion. Fairly stated, the expenditure should be set down somewhat in this way:—

t in this way:—			
To a new dress for attending the charity .	£	s.	d.
To hair-dressing, ribbons, gloves, coach hire, &c.	10	10	0
To musicians, lights, refreshments, &c. .	1	10	0
To amount of actual contribution to the poor .	0	10	6
(The ticket being 1 <i>l.</i> 1 <i>s.</i>)	}	0	10
	<hr/>		
	13	1	0

“ Oh ! monstrous, but one halfpenny worth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack ! ” — It is not to be denied that such speculations are “ good for trade ; ” that they circulate a great deal of money, and extort charity from those who would not bestow a farthing on the distressed for their own sake ; but then let it not be placed to the account of national liberality, and blazoned to the eyes of Europe as a proof of the superior morality of the people. Such misprisions, however, of benevolence,—false and fictitious as they may be,—are milk and honey, when compared with another species of liberality, most especially English, and in which Proselytism “ gives ere charity begins.” These only set forth as virtues, acts in themselves purely indifferent ; but sectarian liberality is often a wolf in sheep’s clothing, and under the semblance of benevolence conceals as much rancour and selfishness as can well enter into the heart of man. This malady in the moral constitution shows itself in the distribution of shillings and sermons, of tracts and trowsers, of foolishness and flannel ; it is marked by all the *patelnage* and prying curiosity of Jesuitism ; by the Jesuit’s love of domination, and by their wriggling, insinuating modes of influence and persuasion. Under the notion of a regard for the spiritual welfare of the village, the Lady Bountifuls of this class become mistresses of all its secrets, and hold the strings of all its little intrigues. They thus gratify their love of scandal and their lust of power ; they contrive to occupy a burthensome leisure, to banish the ennui of their splendid idleness ; and they secure, in addition, an imaginary place for themselves in Paradise, all for a few pounds sterling per annum. Cobbett, in some one of his multitudinous writings, has touched this point with his coarse acuteness. “ When persons,” he says, “ are glutted with riches ; when they are surfeited of all earthly pursuits, they are very apt to begin to think of the next world ; and the moment they begin to think of that, they begin to look over the account they shall have to present. Hence the far greater part of what are called ‘ charities.’ ” Where religious charity ends, political charity begins, which is a bird pretty much of the same feather, and the two embrace by far the greater portion of the public liberality of England. In its worst form, political liberality goes directly to subdue the lower orders, and to keep them in chains ; and, at best, it is but the movement of minds ashamed of the evils resulting from bad government, but without the honesty or the energy requisite for rectifying the abuses out of which bad government arises. To legislate wisely and largely is troublesome, and requires

knowledge as well as virtue; but nothing is more amusing and more flattering to self-love, than a round of impertinent interference with the domestic concerns of the lower orders, in the awkward attempt to find palliatives for misrule; and to conciliate oppression and injustice with a wholesome condition of the society in which they flourish. The true spirit of this pettifogging and soup-shop liberality is strikingly evinced in the department of education, to which it lays an especial claim. How little of it goes to make the poor wiser or better, to stimulate them to independence, or to facilitate the application of their industry to an adequate provision for their animal wants! The education which directs the poor on the state highway to Heaven, and makes them prostrate and submissive before their superiors, is bestowed in abundance; but that which would ameliorate their condition in this world, is not only withheld, but is denounced as dangerous and treasonable; witness the outcry and calumny raised against Mechanics' Institutions and the London University. Amidst all the boasted liberality of the rich, and all their affected zeal for their dependents, they exert all their powers, with a desperate perseverance, to keep wages low—that is, to keep the poor ignorant and miserable. “If,” says Place, “the rich will not submit to a slight inconvenience, necessarily attendant upon what they profess to desire, they cannot be in earnest in their professions. Their benevolence to the poor must be either childish play or hypocrisy; it must either be to amuse themselves, or to pacify the minds of the common people with a mere show of attention to their wants. To wish to better the condition of the poor, by enabling them to command a greater quantity of the necessaries and comforts of life, and then to complain of high wages, is the act of a silly boy, who gives his cake and then cries for it.”* The true liberality, the only liberality worthy of the name, is that which is founded in justice. The rest is but the benevolence of the hard-hearted creditor, who having shut up his debtor between four walls, generously bestows the bread and water which is to preserve him from starvation. An enlarged liberality, however, dictated by true philanthropy, answers not the purpose of politicians.

——“ Mere justice suits not with their zeal,
A warmer glow the sons of Plutus feel;
So tame, so flat a virtue feeds not pride,
Nor throws the ravish'd gate of heaven wide;
And what's far worse, on earth it is no tool,
It wins not place, distinction, wealth, nor rule.
No!—placed in leading-strings, the poor must know
Nor good, nor ill, save as their teachers show;
Who make a despotism of heaven to prove
That tyrants are a sort of earthly Jove;
And place a dæmon on th' eternal throne,
To justify, by his defects, their own.”†

But I beg the reader's pardon. I am growing grave, and touch upon the criminal, when I meant merely to confine myself to the ridiculous.

Nearly related to the religious and political liberality, and directed generally to the same ends, is that active, meddling, fussy, much-about-nothing-ness, which displays itself in the superintendence of bazaars, the manufacture of pasteboard and paper ornaments, the knit-

* Place on Population.

† Unpublished Poem.

ting of purses, and the fabric of baby-linen—to be sold for the benefit of some favourite school-house, or some fashionable vagary. There is the same massacre of time, the same conceit of importance, the same coming into evidence in an interesting and becoming attitude, and the same interference with matters beyond the sphere and above the comprehension of the actors. There is, moreover, a very pretty commodity of coquetry and flirtation, that, to ladies who have passed Lord Byron's "certain time of life," is not without its interest. If pity be akin to love, charity cannot be very remotely related to it; and, right or wrong, a woman is never so winning, as when her sympathies are warmly engaged, no matter for what. Even to those with whom "love's dream is o'er," there is no small triumph in a successful effort to wheedle large sums from the customer; and in making, by force of smiles and insinuation, a simpleton pay a guinea for a gewgaw not worth a shilling. The bazaar ladies in general (however high their birth and station) understand the tricks of trade as well as the merest higgler. God help the poor man or woman whose evil destiny leads him on a visit to any of these rich inutility brokers! It were cheaper to dine at Long's, or to sup at Crockford's. For rich people have no notions of the value of money, (especially ladies,) nor can they possibly enter into the wants of others, in which they do not themselves share. To say nothing of the bore of being hurried from the girls' school to the spinners and knitters, and from these to the lace-makers, and from the lace-makers to the basket-weavers, you are compelled, in common decency, to buy stockings you will never wear, to purchase baskets which you will never fill, and to give more for your lace than it would cost at Howell and James's. The vails to servants are hard enough, in all conscience, upon the humble friends of great families; but when the mistress has her perquisites also, no moderate purse can stand it. I hate mean, dirty suspicions with all my heart, and always think the worse of myself when they cross my imagination; but, if I were to die for it, I cannot help fancying that some of these lady-dealers in charity sometimes count like the hackney-coachman, "one shilling for master and two for myself." This is all very ridiculous; but the matter becomes far worse when it is viewed in its direct influence on the poor, for whose supposed benefit these speculations are undertaken. How many helpless girls, whose industry is their only resource, not only against want, but against infamy, are thrown out of employment by bazaars, cheap repositories, working asylums, and the more dangerous rivalry of charitable sempstresses and embroiderers for the love of God! How many poor tradesmen who pay taxes and rent on the faith of public encouragement, find their counters deserted by the lovers of piety and good bargains, who flock in crowds to forward the conversions of Jews and Hindoos, to speed the missionary "from Indus to the Pole," and to buy a bonnet or a chemise at "half the price of the shops." This reflection may be below the consideration of those good people, who view the poor less as objects of sympathy than as the instruments for working out their own proper salvation; but to such as can feel for others, and who would scarcely purchase Heaven itself at the price of human suffering, the consequence is important. That there is much genuine charity in England it would be madness to deny. A population so abounding in wealth must be

more indifferent to small sums than communities which are less at their ease ; and a free people must be led into larger sympathies, by the conviction of a political interest common to all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. The very fact, also, of an inordinate pretence to charity, must tend to produce, in some increased degree, the virtue it claims. With what a profuse largess do our great merchants, our nobility, and landholders, rival each other in forwarding every public-spirited and every compassionate object ; and when the most ample deduction is made for selfish and paltry motives, enough remains, if not for admiration, at least for approval. Yet, even for this pure and unmixed good, the nation is not entitled to take credit, so long as it is not accompanied by a corresponding liberality in opinion. As long as there is little that is generous and enlarged in the mind itself, pecuniary generosity can be justly regarded but as a monkish virtue. Thus, when we find the same people, who rushed forward to subscribe three hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the starving Irish, coming forward with equal eagerness to petition against Irish rights, and to perpetuate the causes of that distress which their charity had previously relieved, the admiration excited in the first instance, changes almost into disgust at such capricious inconsistency ; and the most that can be conceded to the parties is a mere animal instinct of compassion, which, however convenient, has nothing in it either noble or exalted. One knows not whether to smile or to weep over that bastard liberality, which relieves the temporal distresses of a fellow-creature, while it coolly consigns him to eternal misery for a slight difference of creed, and then violently strips him of his civil rights on the strength of this inconsiderate condemnation. There is, likewise, in the upper classes of English society an haughty insolence, a lofty contempt for the mere people, that forms a large item of discount to be deducted from their reputation for liberality. There is little intrinsic difference between Blunt damning the poor and refusing them bread altogether, because Heaven "cannot love the wretch it starves," and those charitable aristocrats, who found almshouses, yet grind the poor wholesale by oppressive and monopolising laws. In liberality of opinion, England (I speak it with bitter regret) is far behind the rest of Europe. If exclusion be not (as the member for Newark lately said) a fundamental principle of our political constitution, it is of our moral complex. There is little expansive in the thoughts, feelings, or habits, of the mass of Englishmen. It is not only in religion that we are disposed to be damnatory ; we are continually splitting into categories and predicaments, and shutting up ourselves in clubs and coteries, on all manner of pretences, each of which looks on the rest of the species as knaves and fools—if not as heretics and idolaters. The persecutions of fashion, if somewhat milder in degree, are not less narrow and bigoted than those of divinity ; and the Lady-Patronesses of Almack's black-bean the deficient in bon-ton, exactly on the same principle as orator Irving sends our poets and reviewers to the regions of weeping and gnashing of teeth. In a like spirit, the physicians guard themselves against ungraduated merit, and corporations protect their apprentices from rivalry ; the Clapham householders who keep their carriages, refuse to fraternize with those of their neighbours who travel by the stage ; and Mrs. Grundy, who inhabits the one-pair back room, maintains her superiority over Mrs. Soapsuds, who lives in the two pair of stairs for-

wards. So also an officer of cavalry looks down upon an officer of foot ; and he of the line exhibits ineffable disdain of the commander of militia-men. To the same narrow spirit belongs the rigorous exclusion of strangers from public libraries, or the inconvenient and jealous terms on which they are admitted. We trace it also in the fees paid on visiting public buildings and collections of pictures ; and it reigns paramount and lord of the ascendant over the sporting-grounds of country squires. It shines conspicuously in our pecuniary compensations for violated affections, and the action "*per quod servitium amisit.*" Is there the slightest grain of liberality in the insolence, coldness, and paltry suspicion with which a true John Bull treats all foreigners but such as come over to sing for his amusement ? or is the slavish sycophancy and lavish profusion he bestows upon a pretty *prima donna* one whit nearer to real generosity ? Is there a spark of liberality in the base envy and remorseless sarcasm with which a thorough-going, home-bred John Bull regards the rising prosperity of our brethren in the United States ? in the malignant laugh with which our theatres nightly echoed, during the run of Mathews's caricature of a genuine Kentucky-man ? I speak not of the war against the liberties of France, which was the immediate cause of the atrocities of the Revolution, nor of the ill-usage of Napoleon at St. Helena ; for these were more the work of a faction than of the nation at large, however much the credulity and the weakness of the people contributed to it. But the coolness and indifference with which Englishmen looked on at the treatment of Genoa, of Parga, and of the unhappy Sicilians who took parts in the constitution we forced upon their king, and the crawling adoration bestowed by a British public upon the Allied Sovereigns who visited London in 1815, are any thing but proofs of national liberality.—But I am again lapsing into gravity ; the line between the foolish and the depraved is so slight, and the connexion between them so intimate ! The multitudes of uneducated persons who flocked to the Continent after the Peace have betrayed our secret to foreigners ; and the nation has lost much of the high character it formerly held in Europe. The imputed generosity of the Englishman, which caused the simplest gentleman to be esteemed above the princes of other nations, has been effaced from the imagination of our neighbours by a petty higgling and chicanery in the settling of tradesmen's bills ; the fear of being cheated has made our travellers little better than cheats themselves ; and the ridicule they have thus brought on their country has gone far to abate the admiration which the valour, the resources, and the power of the nation had inspired by the successful termination of a war unparalleled in history.

Now do not, my very dear reader, get into a furious paroxysm of Bullism, and prove the extent of your own liberality by taxing the New Monthly Magazine with atheism, and jacobinism, and radicalism, and all possible isms (rheumatism included), for thus lifting a slight corner of the veil of nationality, which hides from your observation the little moles in your own eye (for beams are quite out of the question). The school-master, you know, is abroad, and if he sometimes creep into Ministerial journals and Tory reviews, how is he to be kept out of our pages ? All things taken into account, you are neither better nor worse than your neighbours. Man is frail ; and Englishmen, like others, must pay the penalty of their nature. It is not our fault if we are a nation of shop-

keepers, or if the aristocracy of wealth in the constitution, and the spirit of ascendancy in the religion bequeathed to us by generations less enlightened than our own, have done our natural disposition some mischief. God forbid that I should advise you to reform these particulars, or recommend you to practise the virtues you profess; all I ask is, that you do not render your peccadilloes too conspicuous by ill-timed boasting; and that when you are inclined to laud the liberality of your opinions, and the generosity of your dealings at home and abroad, you will pour out the overflowings of your heart to the family circle, or to some confidant more discreet than the reeds of Midas. M.

FAREWELL TO THE ALCAZAR.*

THE sun sinks low with golden gleam,
 Lances are round Comares' gate,
 O'er the Alcazar banners stream,
 The Moor must yield to Spain and fate!
 O Alcazar, black the day
 We leave thee for the victor's prey!
 Dark eyes are flowing!—they shall see
 Grenada's stately gates no more,
 Past Alpuxares must they flee,
 To Afric's sandy desert shore!
 Alcazar, nurse of Moorish fame,
 And must we leave thy towers in shame!
 Our native home! 'tis death to part;
 The Spaniard comes, 'tis death to stay,
 The blood is chill upon the heart,
 That grieves for glory pass'd away;
 Alcazar, palace of our race,
 Where shall be now our dwelling-place!
 Nurse of our kings, a last adieu!
 By the cold moon to-night we go,
 Weeping in vain, and vainly true:
 Stain'd by the vile, unturban'd foe,
 Thy towers no more our guiding star,
 We leave thee, wanderers wide and far!
 And when we cross the deep blue sea,
 Back gazing for thy walls in vain,
 Keen woe shall bathe our thoughts of thee,
 Pavilion of our lovely Spain!—
 Alcazar, mark our burning tears,
 They're treasured for long coming years.
 Long coming years!—and when gone past
 All but the memory of thy name—
 The Moor, still free, his glance shall cast
 Upon the record of thy fame,
 And see thy conquerors vile and base,
 The scoff e'en of their Christian race!

* The Alcazar was the palace of the Moorish kings of Grenada, and was surrendered to the Spaniards under Alphonso. The bitter grief with which the Moors parted from their capital, has been more than once made the subject of poetry. The history of the period abounds with touching anecdotes.

And he shall be avenged by time,
The Bourbon's and the priest's control,
While amid Afric's burning clime
The Moor lives master of his soul!
His fiery home unconquer'd still,
And lord of his unbounded will!
The sun is red in air above,
O'er an expiring empire's wail!
Adieu, thou palace of our love,
All save the memory of thy tale!
Alcazar! (day of misery,)
Eternally adieu to thee!

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. IV.

*The Story of the Beauty of Arles.**

HIS own servant and the old grenadier came immediately to his assistance, and disengaged him from the horse; but it seemed as if their aid had been too late. The stranger was wholly insensible. At first they thought him dead, and it was some minutes before the yet lingering animation again made itself visible; but as soon as the old grenadier saw it, he went into the apartment where Villars and his daughter were, and simply told them that a young gentleman had been thrown from his horse at the gate, and he believed he was dying.

Pity's purest dwelling is in a woman's breast. Without thinking, Julie started up, and in a moment had flown to the assistance of the stranger. Villars followed more slowly. It was a Roman duty to aid a fellow-citizen, and he proceeded to obey it.

Every man who has fallen off a horse, stunned himself, and broken his arm, must, or at least ought, to undergo the same treatment. Let us suppose then the duties of humanity paid; let us also imagine that the stranger, in some degree recovered from his fall, had told them that his name was Charles Durand, the only son of Villars' old friend and early companion—there was a softness even in the memory of those young days which melted, in a degree, the sternness of the old soldier. It was more so when he found that Durand, though in place and in power, and basking in the beams of courtly favour, had not forgotten him, and had directed his son, in passing by Arles, to inquire for his old companion—and offer him his services at court, the young man added, but his voice rather faltered as he said it. It might be that he knew the emptiness of such promises in general, or perhaps that he was too well acquainted with his father's character, or it might be that his hurt pained him at the moment; but, however it was, when he saw Julie standing by the couch on which he was stretched, and attending him with the kindness of a sister, he almost blessed the accident which had given him a title to her care.

I know not how it is, but amongst all the wild theories and dreams that have been formed about the human heart and its passions, none ever suited itself to my fancy so well as that,—it is an Eastern one, I believe,—which supposes the hearts of two persons destined to love each other, formed by the angel, whose task it is, out of the same clay; so

* Concluded from page 36.

that in whatever regions they may be placed, and in whatever different state of life, when they do meet, there is always a world of undefinable sympathies between them, and affections apart from all the rest of earth. Perhaps it is only a few, and those by especial favour, that the angel forms of these twin hearts; all the rest must wander about the world without any soft companionship of feeling. Be that as it may, from the very first moment that Charles Durand had met Julie Villars, new sensations had been born in his bosom. She was lovely, the loveliest perhaps he had ever seen, though he had been long accustomed to mingle with the bright and the fair; but in her there was the beauty of simplicity, the charm of native unaffected innocence, and that was what he had seldom met with at all, and certainly never before so rarely combined. There were many more——

But what is the use of searching any farther for that which made him love her from the first? Grant but the Eastern supposition to be true, that their hearts were formed of one clay, and the matter is settled at once. A little superstition, and a few good broad theories, save man a great deal of trouble and research, and perhaps lead him as right as any of the hundred roads which philosophers and moralists are always busy paving for him.

During his illness, which was severe from the accident he had met with, his attachment had time to become fixed, and he did not lose the opportunity of endeavouring to excite a return. In truth, it was not very difficult; Julie's heart was cast in Nature's gentlest mould, and this was the first time that any thing like affection had approached it. From her infancy she had formed for herself companionship from whatever was near her. She had watched each individual flower as it blossomed, till she loved it, and loved it only to mourn the fall of its fragile beauty. She had taught the birds to know her, and to sing their wild notes in her path without fear. But now it was something far, far beyond any thing she had ever felt or even dreamed of. What a new bright state of existence became hers, when Charles Durand's love first flashed upon her mind! She painted to herself all the charms of reciprocal attachment in its brightest state. She knew nothing of the world and its falsehood; she knew nothing of human nature and its weakness, and she fancied it all without a cloud. She invested every thing in the verdant colouring of her own heart, and lighted it up with the sunshine of her own mind; and it made a picture she could have gazed on for ever.

Before she was aware of his affection, she had looked forward to his recovery with mingled emotions. There was certainly a good deal of pleasure on his account in the speculation; but she did not like to think of his departure, which would be the natural consequence. Now that she knew herself loved, and that she could look upon her own attachment for him without fear or shame, she never dreamed that a separation was possible. She yielded her whole soul to the delight of the moment, and saw nothing before her but one bright, interminable track.

Durand's mind was not so much at ease. There were some blighting thoughts that would come and wither his opening happiness. He knew his father's ambitious nature, and feared to ask himself how it would brook his union with the simple girl of Arles. Brought up amidst scenes of profligacy and vice, though with a heart naturally good and pure, Charles might have formed some less honourable scheme for ob-

taining Julie; but there was a purity in her every thought that spread a holy light around her, and he felt that the very idea was profanation.

In youth, we seldom let foresight give us much annoyance; and Charles Durand's resource was not to think upon the subject at all. He loved Julie as deeply as man can love; the idea of losing her was insupportable; and while the hours slipped away in her society, he would not debase such unalloyed happiness by one sordid care for the future.

Whether he heeded not, or saw it not, or from his long seclusion from the world and natural slowness of affection, did not perceive its consequences, Armand Villars took no notice of the growing intimacy between his daughter and young Durand. Probably he never saw it; for continuing to live in the same retirement, he suffered the presence of Charles to make scarce any change in his conduct. He had merely accorded him a dwelling in his house because he considered it a duty; and once in the course of each day he paid him a calm, cold visit, inquired after his health, and recommended him to the care of his daughter, for, he said, "that was more a woman's task than a man's;" and the rest of the day he passed in utter solitude.

In the mean time, Durand's health rapidly improved, and he was soon enabled to accompany Julie in her rambles along the banks of the Rhone. Oh what a new world was now open to her! Nature had acquired a brighter hue, pleasure a richness it never owned before. All, all delight was doubled by having some one to participate. There was a new state of being sprung up for her—the existence of mutual affection, an existence totally apart from every thing else of earth.

A great change, too, had taken place in all the feelings of Charles Durand. As he wandered on with Julie, he wondered that the beauties of nature had never before struck him as they did now. He asked himself what madness could have taught him to enjoy the false brightness, the unmeaning whirl, the lying gaiety of such a place as Paris; and as he looked at the fair simple girl by his side, he learned heartily to despise the artificial beings with whom he had been accustomed to mingle.

One bright summer evening they passed by the spot where they had first met. The same colouring was on the trees, the same bright hues were glowing in the west, but every thing was richer and lovelier in their eyes. "Oh, Julie!" said Charles, "how I shall ever bless this spot! I remember standing by yon old triumphal arch on the hill, and looking over the wide scene of abundance displayed below. It was rich, it was beautiful; but as I descended into this valley, there was a sweet calmness, a lovely repose, which left the heart nothing to wish for, and far more than compensated for the expanse of the other landscape. Surely it was a type of what I was to feel after having seen you. Before, the gay world of the capital, and its wide, indistinct society, seemed to offer a life of delight not to be met with anywhere else. But now, to be with you thus constantly, and separated from all the world but you, is a happiness far beyond my brightest dreams. It has made me a miser, I would admit none to share it with me for worlds."

Julie answered nothing, but she looked up in Charles's face with a glance that he had no difficulty in translating. A moment after, the beam in her eye passed away, and was followed by a slight sigh.

Charles would needs have it translated too, and as he could not do it himself, he applied to its author. Julie said that she did not know she had sighed. Charles assured her that she certainly had.

"I was thinking at that moment," answered Julie, "that I ought, as soon as possible, to communicate this to my father. Perhaps it was that which made me sigh; for though I am sure he loves me, yet he is naturally so stern, that sometimes he frightens me."

A cloud came over Charles Durand's brow; for she forcibly recalled his thoughts to the point from which he had long essayed to banish them, and he begged that she would delay the communication she proposed, until he had time to write to his father, and ask his consent to their union. Julie looked down, and contending emotions called the blood into her cheek. There was something in the idea of the least concealment repugnant to the bright candour of her mind, and she told Charles that she was sure it never could be right.

Concealment! Charles assured her that he never proposed such a thing. No, let their affection be as open as day. If her father himself perceived it, it was at once avowed; but if he did not, it would be better to wait till his father authorized him to demand her hand. He added several reasons, to which Julie replied nothing. She was not used to contend with any one, much less with one she loved; but her heart was not at ease. It was the first cloud which had obscured the morning of her life, and it cast a deeper shadow than she had fancied any thing could throw over her mind. They walked up the hill to the ruined arch of triumph, and gazed for a moment on the plain below, but Julie's heart did not expand to the scene. They turned again, and wandered down to the brook, but the valley had lost a portion of its peace.

Charles expressed a wish to rest there ere they returned. Julie seated herself in silence where she had been placed when first they met; and Charles, placing himself by her side, tried to convince her that he was right, for he saw that she was not yet satisfied.

"I suppose," said she, turning to him with a smile, though it was rather a melancholy one—"I suppose I ought to be convinced, for I have nothing to say in reply. But, at all events, be it as you think fit. Of course, I shall say nothing to my father until you approve of it—I have never yet wanted confidence in any one."

If the last sentence implied any thing reproachful, Charles did not, or would not, perceive it. He took Julie's hand and pressed it to his lips, while the colour mounted more deeply in her cheek, and her dark eyes were bent down upon the ground. What she had said, however, was overheard by another, whose presence neither Julie nor Charles had observed. Her father, by some chance, had that night turned his steps in the same direction that they had, and he now stood before them. Charles was the first who raised his eyes, and they instantly encountered the fixed, stern glance of Villars. "Well, young man," said he, in a deep, bitter tone of voice, "you have rested with me long enough. You have accepted of my care, you have betrayed my hospitality, you have recovered from your illness, and now begone!"

Charles exculpated himself boldly, but to one that did not attend. He declared, again and again, that his every intention was most pure and honourable.

"Honourable!" repeated Villars with a scoff. "Whatever were your

intentions, he who could teach a child to deceive her father, is unworthy of my daughter. Begone, Sir! I hear no more—never let me see your face again! Come, weak girl," he added, turning to Julie, down whose cheeks the tears were rolling in silent bitterness; "wipe away those tears, and do not let me think you unworthy of your race!" And he led her back to the chateau, passing on straight to his own library.

Julie covered her face with her hands. The tears were still running down her cheeks, and though she knew her father's inflexible nature, there was a remonstrance struggling in her heart to which she would have fain given utterance, but the stern glance of Villars, which never left her for a moment, frightened her, and took away her words.

An instant after, the old servant came in and told him that M. Durand desired to see him. Julie clasped her hands, and extended them with an imploring look towards her father. "Silence, child!" cried he. "Julie, not a word!" and followed the servant from the room.

Whatever might have passed between him and Charles, when he returned, there was a deeper spot upon his brow, and his step had something of angry haste in it as he advanced to where his daughter sate. "Julie," said he, "on your duty to me as your father, I command you never to see that young man again!" Julie paused. "Do you hesitate, disobedient girl? Mark me, one moment more, and I cast you off for ever! Julie, you know me—I am not used to say what I do not perform. Promise me instantly never again willingly to see Charles Durand, or we are no longer father and child!"

It was a dreadful alternative, and Julie promised.

How blighting is the loss of what we love! Affection is as the sunshine of existence, and when it is gone, the rest is all darkness. The flowers of life, the beauties of being, are all obscured, and we wander blindly on through an unseen world, which might as well be a desert as a garden, in the deep shadow of that starless night.

It is not so much that which we have not, as that which we lose, that we sigh for. Had Julie never known the charm of mutual affection, all would still have been bright; but now, day after day went by, the blank of passing existence. At length the news reached her father that Charles had left Arles, and, sinking into his usual habits, he permitted Julie to pursue the rambles she had been accustomed to take. But nature to her had lost its loveliness. The flowers seemed withered, the song of the lark sounded harsh, and she wandered slowly on, occupied with sad thoughts. She raised her eyes to the arch of triumph on the hill above: there was a figure standing by it which passed quickly away, but it recalled to Julie the time she had first seen Charles Durand, and the hours they had spent there together; and placing the past happiness with the present sorrow, the contrast was too strong, and she wept bitterly.

Though she found no pleasure in the scenes that she had formerly loved, yet she had no inducement to return home; all there was cold, and she wandered on farther than had been her wont. She had proceeded nearly an hour, when she heard a quick step behind her. She knew not why, but it caused her an emotion of fear, and she hurried her pace. "Julie!" said a voice she could not mistake,—“dear Julie, it is I.” She turned, and Charles caught her in his arms, and pressed her fondly, but gently, to his bosom.

Julie said nothing, but hid her eyes upon his shoulder and wept ; but the dreadful promise she had made her father was to be told, and at length, summoning all her resolution, she did so.

Charles did not appear so much surprised as she expected. "Julie," said he, "after the promise you have made, if we part, we part for ever—let us never part!"

It was a scheme he had formed immediately on quitting her father's house, and he now displayed it to Julie in the brightest colours it would admit of. He had been wandering about the country ever since, he said ; his carriage had been always on the road prepared for a journey ; he had counted much upon his Julie's love ; he had procured a passport for Paris ; the moment they arrived she should give him her hand at the altar ; his father should use all means to soften hers, and there could be no doubt that Villars would soon relent. He pleaded with all the eloquence of love and hope ; even despair lent him arguments. He had strong allies, too, in Julie's own breast ; her love for him, her fear of her father, and the dreadful overwhelming thought, that, if she once parted from him, she should never see him again. A doubt of him never entered into her mind ; but there was something in the idea of accompanying him alone to Paris, which made the blood rush into her cheek. All the delicacy of a pure mind, and the fear of doing wrong, caused her to shrink from the very thought ; a thousand opposing feelings came one after another through her breast ; and gazing anxiously in the face of her lover, "Oh no, no, Charles," she replied, "do not ask me ;" and striving to call up all her sense of duty, she added more firmly, "Impossible!"

A deep, settled gloom, came over Charles's countenance—a calm, impressive look of despair. He took both Julie's hands in his, and pressed them twice to his lips. "Cruel girl!" he said in a low voice, which he strove to command to steadiness, "you love me less than I thought. Hear me," he said, seeing her about to speak ; "hear me to the end, for your reply will be my doom. I am not rash, but I can never live without you. My fate is on your lips : am I to live or die ? for, within an hour after you have quitted me, I shall have ceased to exist. Speak, Julie ! do you bid me die ? for that is the alternative." Julie gazed on him for a moment as if she scarcely comprehended the import of his words, and then again hid her eyes upon his shoulder and wept. "Speak, speak, Julie!" cried Charles.

"What would you have me say?" she asked ; "you force me to do what I think wrong. How can I refuse what you wish, when such is the alternative ? Oh, Charles, it is you that are cruel now."

Charles caught eagerly at the concession. He thanked her again and again, and he seemed so happy, that Julie could scarce repent that she had yielded. Yet still she would have lingered ; and as Charles led her gently on towards the spot where his carriage stood, he was obliged to display a thousand reasons to prove to her that she was doing right ; for at every step she hung back, and though she wished much to believe herself justified, yet still the tears trickled down her cheeks, and her eyes dared not rise from the ground. But hesitation was now too late, and in a few minutes she was on the way to Paris.

During their whole journey Charles's conduct was a course of quiet, respectful attention : he strove to soothe Julie's mind, he sought to

amuse it, but he never suffered any gaiety to jar with the sorrowful tone of her feelings. He seemed to feel as painfully as she did the want of her father's approbation, but he endeavoured to oppose to that the bright prospect of their future happiness. He spoke of quitting all the luxuries of Paris for the sole delight of her society; to let their lives glide away in some beautiful part of the country, love gilding with its sunshine even the winter of their days. In short, he called up all the dreams that man is wont to form in the brighter stage of his existence, when young imagination fashions out every distant object into some fair shape of its own; and so well did he image his wishes as hopes, and paint his hopes as certainties, that Julie suffered her mind to be carried a stage beyond reality, and forgot the un comforts of the present in the bright future which he depicted.

It was night when they arrived in Paris, and an undefinable feeling of terror and loneliness spread over Julie's mind as she felt herself a stranger amongst the multitude. Charles seemed intuitively to enter into her feelings, and gently pressed her hand to his lips, as if he wished to tell her that there was at least one heart that beat warmly with hers.

After passing through several long, dimly-lighted streets, the carriage stopped at the hotel to which it had been directed, and Charles applied himself to make all those arrangements for Julie's comfort which she was hardly able to do for herself. "And now, Julie," said he, "there remains but one thing more: I will instantly go to my father's hotel and bring you his consent to our union."

"Oh, Charles, wait a moment, do not leave me yet," cried Julie; "I can bear any thing but solitude."

Charles pressed her to his bosom, and sitting down beside her, gazed fondly over every lovely feature, as she sat with her eyes bent upon the ground. She saw that he waited merely to gratify her, and that his mind was fixed upon the interview with his father; and at length, conquering her feelings, she bade him go.

Charles promised that he would instantly return, and left her; but at the same time he ordered his servant to stay at the hotel. "Show Miss Villars," he said, "the same service as if she were *your* mistress, and my wife, which she will soon become."

As soon as Charles was gone, Julie burst into tears; she knew not why, but there was a deep depression of spirits hung over her which she could not dissipate, and she wept profusely. She had scarcely reasoned herself out of giving way to her grief, when Charles returned. "My father," said he, "is absent a few leagues from Paris, but he comes back to-morrow evening; so, dear Julie, my hopes must be delayed."

Charles saw that she had been weeping, but he took no notice, and applied himself during the evening to wean her thoughts from every subject of sorrow; and he succeeded, if not in entirely calming, at least in greatly soothing her mind. The journey had much fatigued her, and Charles left her at an early hour. "For your sake, Julie," he said, "I must not stay in the same hotel, but I will be with you early to-morrow."

It was Charles's task during the whole succeeding day to occupy Julie's thoughts by various subjects of interest, so as to prevent their

ever recurring to her own situation. He gave her mind no time to fall back upon itself, neither did he himself wish to think; the approaching interview with his father offered much that he dreaded, and he would not let his thoughts rest upon it.

At length, however, the evening came, and he again left Julie upon the same errand that he had done the night before. In going to his father's hotel, he walked with extraordinary rapidity, as if he were afraid that reflection should intrude upon him by the way; but on being informed that his father had returned some time, he paused to collect his thoughts, took two or three turns in the court, and then entered the room where his parent was.

Far different from the sprightly lad that long ago consorted with Armand Villars, old Durand, in passing through life, had lost many of the better qualities which had distinguished him in boyhood; circumstances had so often induced him to glide from one opinion to another, that he had but small pretensions to sincerity. Fortune had made him proud, and the lesser points of morality had gradually become effaced in mingling with corrupted society. He was still a man of courage, of wit, of talent; and, as he had never cried very loud for any particular party, his changes in political opinion had never been criticised very severely. He was also a man of pleasure, an epicurean, but one that forgot some of the best tenets of his sect. Every thing was to be sacrificed to pleasure except interest, and all was to yield to that. His affection for his son was strong, but there was much of it pride; and though on his return he received him kindly, it was more like the reception of an old companion than a son.

"Well, Charles," said he, after the first few minutes, "so your broken arm is whole again; and what has become of the beautiful little nurse you wrote to me about? You owe her a good deal, in truth."

"I owe her every thing, Sir," replied Charles; "and as to what is become of her, she is at this moment in Paris, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha! so that is the way you repay her," interrupted his father, laughing. "Charles, Charles, you are a sad libertine. But take care what you are about: you will certainly get your throat cut; that sulky old Roman, her father, will not take it quietly, depend upon it. I remember him when a boy: his anger was not easily moved, but when once excited, his vengeance was not like that of a child."

"I rather think, Sir, that you mistake me," replied Charles. "Julie is purity itself; I love her beyond every thing on earth; and I have now come to ask you to sanction my immediate union with her."

The astonishment, the anger, the scorn, which gradually gathered over old Durand's countenance while his son was speaking, is beyond expression. "Young man!" cried he, "are you mad? have you become a driveller and a fool?"

Charles had expected opposition, and now he used all the eloquence he possessed, all the entreaties most likely to move. He expressed himself firm in his resolution of marrying Julie, but declared that he never could be happy without his father's approbation. But it was in vain; his father listened to him for a moment, and then, without any answer whatever, but a look of mingled pity and contempt, left the room. Charles's heart burnt with indignation; and, darting from the house, he passed rapidly to the hotel. He did not, he would not think;

and he had entered the room where Julie sat, before the first irritation had passed from his mind. She was sitting directly opposite, and as he entered, she raised her eyes with such a look of glad expectation that it quite overwhelmed him; and, striking his hand against his forehead, he walked up and down the room for a moment without speaking.

"In the name of Heaven, Charles," exclaimed Julie, "what is the matter?"

Charles took her hand and led her back to the sofa from which she had risen. "Julie," said he, "my father is as cruel as yours. He refuses his consent to our union; but be assured——"

At that moment the deadly paleness, the wild despair of Julie's countenance, stopped him as he spoke. Charles had deceived himself, and still more deceived her, with respect to his father. She had never imagined the possibility of his refusing, and now it came like the stroke of death. All the horror, all the desolation of her situation flashed upon her mind. It stunned, it stupified her. Every sense, every thought, was overwhelmed in the wild tempest of her disappointed hopes, and she sat gazing in the face of her lover in dumb, inanimate despair.

Charles at first attempted to call her to herself, but in vain: she sat like marble. At length, starting up, "Julie," he cried, "I go again to my father, and be sure that I will bring you his consent, or I will die at his feet;" and he quitted the room.

But Julie heard him not; she sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed upon the door. Her senses were bewildered; a sudden panic seized her, she knew not of what; she started up, and as if she flew from something which pursued her, she ran down the stairs of the hotel into the street. She passed rapidly along the Rue Royale to the Place Louis Quinze. The cool air revived her, and thought began to return, when some one caught her by the arm with a grasp of iron. She turned and cast herself at his feet. "My father! oh Heaven, my father!" cried Julie. Villars answered nothing, but held her tight by the wrist, while he drew a poignard from his bosom. "Disgrace of your father's name," said he, at length; "if you have a prayer to offer to Heaven, offer it now, for the blood of Villars shall never flow in impure veins."

Julie strove to speak, but terror left her no voice. At length she cried, "Indeed, indeed, I am innocent."

"Art thou a liar, too?" cried Villars, casting his cloak over her head and raising his hand—"thus I wipe out your infamy!"

He plunged the dagger in her bosom—he raised it again—but no—he could not repeat it. There was a faint, smothered cry—a shudder like the flutter of a dying bird; and then—it lay a cold, inanimate weight upon his bosom. It was done. But then the implacable, unyielding spirit which had thus far sustained him, forsook him for a moment, and he stood stupified, without thought, without feeling, without remembrance.

"I have done my duty!" he cried at last; and, hurrying down to the banks of the river, descended to the very edge, and laid his lifeless burden in the water—gently, and cautiously, as if he were afraid of waking her. He gazed upon her—smote his hand upon his breast.

"I have done my duty," he said; "I have done my duty!" But hell was in his heart, and he fled.—

When the Union American merchantman was lost on her passage from Havre to Charleston, there was one man who refused to enter any of the boats. He had taken his passage at Havre the very day the ship sailed; and during the five days which elapsed between her leaving the port and her being wrecked, he was never heard to proffer a word to any one. He passed the days, and the greater part of the nights, in walking backwards and forwards with his eyes fixed upon the deck; and at that awful moment, when tempest and destruction surrounded them all, the deadly strife within his own bosom seemed to have rendered him insensible to the war of elements without. Some one kindly pressed him to enter one of the boats: "Leave me, leave me," said he in French, "my grave is made."

God knows whether it was he, but the passengers who escaped, represent him as of the same age and form as Armand Villars.

On entering the cemetery of Père la Chaise, proceed directly to the foot of the first hill, and turning into the alley to the left, you will find a plain obelisk of white marble, without epitaph or inscription, except the simple name "Julie!" It stands in a little garden of flowers, inclosed with a fence of iron; and I have myself seen a young officer, with more than one decoration on his breast, removing those that were withered, and binding fresh wreaths round its little boundary.

It never wanted flowers in any season, for he came every day to deck it himself, though the colour gradually forsook his cheek, and pale, corroding care was marked in every feature. One day he came no more, and shortly after he was laid in the earth beside her he loved. But before he died, he expressly forbade *his* name also, to be inscribed on the monument which he had raised to his lost Julie.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, NO. I.

DEAR D—. It is possible, certainly, that by writing a just and generous account of the Americans, I might help to correct the misrepresentations of national prejudice; but with every disposition to adopt your suggestion, I doubt if it be practicable. I mean, if materials exist from which a book, that ought to sell, might be made.

During my former visit to this continent, I collected remarks and observations with the most meritorious and mercenary avidity; but when I came to examine them soberly and at leisure, they appeared to be mere concretions of civilities. There have, no doubt, been authors, and right good ones too, who have so practised with booksellers, that they have together sent forth, both in quarto and octavo, works of much gravity, and rich with a marvellous semblance of facts, by which they have gained golden opinions for several consecutive months; but such speculations are not reputable when discovered.

Perhaps, by the help of old associations and frequent comparisons, I might have made a magazine article out of the incidents of the voyage; but even in that I must soon have found my pen at fault, for the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the pashawic of his Majesty's quarter-deck were so appeased by the discipline "grown to habitude" of Captain

L——, that the rude sea grows civil in my recollection of the ——, her quiet crew and gentlemanly officers.

Civility, however, is not a naval virtue. Some of the anecdotes told us of the overture to the late war would seem to imply that Uncle Sam* had really a little cause to complain; and I am rather inclined to think that John Bull, with all his well-known meekness and suavity, would have hesitated to hold up the other cheek to a repetition of the pranks which put his kinsman out of temper. .

For example, you will allow it admits of doubt, whether any coasting skipper, snugly in his berth, and his schooner at anchor, would think it very pleasant to be ordered on deck in linen, at the dead hour of a cold night, by a voice as hoarse as a hawser in a hawse-hole,—such as is much affected by naval officers, particularly by that important class the midshipmen,—and before he had time to ascertain if the sound was not that of his vessel rubbing on the ground, to hear his rigging riddled by a platoon of marine musketry. Nor was it calculated to obtain a good report among the Yankees, to drag their ships to leeward, bows under, because they could not answer signals with quite as much alacrity as a high-in-order man-of-war, although it might be done with the kind intention of teaching them to be more adroit. Moreover, it was not obviously very funny in a frigate honestly cruising for prizes, when she happened to find herself short of junk, politely to take a slowish American in tow, and having got her hawser aboard, to draw it in till there was no more to pay out, and then order her to cut and be damned.

The main cause of the late American war was, undoubtedly, in these sort of impertinences. There might have been motives of policy and maxims of state in the views which the Government of the United States took of the right of search, and the claim of impressment; but the popular hostility, which ultimately set the two nations by the ears, had, beyond question, its origin in the annoyance inflicted, in mirth or mischief, by some of our cruisers. The skipper of the schooner, in returning to his port, never, to a moral certainty, spoke in a jocular vein of the molestation he had met with; and it was natural that his sympathising auditors should agree with him that such insults ought to be resisted. Thus the war arose, less from political considerations, than from the indignation of the sailors, merchants, and ship-owners.

The distinction which I would here make is of more consequence than you may be inclined at first sight to allow, for we are not in the habit of regarding the American Government with sufficient reference to the great influence which public opinion has on its movements. With us, the Acts of the Executive, both as to peace and war, often precede any expression of popular feeling, so much, it may be said, is the Government independent of the people. But it is not so in the United States, where the frequency of the elections in every department of the public service, renders the Executive in a much greater degree subject to the popular will. The measures of the Government are, in consequence, more immediately those of the nation; and I suspect it is chiefly owing to the circumstance of not sufficiently consulting the spirit of the American people, that we stand remoter in their affections than we should otherwise do. If the forms of diplomacy would permit

* United States.

it, (and I can see no good reason why they should not,) the correspondence between the two Governments should be open and public; for that matter, it might be through the newspapers, with considerable advantage, I am persuaded, to our side, and without detriment to the Americans. With Republics, foreign nations should address themselves more to the citizens than to the rulers. Canning's celebrated letter on the colonial question was an admirable instance of the effect of this, and obtained for him on this side of the water a degree of popularity quite inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it; especially considering the subject, and that the author was decidedly hostile to the American pretension. But a truce with political disquisition.

My first visit to this city was under circumstances calculated to procure for me a satisfactory reception; but the nature of my business did not then allow me to partake of the ready hospitality with which I was received. I remained but one night, and set out for Albany in a steam-boat next morning.

I had heard of the splendour with which the steam-boats on the Hudson are fitted up, and of the liberality of their tables, but I found the descriptions were somewhat too highly coloured. The style of the cabins is rather gaudy—indeed, a predilection for show may be fairly said to be one of the faults of American taste. It is not, however, universal; I have met with pleasing exceptions, and instances where both ladies and mansions were elegant without finery. Still I believe that every judicious American, especially in the State of New York, will allow that simplicity and neatness are not the prevalent characteristics of the productions of the upholsterer or of the dress-maker—perhaps were the workmanship of the former, or the materials of the latter superior, the excess of ornament would be less obtrusive. As they are, the effect tends to lessen that respect for the good sense of the owners and wearers to which shrewdness and beauty are always entitled.

This is the land of abundance, and the steam-boat tables groan with innumerable masses of all sorts of food, closely thrust together, with more consideration for the distribution of variety than for the architectural effect. The same defect of sentiment characterises the cookery—it is still primitive. It presumes that every guest must be sincerely hungry, and that no appetite requires the coaxing of delicacy. “Sasses” long and short, sweet and sour, meaning thereby, vegetables, pickles, and preserves, abound; but no true “sauce” hath yet been admitted into the union of the federal banquet. A steam-boat dinner is, indeed, a feast of fat things. It must have been a Yankee of Scottish origin, revisiting some of his kin, that first sang—

“ This is no my ain house,
I ken by the bigging o't;
There's bread and cheese at my door cheeks
And pancakes the rigging o't.”

It has been remarked, that the abundance which prevails here of the necessities of life, has the effect of preventing the charitable feelings from being called into action to the same degree as in the old country. This notion is, I suspect, more plausible than just; abundance should tend to open the hand, as I believe it does—and I cannot think the pressure of charitable claims, amidst the privations which have led to

the establishment of poor-rates, has any tendency to open the heart. Certain it is, that no lack of kindly reciprocities is discoverable among the Americans; although, from their peculiar phlegmatic character they hear and see both joy and sorrow with comparatively little emotion.

I am not aware of having heard of their phlegmatic character before embarking in the steam-boat; at least it then surprised me. The drawling unaccentuated style of their conversation is not entirely confined to the lower orders; and I apprehend, though public speaking is necessary amongst them, and generally cultivated, they have as yet few orators. The most evident peculiarity, however, of the Yankees, is their phraseology. No caricature can convey a correct idea of the extravagance of term-metaphor in which a genuine Jonathan indulges. The fancies of Mathews have been ingeniously collected, but many of them fall far short of the flights which may be heard every day during a passage from New York to Albany.

By the way, we are much in the wrong in calling the inhabitants of the United States generally "Yankees," and in speaking of them collectively as Jonathan. The two terms are applied properly only to the New Englanders. Yankee is said to be an Indian corruption, or transmutation of English. "Uncle Sam," the national designation for the United States, is said to have originated with a drummer-boy, who being questioned by a British officer, as to the meaning of the initials U. S. on his drum, replied, "I guess they be Uncle Sam." The epithet is not bad, nor, considering the relationship among the states, inapplicable. It has come as yet but little into use on your side of the Atlantic.

The North River, as the Hudson is commonly called, presents in its course, several splendid views both of beautiful and sublime scenery. Soon after leaving New York for Albany, the land, on the left, rises into steep and lofty precipices overhanging the river, until the hills to which they belong terminate in the Katskyl Mountains. The shores on the right are also of an abrupt character, but their features are softer, and enlivened with innumerable bright and brilliant country-seats. The villages on the banks are also uncommonly gay and *riant*, partly owing to their white-painted houses, but perhaps as much to the absence of smoke. The river itself is magnificent, and the number of white-sailed schooners which you meet when the wind serves, so pleasantly harmonizes with the cheerfulness of the shores, as to banish from the mind of the stranger all those ideas of solitude and forest which we unconsciously associate with the name of America.

I am here speaking of the general character of the landscape, as it appears in the steam-boat season; but when I first ascended the Hudson, every thing was saddened with the sullen hues and melancholy of winter. The snow was still in the hollow of the rock, and the leaf within the bud, and the comfortless icrafts were so "thick coming," that it was deemed unsafe to proceed higher than Pookipsi, where we found carriages and stage-coaches waiting to convey us to Albany.

A.

LORD KING'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LOCKE.*

SIR PETER KING, who succeeded the corrupt and degraded Parker, and held the office of Chancellor from 1725 to 1733, was a son of a sister of Locke's, and in quality of executor came into possession of his uncle's correspondence and manuscripts. These treasures fell, along with the Chancellor's title and estate, in the course of descent, into the hands of his great-grandson, the present liberal-minded Lord King; who, apparently, was the first to disturb the repose in which they had slumbered, in the retreats of Oakham, for a hundred-and-twenty years. Upon a close examination, they were found, in addition to the originals of many of Locke's printed works, to consist of a very extensive correspondence with his friends, both at home and abroad; a journal kept during his travels in France and residences in Holland; and his common-place-books, filled with miscellaneous matters, scraps of extempore scribble, and morsels of finished performance. Furnishing, as these materials did, some confirmatory testimony relative to his personal history, and new emanations of his genius, they appeared, at least some of them, to possess sufficient interest to be given to the public; and out of them, accordingly, Lord King has constructed a new life, so arranged as to make Locke, for the most part, his own biographer. The only account we have of him, bearing any authority, is one written by Le Clerc, who for some years enjoyed, at Amsterdam, his personal acquaintance, and for many more his correspondence, chiefly on literary, but sometimes on confidential matters. This account, which was originally printed in Le Clerc's *Bibliothèque Choisie* (1716), and which, on the whole, on points of fact, there appears little reason to impeach, constitutes the basis of the present narrative. Considerable obscurity still hangs over much of Locke's history; but little as Lord King has been able to produce to clear up doubtful matters, that little is an acceptable service, and will be duly appreciated. He has made no attempt to analyse the writings of the "English Philosopher," or to define their specific merits, or compare them with those of their class which precede or follow. They are presumed by him, and with good reason, to be too well-known to require any such attempt; and the author's efforts have accordingly been limited to show the individual in his external relations—the general tenour of his life, and its main incidents—his literary and political career—his station, his connexions, his engagements—without some knowledge of which it is next to impossible to form a full or fair estimate of any man. To supply what may appear to some a deficiency, *selon les regles*, in the biography, is no part of our intention; but a slight sketch of the distinguished subject of the book may not be wholly unwelcome—a reminding sketch, that will cost the reader but a few glances, and may serve to correct some misconceptions.

Locke was born at Wrington, in Somersetshire, in 1632. Of his father and family nothing is known, beyond the bare facts of the former being a man of some property, and holding a commission in the Parliamentary forces. The estate, which apparently suffered from the times—it does not appear how—fell to his son, still yielding sufficient to furnish a competency for a man of simple habits and unambitious pursuits. He alludes in his letters, more than once, to his *tenants*, and, indeed, seems never to have been in any way straitened about money matters. He was educated at Westminster, and graduated at Christ-church, when Owen was Dean, and the tutor, in Antony Wood's prejudiced language, a *fanatic*. Though obtaining a studentship, he seems to have run his academical career with no particular distinction. According to Le Clerc, whose acquaintance with him, however, did not commence till Locke was near fifty, he chose his friends rather among the lively and agreeable than the learned of his time. The truth is, Locke's genius was never of the showy cast—it was not calculated for display; at no time could he have been so remarkable for acquiring other people's thoughts, as for developing

* The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-place Books. By Lord King.

and defining his own. His mind was manifestly of the contemplative class, and, what commonly goes with it, of the independent one, and never likely to run steadily in the *curriculum* of any particular beat. Had he lived in our days, he would never have been either "double-first" at Oxford, or "Senior Wrangler" at Cambridge; neither distinguished for skilfully manipulating modern analysis, nor dexterously patching ancient metres—the common results of laborious "cramming." "He was often," says Le Clerc, "accustomed to regret his education at Oxford." There is no crediting this story; he was always attached to Oxford—returned to it at every opportunity, and, till he was deprived of his studentship, near thirty years after, passed much of his time there. Lord King judiciously observes—"Le Clerc, probably, laid too much stress upon some accidental expressions, which applied rather to the plan and course of instruction, than any disadvantage to himself. He spoke of it, doubtless, according to his conceptions, in after-life, of possible improvement." "What," asks Lord King—"what could the false philosophy and vain discussions of the schools profit a man, distinguished, as Locke was, for love of truth, unshackled inquiry, &c.?" But how know we that such were his obvious characteristics *then*? The business of the schools, as then conducted, however objectionable or futile the *subject*, was calculated, far more than *now*, to rouse and draw forth the best energies of his mind—to give freedom and command of language—promptitude to his thoughts, and flexibility to his powers. It was a real conflict, a keen encounter of the wits. The very acuteness and dexterity which such exercises generated and demanded, qualified a powerful mind, like Locke's, to detect sophistry, even while he employed it; and he may very well have been indebted to what he thus gained for the facility and the subtlety which he afterwards employed in dissecting the most complicated subjects—in discriminating and exposing. Oxford, Lord King allows, had its advantages; but then he mars the concession, by limiting them to the "case, and leisure, and opportunity the residence gave for other studies, and the intercourse it afforded with persons from whose society and conversation the idea of his great work arose." "Locke," he adds, "was more indebted to himself, than his instructors." But this is no disparagement to Oxford, or any other place of education. It is universally true, that those who are apparently most capable of benefiting by instruction can best do without it, and are most usually restive, and reject it. But great as Locke undoubtedly was, he was not *early* great; nor will it be safe to judge of him at twenty, by what he proved to be at sixty. Though he *became* a master, he was once only a student; and though, finally, he digested meat, milk might once have been strong enough for him. But a fling at Oxford there is sometimes no resisting, let the stone be picked up from what quarter it may." After receiving his degrees at the usual period, Locke, it is more than probable, took up his residence permanently at Oxford—engaged, there can be no doubt, wherever he might be, in the cultivation of his powers, but not, it should seem, with any view to a particular profession. Medicine certainly formed a branch of his studies, to which he was led, says Le Clerc, "without any design of practising, but for the benefit of his own constitution, which was but weakly." This is probably a guess, and founded chiefly on the attention he was known to give to the subject. The Diary, Lord King informs us, presents frequent memoranda of curious cases; his friends also occasionally consulted him, and the number of medical books he had collected was very great. Sydenham's testimony is, perhaps, too much relied upon: in the dedication of his *History and Cure of Acute Diseases*, 1676, he mentions Locke's approbation of his book, and speaks of him, generally, as a man of eminent abilities and judgment, to whom, indeed, there were few superior. It is always necessary to reduce the language of panegyric, especially in matters of dedication, and still more in Latin ones. That he had not contemplated medicine as a profession, is, however, pretty clear, from the attempts which his friends appear to have frequently made to provide for him in other professions.

Wholly at Oxford, however, he could not have been, nor wholly absorbed

in books and abstract matters; for, in 1665, we find him engaged in a way that implied he had friends in power, and the reputation of a capacity for business. He accompanied Sir William Vane (the name is Swan in *Le Clerc*), as his secretary, on a special mission to the Court of Brandenburg. Three months seem to have been the extent of his absence; but in this interval he wrote several letters to his friends, now published, which exhibit Locke in a perfectly new light—that of an aspirant to wit and gaiety. One of these letters describes the politics of the Court; but the others are addressed to a more intimate acquaintance, and are filled with details of current events and daily sights. We present a specimen of very elaborate humour:—

“You must not expect any thing remarkable from me all the following week, for I have spent it in getting a pair of gloves, and think, too, I have had a quick dispatch. You will perhaps wonder at it, and think I talk like a traveller; but I will give you the particulars of the business. Three days were spent in finding out a glover; for though I can walk all the town over in less than an hour, yet their shops are so contrived as if they were designed to conceal, not expose their wares; and though you may think it strange, yet methinks it is very well done, and ’tis a becoming modesty to conceal that which they have reason enough to be ashamed of. But to proceed; the two next days were spent in drawing them on, the right-hand glove, (or, as they call them here, hand-shoe,) Thursday, and the left-hand, Friday, and I’ll promise you this was too good days’ work, and little enough to bring them to fit my hands, and to consent to be fellows, which, after all, they are so far from, that when they are on, I am always afraid my hands should go to cuffs, one with another, they so disagree. Saturday we concluded on the price, computed, and changed our money, for it requires a great deal of arithmetic, and a great deal of brass, to pay twenty-eight stivers and seven doits; but, God be thanked! they are all well-fitted with counters for reckoning; for their money is good for nothing else, and I am poor here with my pockets full of it. I wondered at first why the market-people brought their wares in little carts, drawn by one horse, till I found it necessary to carry home the price of them; for a horse-load of turnips would be two horse-load of money. A pair of shoes cannot be got under half a year. I lately saw the cow killed out of whose hide I hope to have my next pair. The first thing after they are married here is to bespeak the child’s coat; and truly the bridegroom must be a bungler that gets not the child before the mantle be made, for it is easier here to have a man made than a suit, &c.”

Satis superque. On his return from this short mission, an offer was made to him of accompanying the ambassador to Spain, in the same capacity; which fair offer, as he calls it, did not prevail with him,—whether fate or fondness kept him at home he knows not, or whether he has let slip the minute they say every man has once in his life to make himself,—but he never troubles himself for the loss of what he never had, &c. Fortune, however, notwithstanding this perhaps critical rejection, favoured him with a second opportunity of recovering her good graces, which he again declined. The same year, too, an offer was made him, through a friend in Dublin, of considerable preferment in the Church, from the patronage of the Duke of Ormond. This, too, was declined, partly because he had not thought of the Church as a profession, and was unwilling to undertake any thing in which he might not acquit himself worthily; but chiefly, it should seem, because, as he says, if he should prove a bungler, there was no retreat. He was not willing to put himself into a calling that would not leave him. “Were it a profession,” says he, “from whence there was any return, and that amongst all the occurrences of life may be very convenient, you would find me with as great a forwardness to embrace your proposals as I now acknowledge them with gratitude. The same considerations have made me a long time reject very advantageous offers of several very considerable friends in England.”

And well would it be if this consideration deterred others. The unreturnableness, to which Locke alludes, has been the ruin and misery of numbers. Hundreds of young men go into the Church with the hopes, founded or unfounded, of preferment, and find themselves, in a few years, left without the slightest chance of realizing them. What are they to do? Some quietly resign themselves to starvation and contempt in a curacy, whilst others

have too much energy not to struggle for life and even distinction, but find themselves cribbed and cabined within a wall of brass. Nothing, it will be said, but Parliament and the Courts are closed against the clergy. And why should *these* be closed? But the fact is—every thing, save teaching and scribbling, is equally closed, because existing prejudices make it disreputable for a clergyman to quit his profession, and these undoubtedly have been aided, if not originated, by exclusions sanctioned by law. The indelible engagement of the clergy was once a privilege—a holy distinction; it is no longer so, nor is it the first instance where privilege has become a burden, and laws have forgotten to change with circumstances. Relief is demandable upon the strong grounds of immutable justice—the right which every man has, on the principles of enlightened and civilized society, to move, as he pleases, where, when, and how, unchecked by obstructions, that are nothing more than a nuisance.

The year in which Locke thus wisely refused to shackle himself in a profession which would yoke him for life, brought him into contact with Lord Shaftesbury, which must be considered as the deciding incident of his life. Shaftesbury was suffering from disease, and recommended to go to Oxford to drink the waters of Astrop. Dr. Thomas, a friend of Locke's, had engaged to procure these waters in bottles against his lordship's arrival, but being himself physician to the fleet, and obliged suddenly to embark, he wrote to Locke to supply his place. This introduction led to an acquaintance, which ended in close and confidential intercourse. Shaftesbury was delighted with him, and pressed him to visit him; at his house Locke had the invaluable privilege of encountering all the more influential persons of the day, in politics and literature.

A year or two, however, after the commencement of his acquaintance with Shaftesbury, he appears to have accompanied the Earl and Countess of Northumberland into France—in what capacity must be guessed at; it might be as secretary to the Earl, or, it is possible enough, as a sort of medical attendant on the Countess. Lord King does not even mention the fact—not finding, it may be, any confirmation or allusion among Locke's papers. The Earl, it appears, died on his way to Rome, and the Countess, with whom Mr. Locke was left, returned to England, apparently the same year.

His intercourse with Shaftesbury was again, it appears, renewed. His home was with that distinguished person, but he went occasionally to Oxford, partly, it should seem, to superintend the education of Shaftesbury's son, then about sixteen or seventeen. And here a droll story is told—not by Lord King, who takes no notice of it, probably from a feeling of its radical absurdity, but by Le Clerc. The young lord, it seems, was of a very weakly constitution, but, notwithstanding, his father, anxious for the perpetuation of his family, proposed to have him married forthwith; and having the highest opinion of Mr. Locke's judgment and integrity, commissioned him to make a suitable choice—the young man being too young and inexperienced, and himself, it must be supposed, too busy. The task was not, it seems, a very easy one, for though Lord Shaftesbury did not insist upon fortune—family, temper, beauty, particularly vigorous beauty, education, understanding, and conduct different from the generality of court ladies, were indispensable. Such, however, was Mr. Locke's good tact or good luck, he succeeded admirably in the *main* point at least, for the match produced seven children, all remarkably healthy, though the father was of so weakly a constitution. The eldest son of this union of Locke's arrangement, born in 1670, was the well-known author of the *Characteristics*, and committed, as has been supposed, to the care and instruction of Mr. Locke. This, however, cannot have been the case to any great extent, for, of the usual years of education, Locke was in England, and in connexion with the family only when the boy was between nine and twelve. Lord King says nothing about the matter.

The year 1670 was certainly the year the "Essay" was first sketched. A copy exists, dated 1671—not in the state, of course, in which it was published, for its publication did not take place till 1689, when it had been matured by

the farther meditation of eighteen years. In 1672, Shaftesbury was made Chancellor, and immediately appointed Locke Secretary for the presentation of benefices, and also to some place in the "Council of Trade," both which offices, however, he lost the following year, when Shaftesbury quarrelled with the Court, and headed the country party. Locke's papers furnish many circumstances relative to Shaftesbury, of more or less interest. In the memorable speech which he delivered, officially, after the king's, in which, with reference to the Dutch, he uttered his famous *delenda est Carthago*, Locke stood near him with a copy of his speech, that he might be ready to assist his memory, in case he should require it, in the painful task of delivering a speech containing opinions so contrary to his own. This is very gently put by Lord King. It would be difficult, probably, to ascertain what Lord Shaftesbury's real sentiments were at any given period.

A letter of his to Locke is occupied in exculpating himself from the charge of originating the unprincipled measure, called "shutting up the Exchequer." Hume represents the first hint as coming from Shaftesbury, and Clifford as immediately seizing the idea, carrying it to the King, and being rewarded with the Treasurer's staff. Hume's account of the matter, wherever he got it, is very little worth attending to; for without some previous knowledge of the matter, the measure itself, and the advantage proposed, are quite unintelligible. At the first glance, the Government seem to have shut the Exchequer against themselves rather than the bankers. Bankers were in the habit of bringing their deposits to the Exchequer, and receiving security on the taxes in bills, by which they made considerable gains; allowing their customers little or nothing, and receiving from the Government eight or ten per cent. "Shutting up the Exchequer," then, was a refusal to pay these bills; and the immediate advantage, the application of the sums due upon the bills to the purposes of the Court. Of this measure, says Lord King, Clifford is now *known* to have been the author and adviser; but, as it has often been attributed to Shaftesbury, it is due to him to give his own refutation of that charge. The letter itself (addressed to Locke) is curious and characteristic of the writer, but too long for us to quote. His denial, if denial it can be called, rests on its being the act, not of any one individual, but of the council—and as to the original adviser, it is, he says, in no one's power to discover, for the advice must have been given privately to the King, and he of course will not betray the author, because he himself continued the stop by a new great seal every year. The whole letter, in short, is of the equivocating cast, and seems calculated rather to furnish Locke with hints to mislead others, than to give any frank account of the matter. At the conclusion of this letter appears an instance of Shaftesbury's care for Locke's fortunes. "Pray let me see you speedily," says he, "and I shall be ready to accommodate you in your annuity, at seven years' purchase, if you get not elsewhere a better bargain; for I would leave you free from care, and think of living long and at ease."

In Shaftesbury's vigorous opposition to the Court, how far Locke concurred, or assisted, cannot now be known; but in 1675, after he and his coadjutors had baffled the Court, by defeating the celebrated bill, entitled "An Act to prevent the dangers which may arise from persons disaffected to the Government," Locke drew up, at his request, and under his direction, an account of the proceedings, and of the steps which led to the introduction of the bill. This was published as a "Letter from a person of quality to his friend in the country, giving an account of the debates," &c. According to Antony Collins, the reader will find a great many strokes which could proceed from nobody but my Lord Shaftesbury himself, and amongst others, the characters and eulogiums of such lords as had signalized themselves in the cause of public liberty. The letter, whether Locke's or Shaftesbury's, in the following session was ordered by the peers to be burnt by the common hangman—the sparks of which, observed Marvel, will eternally fly up in their faces. Whether Locke or Shaftesbury was the author, it was probably thought safest for Locke to quit the kingdom; and accordingly, at the end of the

year, under the pretence of health, though indeed his health seems never to have been good, he went to reside on the Continent. Nor did he return to England till 1679.

During this four years' absence, Locke kept regularly a journal, into which he threw not merely the occurrences of the day, but his thoughts on a variety of subjects, from which Lord King has selected divers matters, occupying a hundred pages. The most conspicuous article is a paper of some length on Study, showing what, in his opinion, is to be avoided and what to be pursued; full of the author's known good sense, and in perfect accordance with his "Conduct of the Understanding," written some years after.

Locke's return to England took place precisely at the time when Shaftesbury and others of the country party, on the advice of Temple, had been taken again into office; but whether with the expectation of employment is not certain. The probability of course is that it was, and at all events his patron was now in a situation to protect him. Lord King supposes he must have prolonged his residence at Paris to avoid witnessing the folly and fury of his friends on the subject of the Popish plot, and quotes some remarks from the Journal against intemperance in opinions, in proof that the writer could not have partaken of the popular frenzy, which had so long prevailed in England, and had not as yet entirely subsided. Shaftesbury was, however, soon out of office again, and Locke appears to have spent his time in the West on his estate, or at Oxford, till 1683, when he found it expedient again to withdraw, and take refuge in Holland. Shaftesbury had died a few months before in Holland; but Locke was regarded as one who had been a partizan and confidant of his, and was, of course, obnoxious to the Court-party, who now carried all their own way.

He was now, at least, thought of importance enough to be oppressed; and accordingly he was deprived of his studentship at Christ Church, by an order from the King, in his capacity of Visitor. According to the present exercise of the King's visitorial power, the act was a stretch of authority, the King now exercising his rights through the Chancellor; but in Charles's days the limits of authority were not thus nicely defined, and there was nothing extraordinary in the exertion but the malice of it. Lord King details the particulars, and adds Sunderland's letter, and Fell's (the Dean of Christ Church) reply. The case has excited some little interest lately, by Lord Grenville's discussion of the subject, the object of which appears to have been to exculpate the *University*. Lord King with difficulty acquiesces in this view of the matter. "If," says he, "we acquit the University of any direct share in the transaction, we may not unfairly conclude, from the spirit and temper which then prevailed at Oxford, that the University was *accessory* to that disgraceful deed." There is no understanding this. The case is plain enough—the Government desire to punish Locke by taking his studentship from him. The minister writes to Fell, to be informed as to the necessary steps in the process; and Fell, eager to accommodate the Court, and show his own alacrity, tells him he has long had his eye upon Locke as a factious person, and a friend of Shaftesbury's, and has already ordered him into residence. If he refuses, he will deprive him at once; and if he complies, the Court will thus have an opportunity of bringing against him what charge they please: but if this course is not speedy or effectual enough, his Majesty, as visitor, may command his deprivation without farther ceremony. His Majesty, accordingly, does command, and Fell executes. There is an end of the matter, and, for any thing that can now be known, or for any thing that is probable, all the *University* had to do with it.

Not content with this impotent attempt to *disgrace* Locke, the Government, under James, continued to persecute him, and directed the Ambassador at the Hague to demand him, among many others, of the States, describing him as Secretary to the late Earl of Shaftesbury. Concealment became necessary, or at least, for appearance's sake, he was obliged at Amsterdam to live a very retired and secluded life, but still enabled to keep up an intercourse with Limborch, Le Clerc, Guenelon, and others of the same stamp, with whom he

formed weekly meetings for colloquial discussion. It was here, and under these circumstances—a persecution at once political and religious—that he wrote his first letter on Toleration. The subject, even in the views he then took of it, had engaged his less exasperated—less personal attention some years before; for an article of considerable length, but incomplete, is found in his common-place books, dated 1667. The letter itself was published in Latin, and was of course only known among scholars, till an English translation appeared after the Revolution, when it excited extraordinary sensation. Lord King speaks of it as the most useful, because the most *practical*, of all his works; and practical, indeed, it must have seemed, to both friends and foes, with a vengeance. Few of his writings have stirred up more bile and venom: with respect to some of them, opposition sprang often from haste and misapprehension; but with the work on Toleration, there could be no *mistake*. The palpable tendency and purpose of the work, the whole spirit and form of it—though this be not the avowed object of it—is the separation, the breaking up of the union of Church with State. The object, as might be presumed from the title, was not to teach the *Government* what opinions are entitled to be tolerated—not what it shall select for patronage, with a bare permission for dissentients to breathe; but to teach the *people*, that a just Government should tolerate all—that no opinions should be exclusively favoured—none be branded—none be interfered with, but such as thwart the necessary purposes of civil security. A government has nothing to do with the individual's soul, whether with views of affection or of severity; the moment it attempts to control or guide any man's sentiments on these momentous matters, it outsteps the limits of civil, which is synonymous with just and legitimate authority. It is a matter not to be consigned into the hands of Government—no power over it, little or great, should be allowed—no palliations be suffered; for if an inch *be* granted, an ell will soon be seized. No clergy in the world were ever content with teaching; they long for power to enforce their doctrines, and struggle for the attainment—without it, teaching seems child's play. The people, on the other hand, look for nothing—wish for nothing but to be taught, and regard whatever goes beyond this point, justly, as so much usurpation. Who can wonder at any thing so natural? The clergy, invested with authority by Government, which in return they support, naturally seek to maintain their rights—and who can blame them? The people, as naturally, once enlightened on the subject of power, not only resist encroachment, but seek to shake off wholly a control, at once so superfluous, and so apt to be galling,—and who but the clergy will blame *them*? The final result, sooner or later, is obvious, and apparently irresistible; the political distinction of clergy and laity fades away; the people wish for instruction, and will have nothing more, and the clergy must keep within the limits of instruction. Ecclesiastical matters are rapidly hastening to the condition they already hold, and happily hold, in America. Church and State must separate—the State confine itself to its political functions, and the clergy, no longer the Church, be content with spiritual and personal influence. Locke, though he does not speak out—does not, that is, in the same words, say what we have said—means as much, or he means nothing at all. That he and his works should be no favourites with the clergy, is no wonder; his doctrines are levelling ones, and what can be more revolting to exclusionists—to Church dignitaries? Yet, to depreciate such a man, so extolled, so respected, is too invidious to be persevered in; and the better policy has seemed to be, to say as little about him as possible. The effect of this policy is, that few, except inquiring people, know any thing of this work on Toleration but the name, and, luckily, *that* misleads; for till the book be read, nobody would suspect the point discussed and advocated is—the suppression of State Religions, and the equal protection of all.

The name of Locke, as an effective agent in bringing about the Revolution, nowhere appears; yet it may well be believed he was not inactive. He was, in fact, an exile, and must have wished for a change that would enable him to return home, and sanction the frank avowal of his opinions. Ac-

cordingly, we find him actually on board the fleet that brought William to our shores; and immediately, and for a time incessantly, employed with his pen in promoting the principles of the new Government. More active employment his health compelled him to decline, though an embassy was pressed upon him to any Court in Europe. Before the close of the following year, appeared his "Treatises on Civil Government," the object of which is well known; and about the same time a second letter on Toleration. Though falling far short of his views, he was, moreover, *consulted* on the Toleration Act.

Finding himself at full liberty, he had, soon after his return, published also his long meditated, and in part, long-written, "Essay on the Human Understanding." Of the principles or the execution of this *then* important work, it is not our bent to speak at any length; the character, if not the contents of the book, are well known, and any attempt to analyse or estimate it could not be brought within our limits. It met with much vehement and ignorant opposition—attacked, indeed, by friends and foes. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, was the most furious, and perhaps among the most impotent. In two long replies, almost as bulky as the original work, he gave him a signal, and in most parts a satisfactory defeat; though we have no notion Locke is fairly chargeable with the good Bishop's death. In a letter published by Lord King, Locke observes to his friend: "The Bishop is to prove, that my book has something in it that is inconsistent with the doctrine of the Trinity; and all that upon examination he does, is to ask me whether I believe the doctrine of the Trinity as it has been received in the Christian Church—a worthy proof!" Young Ashley, Shaftesbury's grandson, quibbled through a long letter or two; and friend upon friend *solicited* explanations—apparently much to his annoyance. The point upon which he was most assailable, was the basis of morality. His principle was, every thing which is not forbidden by Divine authority is indifferent. Then before revelation, it was said, there could be no morality. "Nay," replied Locke, "I say not that; we had and have within us the law of nature, itself divine, from the beginning—the conscience; and whatever offends against this Divine authority, is as much an offence against morality, as what is scripturally forbidden." This was obviously susceptible of a reply. For if this law was divine—if it constituted a part of our common nature, it must be universal; and then how do you account for diversities in the estimate of good and bad, in different countries, and in different stages of civilization? On this point no satisfaction was practicable on his principle. The truth is, Locke placed the cart before the horse. The reason controls the conscience, not the conscience the reason; at least, no longer than while the reason stands still. The conscience yields and obeys, in proportion as reason progresses and enlightens. Though there be great variety in moral matters, there is still in many and many points and respects a general uniformity; so much so as to lead numbers prematurely to speak of morality as a fixed thing; and no doubt it is a *fixable* one; but the understanding has not yet reached it—the progress of civilization has not yet come up with it, though it approximates nearer and nearer with every step of improved intelligence. The pleasurable and the painful is, at first, moral good and evil. This soon gets modified—the distant pleasure displaces in this respect the present one—the ultimate and permanent supersedes the transient and immediate; then, by degrees, comes what appears most pleasant, upon the whole, and that first to the individual, then to his connections—then to the community—and finally, good in the long-run over all the world, here and hereafter, is the sole and sacred standard. This requires calculation, and the powers of this moral arithmetic are exercised more or less by every one; but the conclusions of those of the largest experience and the widest reach constitute the current standard, till a larger experience and a wider reach make a nearer approach to the final and fixable one. Morality is something intelligible—something in its nature independent of religion—of revealed religion, we mean; and what is this? Locke's only answer is, "Whatever is commanded is moral, and every

thing else is indifferent." This is true in one sense—in a philosophical sense; but nature must be exhausted before we can prove it. Our reason, our conviction—call it what you will—depends upon *experience*; the conscience plays the part first of registrar and then of monitor; she records our convictions, and then reminds us of our own acts. New convictions, in like manner, she records, and effaces the old. She is all the while alive and vigilant—a ready scribe, a devoted friend, a prompt suggester, but one that servilely, though sometimes delusively, yields to persuasion. If this be not so, how come we to think one thing right in our childhood, and another in our manhood; how come we to sacrifice one set of opinions to another, and another, and still think the last right, and feel the satisfaction that springs from a sense of rectitude? Locke's doctrine on the innate, and the conscience, match with each other sadly, and like his own gloves, are ready to come to cuffs.

Among the more remarkable relics of Locke's papers now published, are some observations, clause by clause, upon the bill for continuing the censorship. This Act was originally passed in 1662 for seven years, but continued by successive re-enactments—a practice often followed in our own days—till 1694, when such was the tempest of opposition it met with, it was finally swept away, and heard of no more. We have no space to record on our own pages his opinions on this measure, but they will be read with an interest proportioned to their importance; especially at a time when the growing profligacy of the press is but too readily furnishing a pretence to its enemies for contemplating some rude restraint.

Somers, an old friend of Locke's, was now Keeper, and on his suggestion, apparently, Locke's opinion was taken on the subject of the currency, then in a deplorable state. This led to two considerable productions, in one of which he reprobated sharply the proposal to reduce the standard, "as the means of confounding the property of the subject, and disturbing affairs to no purpose." On Somers' recommendation, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Board or Council of Trade, with a salary of 1000*l.* a year; but his health (he was afflicted with an asthma) made a residence in London impracticable, and he was too honourable a man to hold an office, the duties of which he could not fulfil. He resigned the following year, and without a retiring pension. He was now more than sixty-five, and required all his care to keep himself in a state of tolerable existence. For some years he had resided at Oates, near Ongar, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis and Lady Masham; and with that family he continued for the rest of his life, soothed and gratified by the kindness of a fond and admiring affection. These last years of his retirement were not, however, spent in idleness; he had recently published his "*Reasonableness of Christianity*," and was now engaged in defending it; and in an elaborate commentary on some of St. Paul's Epistles, which he left complete, though unpublished, at his death, which occurred in 1704.

One final glance at Locke.—He was never married; was never distracted by family matters; he had always adequate supplies for carrying on the war of life; was of too feeble a frame for robust exercise, or perilous pursuits, or excess of any kind; he was of an active temperament notwithstanding, and all his energies, unpreoccupied by other matters, were thus spent upon intellectual culture. Born, too, of a family which had risked and suffered for liberty; he was bred among liberal sentiments, and fed on them from his childhood; resistance to authority was with him no startling novelty. Independent thinking never had to conflict with obstinate prejudices in his own bosom, and he fearlessly exercised it on subjects the most important among the concerns of life—in defence of freedom of thought, of religion, and of civil and political rights. The great and surpassing merit of the man, as an object of admiration and of emulation in *our* times, is, that he taught the world to distrust authority—to think for themselves—to search and sift for themselves, and rely upon their own common sense and personal experience.

To recur for a moment to Lord King's very acceptable volume—he ob-

serves, in his preface, "Of the letters from different correspondents found among Locke's papers, the whole of those from Newton, and the greater part of those from Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Peterborough, are now printed. Of the remainder, nearly one hundred are from Limborch; perhaps double that number from M. Toinard, containing the scientific news from Paris from 1679 for several years following; many from Le Clerc; from Guenelon, of Amsterdam; from Lord Ashley, third Earl of Shaftesbury; from Mr. Tyrrel and Dr. Thomas, Mr. Clark of Chipstead, to whom the 'Thoughts on Education' were addressed; and from A. Collins, &c. &c. amounting altogether to some thousands in number. The desire of keeping this publication within reasonable bounds, has prevented the publication of more than a very few of these letters."

"TRAVELLERS' TALES."

"I hope here be truths."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE love of the marvellous has pervaded all nations and ages; has supplied its most powerful auxiliary to superstition, and polluted the pure fountain of truth. There is in the human mind some mute but active principle, which pushes its inquiries beyond the narrow limits of reason; which loves to grapple with mystery, and revel in all the fanciful creations of a wayward thought. Hence sprang the lying oracles of the heathen world. Hence, the belief in ghostly appearances has been supplied with its most efficient champion; and sorcery and astrology, with their most fiery zealots. None propagate errors so strenuously as those who have been the victims of error: none believe so heartily, as they whose credulity has been matured by interest. So circumstanced are all the ministers of supposititious creeds. Deceived themselves, they have often a malicious pleasure in deceiving others; and finding advantage in falsehood, they adopt it without investigation, and with unscrupulous ardour. If the truth be too dazzling for their willing cecity, they are protected by remembering all the gain of falsehood; and in time, are able to digest without difficulty, what, at first, they found too monstrous to swallow. Memories are treacherous; and that which has imbibed the tarnish of age, becomes hallowed for its antiquity, and venerated as an early friend. It impresses itself, magnified and sublimed by distance, upon the understanding; and there remains with unshaken firmness and unquestioned plausibility. As Richard shrewdly hints to Matthew, in the "Alma" of Prior,

"Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure;
'Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget:
And pleased to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
'The happy whimsey you pursue,
'Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert."

The belief in sorcery and in spiritual appearances was once as undisputed as the being of a God; and British Judges were among the last to be convinced of their non-entity. Ignorance and imagination combined, will always, in a greater or a less degree, arouse the principles of superstition; and led by habit, and an internal, unrepres-
sible appre-

hension, even they whose reason laughs at supernatural influence, will sometimes be overpowered by an instinctive shudder, and unacknowledged prejudice. Perhaps the belief in spirits will never be extinct; and dreams will still hold a mighty sway on certain minds, and under the effect of certain feelings. But sorcery was for the ignorance and imagination of remoter times. It was enforced by the reasonings of fancy, and pressed with immoderate power, by that secret source of credulity which revels at pleasure in the airy regions of its own morbid creation.

In confirmation of witches and diabolical contracts, writes a Member of the Royal Society to the much honoured Robert Hunt, Esq. "we have the attestation of thousands of eye and ear-witnesses, and those not of the easily deceivable vulgar only, but of wise and grave discerners, and that, when no interest could oblige them to agree together in a common lie."* The Member of the Royal Society argues that if the belief of witches be absurd, it is equally absurd to believe that there are spirits. If there be no spirits, then there is no soul; and if no soul, then no God. This is a style of ratiocination well suited to a lover of the marvellous! Secondly, he says, that judging by the analogy of nature, as every part of the earth is inhabited, it is weakness to think that the vast spaces above, and the hollows below the ground, are not also inhabited by beings proper to such habitations. That the more absurd and unaccountable relations seem, the more likely they are to be true. "For the contrivers of fictions use to form them as near as they can conformably to the most unsuspected realities, endeavouring to make them look as like truth as it is possible in the main supposals, though, withal, they make them strange in circumstance. None but a fool or a madman would relate, with a purpose of having it believed, that he saw in Ireland men with hoofs on their heads, and eyes in their posteriors; or, if any should be so ridiculously vain as to be serious in such incredible romances, it cannot be supposed that all travellers that come into those parts after him, should tell the same story."† We shall show presently what it is that *travellers* can do: what gentle readers can credit, and what succeeding travellers can confirm. Our philosophical inquirer goes on to observe, that there is no difficulty in believing that spirits may transport the witch through the air to the place of general rendezvous. For the soul leaving its gross and sluggish body behind, (an article of belief, he assures us, among all true philosophers,) may be clothed only with its immediate vehicle of air, or by more subtle matter; and thus may be conducted where it would. Nor is it the actual separation of the soul from the body which constitutes death; but the indisposition and unfitness of the body for vital union. So that the anointing of witches preparatory to their flight, may perhaps serve to keep the body tenantable, and in proper disposition to receive the spirit at its return. And the Apostle's expression "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell," proves, as he surmises, that the soul may for a time be absent from the body without occasioning death.‡ Then, the transformation of witches is conceivable; be-

* "A philosophical endeavour towards the defence of the being of Witches and Apparitions," p. 10, 1666.

† Ibid. p. 10, 11.

‡ We subjoin Hammond's commentary on this passage, which for us is quite

cause it is possible that imagination may more easily form those passive and pliable vehicles of air into such shapes, than that the fancy of the mother can form the foetus into those monstrous births and singularities which are often thus produced.* And for raising storms and tempests, they do it not by their own power, but by that of the Prince of Air. Lastly, that they are *sucked by a familiar*, is not improbable. For the familiar not only sucks the witch, but in the action infuses some poisonous ferment into her, that gives the imagination and spirits a magical tincture.

Spirits, he continues, are embodied. For all sense is caused and excited by motion made in matter. And when those motions which convey sensible impressions to the brain are intercepted, sense is destroyed. Therefore, if spirits be disjoined from matter, it is inconceivable how they can have the sense of any thing: how they can perceive material objects without vital union with matter. In nature, there is a gradual scale of beings and things: if, then, there were no order of existence between the gross earthly bodies of men, and the pure ethereal and un bodied spirit, there would be a solecism in nature. Therefore, spirits are embodied. And this accounts for their rare appearance on earth; since the frame and temper of their senses and bodies must be unsuited to a constant or frequent intercourse.

The ingenuity with which the ideas of childhood are sometimes defended in maturer years, proves the depth at which they are rooted, and the reluctance with which long accustomed prejudices are resigned. It is in the nursery that such weaknesses are commonly acquired; and imagination once aroused, eagerly demands its own peculiar aliment. Saturated at length with nursery lore, it seeks for subsistence amongst the more sublime, but not less crude conceptions of invisible worlds. When the mind has become riveted on such objects, it is only a slight effort to open a communication with them; to create aerial forms, and to endue the terra incognita of fancy with all the vast and appalling phantoms of a heated brain. It was in such moments, no doubt, that stars, “the poetry of heaven,” became the subjects of intense observation; that talismans were imagined, that sympathetic powder, and the elixir of life, rose upon men’s faith with a tenacity that ages of manifest delusion were scarcely able to abate. We are in possession of a little volume, published at Paris during the latter part of the seventeenth century, which conveys the sentiments of this once numerous sect, with all the impetuous zeal of a martyr. We translate a few passages, not only as curious in themselves, but as illustrative of the position we have taken with regard to the course of human weakness in estimating things of wonder.

“A talisman,” says the author, (the Abbé D. B.) “is nothing but the seal, figure, character, or image of a celestial sign, planet, or constellation; made, impressed, engraved, or chiselled on a sympathetic stone; or on a metal corresponding with a star, by a workman who has a mind resolved and fixed upon the work, and upon the end of the

satisfactory:—“That is, I am not able to say, whether I were bodily removed and carried to the third heaven, the place of God’s glorious residence; or whether only in a vision such representations were made to me, remaining upon the earth.”

* The power of imagination upon the foetus has always been insisted on, in arguments for the support of talismanic properties.

work, without being drawn aside or confused by thoughts foreign to the matter : corresponding, also, with the day and hour of the planet—in a fortunate place, in beautiful and serene weather, and when the heaven is in the best disposition that may be, in order to draw more strongly its influences, for an effect depending upon the same power, and possessing the virtue of its influences.

“ By this definition or description, it would appear, that in the composition of talismans, many things are to be considered : to wit, the matter, the form, the end, the effects, the workman, and the different circumstances thereunto appertaining. These being examined through the medium of reason, we shall easily acknowledge that talismans are natural, and neither magical nor superstitious.

“ First, the matter is a stone or metal, with which nature furnishes us, and which has not been fabricated in hell. The form is a figure, image, or character, which does not represent a demon, but a man, or some animal. The workman is an engraver, who does not employ himself in conjurations ; and if he ought to be deeply engaged in his work, it is a condition necessary to all workmen who would labour happily. The end is, to attract the influences of the planets, which all parties admit to be possible. The effect is, to enjoy the virtue of such influences, which is natural : since in possessing the cause, nothing can prevent us from possessing the effect. The circumstances are not vicious, inasmuch as they are all conformable to the end of the operation. In reality, since the end of the talisman is to attract the influences of superior bodies for particular effects, it is very natural that we should observe, from point to point, what is above us—so that all there be innocent.

“ But to proceed more clearly and methodically. We see, in the first place, that the influences of superior bodies descend below. Secondly, that we may draw them abundantly and powerfully, as will be demonstrated presently, by means of a stone or metal, symbolical, or conformable to the planet or character, at the period of its most favourable aspect. And connecting it with the other circumstances detailed above, we shall find it easy to conclude that talismanic figures are innocent and natural.

“ As to what regards the first proposition, it is unnecessary to dwell long upon the proof. For it must be manifest to all who have eyes, that the sun, moon, stars, and other superior bodies, continually emit their virtues here below ; and that if they ceased one moment to communicate them, there would be a general corruption of nature. The matter of all that which composes inferior nature, is derived from the elements ; but the form is given by the sun and stars. And we may say, that these great superior bodies, lords of the universe, are the fathers, mothers, and nurses, which form, rear, and support them. Wherefore, if the stars concur in our production, they are necessary for our preservation ; preservation being nothing but a continued production of existence. Thus he who would deny the influences of the stars on the earth, would destroy it entirely. Because being informed and enriched only by their virtues, it must perish with all its rarities, if it were not nourished by the same aliments that have rendered it fruitful. This point cannot contain any difficulty ; and the very school which has shown itself especially hostile to talismans, allows the influences of the

planets. But though it be not so easy for us to believe that influences may be attracted in a potent and abundant degree by means of art, to a subject chosen for that purpose, yet I think sufficient proofs of it are not difficult to adduce. Experience shows us, that by the burning-glass we draw the solar rays, the vehicles of the sun’s influences; and introduce them into tow, or other combustible matter, which thus becomes ignited, because of a disposition in the matter to receive the flame. If this, therefore, may be effected with respect to the sun, it may also be effected with respect to other planets in the same way. For their influence extends to the earth, as the sun’s does, and may be attracted by him who shall understand the means and the matter proper to receive them.

“ If then, in the first place, the influences descend; if, in the second, they may be attracted powerfully and abundantly by some art upon certain matter, as experience sufficiently demonstrates—we have only to note, and collect from thence, that talismans are natural in all the circumstances which attend their composition.”*

After expatiating some time upon the prejudices of men in general against the light of science, the same author proceeds to the composition of *sympathetic powder*, which we transcribe, in the hope of ridding the world of “tribes of ignoramuses, disguised like doctors; persons, who assume the character of scientific men, in consequence of a few Greek or Latin words muttered like parrots, and dispute and quarrel *comme des fimmclettes*.”† To compose this extraordinary powder, he instructs you to “take Roman vitriol, or rather the universal Catholic vitriol. Even the common vitriol may be used; which, bearing the name, and one of the characters of the universal, approaches nearer to its nature, and has received its virtues more than all the other bodies of this lower region. Expose it to the sun during the dog-days; and being regarded kindly and watered, as it were, by this source of light, it becomes gently changed, dried, and reduced to a calx: it whitens, and—behold all the art and mystery of our wonderful powder. It must be used in the following manner.

“Soak a linen cloth in the blood or matter of the wound; put a little of this powder upon the blood, and lay it in a temperate situation. Repeat this process five or six days successively, sometimes more, sometimes less; and the divided parts will re-unite, the wound will close, and the wounded person become sound, although removed farther than a thousand leagues from the linen to which the powder is applied.”†

It was while such feelings were at their height, that the most gross and marvellous tales were propagated by travellers abroad, and believed and repeated by domestic circles at home. For what could bound credulity when imagination assumed the part of judgment—when the anointed witch bestrode a broom, and winged her passage through the air—when spirits walked, and the powder of sympathy and the philosopher’s stone were deemed objects of possible attainment? On such suppositions every lie was credible, every prodigy within the compass of truth. And while wonders were so current in Europe, the

* “*Traité des Talismans, ou figures astrales*,” p. 20 et seq. 1671.

† “*La Poudre de Sympathie justifiée*,” p. 21 et seq.

traveller, who had explored Africa or the Indies, and could, on his return, satiate curiosity with nothing more awakening than that which passed daily at home, would naturally be considered an ignorant pretender, by the itching ears that listened to his narration. They would hold him for a fool who had shut his eyes against the truth, who had groped his way blindfold through regions teeming with prodigies, and had been able only to record a common-place fact—the very simplicity of which made it scarcely credible! But of this danger there was little fear. The Jesuits, and other missionaries, ever indefatigable in the prosecution of their crafty enterprises, added the sanction of religion to the most monstrous absurdities; and brought in the vile and deformed puppets of monkish fraud and superstition, as the miraculous, or ordinary operations of nature. Numbers also of lay-travellers quoted them as decisive authority for their narrations; and many, not content with the marvels they had thus received, added somewhat on their own account, though they liberally surrendered all the credit to the inventive or credulous missionary. Not that they were themselves sparing or scrupulous about the assertion of extraordinary facts to which they pledged their reputation; but they seemed willing to obtain more implicit credence by delivering part of the miraculous narrative through the medium of sanctified lips. When they entered the unexplored regions which they feigned to describe, they followed most commonly the extravagances of Pliny; contriving, perhaps, to garnish his recitals with a fringe of more modern texture. They picked up all the fabulous traditions of the East, amplified and coloured: then, by an easy transition, suited to the taste of the times, brought among the occurrences of the passing day, what they had received only as the vague rumours of the past. Wherever there grew a wonder, thither they hurried with delight. They accounted true all that was essentially absurd; and argued, as we have seen, that its absurdity guaranteed its truth. This method of yielding up the reins to imagination, was attended with the natural effects. The mental opium-eaters of the period became fantastic and superstitious; credulous as they were ignorant. Many of them, originally knaves, concluded their career by becoming bigots; called in torture as their auxiliary, and illumined the impious shrines of the Inquisition with the flames of hell.

We shall proceed now to exemplify our observations, and hope to bring our readers to the great moral deduction, that they who once lose sight of veracity, know not where to stop. They are cast upon a limitless ocean, without helm or compass. They sail with a steady breeze onward and onward, till the rock menaces, and the gulf yawns: till the powers of the mind are enfeebled and perverted, and at last utterly overwhelmed.

Christoforo Borri, a Jesuit of Milan, whose travels in Cochin-China were translated and published in 1704, by Awnsham and Churchill, is thus recommended in the preface of these editors. “His relation,” they remark, “is not like those of travellers who just pass through a country, or merchants that touch at ports upon the business of trade, and consequently deliver very fabulous accounts, either to make their travels the more surprising, or for want of knowing better, taking things upon hearsay, and not understanding the language to get certain information. His father, on the contrary, frequently conversing

with all sorts of people, and having a settled residence there for years, had the opportunity of knowing what he writ.”—“ In fine, the relation is curious though short, and seems to carry all the air of truth imaginable, besides the general approbation it has always received in all parts, which is the greatest recommendation that can be given it.”

With this encouragement from sensible persons of the eighteenth century, we proceed with our extracts; and beg to assure the reader that we shall give him nothing but the literal facts which are gravely recorded, and as gravely maintained.

“ It remains that we show,” saith the veracious Father Borri, “ how God, acting conformably to the mean vulgar people of Cochin-China, who were used to see phantoms, visions, and apparitions—the Devil often appearing to them—was pleased to show some miracles, to the end that, declining in their opinion of diabolical prodigies, they might own the only Lord and singular worker of true wonders.” The devils, he asserts, appear so often in the human form, as not to arouse apprehension. They are even courted to their society; and this feeling is carried so far as to occasion a numerous cortège of Incubi and Succubi. “ And among great people, those husbands account themselves happy who know their wives have such familiars.”* “ It happened in my time, that a woman of great quality, mother to two sons who were Christians, envied by her neighbours, not so much for her beauty, as for her dishonest familiarity with the devil, positively refusing to become a Christian, came to die in labour, and by the assistance of the devil brought forth two eggs. Now it being held as certain among them, that the devil, her Incubus, was god of the rivers, they did not bury the body in a cave, building a chapel over it, as is the usual custom; but carrying it in solemn procession to a river, cast it into the deep, together with the two eggs, saying, ‘ Let her go to the lord of the river.’”

“ But,” adds the good father, “ they who, by the grace of God, carried away with them any bit of *Agnus Dei*, were never more molested by the devil. Yet with this difference, that those who were not Christians saw the Incubus come to the bed’s side, but had not power to lay hold on, or touch the persons; whereas the Christians perceived he could not come near their chamber-door, which occasioned several to be baptized.”†

Father Dominic Fernandez Navarette, a Spanish Dominican friar, who, in 1646, became resident in China, tells us, that the bird of paradise has neither feet nor wings. Father Dominic viewed them carefully and could observe neither. They alight only on trees, moving as the wind wafts them by means of long tails of various colours, and as fine as can be imagined. If the wind fails, they fall; and having a long bill, are precipitated head foremost into the ground, where they stick and are taken. The intestines are drawn out, dried, and preserved for their beauty.

“ They look,” says Father Dominic, “ very glorious, and are beyond all nosegays.” He presented a couple to a great lady who had done him considerable courtesies. “ I inquired,” he continues, “ after their nests, and how they hatched their eggs. They answered me, that the hen laid her eggs upon the cock’s back, and there hatched them. I

* Account of Cochin China, vol. ii. p. 834. fol.

† Ibid. p. 793.

made several objections, but they could give me no more satisfaction. It is certainly so ; it seems, indeed, impossible, but is easy to him that made all things.”

Another singular bird, called *Tubon*, lays an egg bigger than itself. After it is laid, the bird digs a hole above a yard in depth, deposits the egg, and fills up the hole. The sun then takes the rest of the trouble ; hatches the egg, and leaves the young bird to grope its way up to daylight. The moment it accomplishes this arduous undertaking, it trots off to the sea to pick up sea-weed. Father Dominic is certainly surprised at their not being stifled by the heat and weight of the superincumbent stratum, and at their strength in breaking through it. But, as he sensibly observes, “these are prodigies of the Almighty’s working.” One of these eggs is enough to satisfy a good stomach, and the staler they are, the better. If they have chickens in them, nothing can be finer or more delicious.

“In Congo,” says a Capuchin missionary,* “are sparrows which, in rainy weather, turn red;” and he adds, on the authority of Father Francesco da Pavia, that, on the way to Singa, are certain large white birds, with long beaks, necks, and feet, that dance as soon as they hear music. A bird, not unlike a sparrow, which at a distance appears black, but on approaching turns blue, at day-break almost distinctly articulates the name of Jesus Christ : other birds then join in concert, being excited by a cross of stars in the heavens ; by a cross on the mountains, which got there heaven knows how ; by the earth, which bears a fruit called ‘Nicefe,’ marked also with a natural cross. Another bird, supported by the testimony of Father Capravi, sings in right Etruscan, ‘Va dritto,’ go right ; and a third warbles in the language of the country, “Vuichi, vuichi,” honey, honey. There is likewise a dark yellow bird, bigger than an eagle, that cries like a child.” This might be a fitting ornament for the nursery.

In Java, the cassuary will swallow iron and burning coals, and keep them undigested a full twelvemonth in its bowels.† In Brazil, the bats are as large as crows,‡ and in the island of Catighan they are as big as eagles, very good eating, and taste much like a hen.‡ George Spilbergen, 1614, captured two birds with heads like sheep, and combed like a cock ; two ells in height, and three ells from the tip of one extended wing to the other. Along the Nile are little birds about the size of thrushes, that haunt the jaws of crocodiles. The cause appears to be this. Crocodiles devour beasts and fishes, and hence remnants of flesh and fish stick to their teeth, become putrified, and procreate worms. The crocodile leaves open his mouth, the bird enters and eats his fill. But at last, finding his teeth fairly picked, the monster, ungrateful to his benefactor, endeavours to devour him. The bird, however, is armed with a little stiletto growing from its head ; and this it instantly thrusts into the traitor’s throat, forces open the jaws, and frees itself from durance.|| Antonio Galvano, a Portuguese, tells us, that in New Spain there are certain small birds named *Vicmalim*.

* Father Jeronimo Merolla da Sorrento, An. 1682.

† Nieuhoff’s Voyages.

‡ Antonio Pigafetta—Magellan’s Voyage round the World, 1519.

|| John Leo’s Travels in Africa.

“ They be greatly esteemed to work gold with. They die or sleep every year in the month of October, sitting upon a little bough in a warm and close place. They revive or wake again in the month of April, after the flowers be sprung, and therefore they call them the “reviving birds.”* The celebrated Ferdinando Mendez Pinto reports, that the kingdom of Chiutaleubos, which is eight days’ journey across, was dispeopled by the infinite multitude of birds that covered it.

Of alligators, Father Dominic F. Navarette relates, that he saw one seven fathoms long, and three fathoms thick; in whose cormorant bowels were found three men’s heads, a number of daggers and bracelets, and other things in use among the Moors. “ I who have seen many,” says he, “ believe this was a terrible one to behold.” He was informed of an herb, by means of which a man might play with the alligator, and get upon its back without peril. This fact is confirmed by Gemelli Careri,† who terms it *Bonza*, or *Nang kau ragan*; but he describes it as a fruit growing on a cane. It prevents the approach of the monster, as, he assures us, was proved upon a dog. This fruit or herb it must have been, which enabled Charles Waterton, Esq. of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, to bestride a crocodile, and use the fore-legs for a bridle. Mr. Waterton asserts, that it was hunting with Lord Darlington’s hounds; but we entreat his permission to think otherwise.‡ Notwithstanding this herb, Father Dominic, on being invited to be present at such a performance, thankfully declined the favour, under the presumption that it contained some superstitious practice. Now here we humbly propose a query. Could Mr. Waterton (himself, we take it for granted, a good Catholic,) have recourse to preservatives rejected by a Jesuit missionary? This is a very important question, and ought to be speedily resolved.

The adventurer’s father once saw an alligator as big as the mainmast of a large ship, and he took it, very naturally, for a tree which the river had floated upon an island. It had four eyes, two above, and two below. This, he assures us, is common to the genus. They swallow pebbles also, he adds, by way of ballast, and are without the appendage of a tongue. Their tails, as Mr. Wafer notices in his voyage to the Isthmus of America, are exceedingly good eating; they have no passage for excrement, according to Gemelli Careri, but vomit from their mouths the little superfluity that remains in the stomach.§ It is often to be dreaded after death. A negro was employed by a Frenchman to skin one of them, and having entirely flayed all but the head, in order to keep it whole, untied the muzzle, when the crocodile opening his mouth, caught hold of the finger and bit it off.|| “ Crocodile is derived from *crocus*, which means saffron,” (observes M. Beaumgarten, a German noble who, in 1505–6, travelled in the East,) “ either because it is of that colour, or because it mortally hates the smell of that plant.” And perhaps, in the same style of etymology, *alligator* may come from *alli*, a sort of pale green flower, which Mr. John Nicuhoff, a Dutch

* Purchas, vol. ii. p. 1693.

† “ Giro del Mondo,” Parte 3. p. 346.

‡ Vide “ Wanderings in South America,” p. 231. 4to.

§ Giro del Mondo, Parte 3.

|| Labat, *Afrique Occidentale*, vol. iii. p. 152, et seq.

traveller in the East Indies during the seventeenth century, found betwixt Anojol and Jacatra, “either because it is of that colour, or because it mortally hates the smell of that plant.”

In the river Zaire, in Egypt, are found mermaids—the upper part woman, as we all know, and the lower, fish. Its head is round, and its face like that of a calf. It has a large ugly mouth, little ears, and round full eyes. Upon its back is a perforated skin, which seems to have been designed for a lady’s mantle, and so contrived as either to open or shut. Its bones staunch blood, and the Capuchin Merolla da Sorrento has eaten of this creature very frequently. It tastes like swine’s flesh; lives upon herbs growing by the water’s edge, and permits only its human part to be visible.* Columbus himself is said to have seen three mermaids at once, with an extraordinary fish, as large as a whale, which had on its neck a shell like that of a tortoise. Its head, resembling a hogshead, was lifted out of the water.†

“The paradox touching the Amazons,” writes Master Hartwell,‡ “mentioned in this book, I do not see why it should be counted a paradox to believe that there is such a notion, considering how many authors both Greek and Latin, both historiographers and cosmographers, both divine and profane, have acknowledged that notion, and the country wherein it inhabited.” And then the aforesaid Master Hartwell goes on to prove how very probable the narration was which we are about to detail.

The King Monomotapa, in Congo, maintains legions of warlike women, who are the very sinews and strength of his military power. These women burn their left breasts with fire, that they may be no hindrance to them in shooting, after the manner of the ancient Amazons; and their weapons also are bows and arrows. They are very nimble and swift, lively and courageous; extremely expert as archers, but especially venturous and resolute in battle. They enjoy, by the king’s favour, certain countries where they dwell by themselves.

The worthy William Davies, also, barber-surgeon of London, who quitted England on the 28th of January, 1597, relates that “Morria is a small low island, lying in the river of Amazonas, the highest part of the West Indies. This island is altogether inhabited by women, having no man kind amongst them; they go altogether naked, using bows and arrows for the killing their food. The hair of their heads is long, and their breasts hang low. And whereas many here in England do imagine that they have their right breast seared and cut off, it is no such matter now: what hath been in times past I know not,”§—which is a very sagacious observation. He had seen three score of these women shooting at fish. He had also seen very good oysters and muscles growing upon trees, and had eaten many a hundred of them. So also did Obwer Noore, a Dutchman, in 1665, in Guinea. The

* “Voyage to Congo,”—Purchas, vol. i. p. 12.

† “Life of Columbus by his Son.”

‡ “A Report of the Kingdom of Congo, &c. drawn out of the writings and discourses of Odoardo Lopez (1578), a Portuguese, by Philipppo Pigafetta. Translated out of Italian by Abraham Hartwell.” See the Preface.

§ “A Collection of Voyages and Travels, compiled from the Library of the Earl of Oxford.”

trees bore oysters three times a year ; but he believed that they had been there “ since Noah’s flood, when

‘ Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis ;’

the fish forgot their way into the sea again.”* Equally remarkable is another fact recorded by Master Davies, the barber-surgeon ; for at Naples he saw the tomb of “ one Virgil, a learned man.”

Gemelli Careri gives a singular instance of the simplicity of Tavernier, a very distinguished traveller. “ Some Frenchmen,” he says, “ living in Zulfa, told me a trick which had been played upon Tavernier about crabs. He was dining with M. L’Etoile, and greatly praising the savouriness of these crabs, when his host, pleasant and facetious as he was, said to him, ‘ This is the best season for them, because now they feed on white mulberries.’ And observing the simple Tavernier eager to know how they could eat mulberries, and how they could obtain them, in order to record the circumstance, he added, ‘ These crabs, at sun-set, issue from their holes, near the trees ; then climbing up, they devour mulberries throughout the night, and at day-break return into the water. Wherefore, the gardeners go during the night to shake the trees and collect the crabs, which they carry for sale into the market.’ This information, said in jest, was swallowed by Tavernier, and written down as truth, to the great prejudice of other persons as foolish as he.”† However surprising may have been the credulity of Tavernier, we think there cannot be a doubt as to the stupidity of the joke practised upon him. His very simplicity ought to have protected him from such witless inventions ; and Monsieur L’Etoile would have been well sentenced to the gripe of those crabs directed on his most sensitive organ. But what shall be said of Gemelli Careri, who smiles so complacently at the simplicity which he nearly equals ? of one who, concluding this precious anecdote, justly observes, “ From whence we may judge of the truth of his other facts, when in a thing so improbable he demonstrated himself so credulous ;” and yet, at no great distance, gravely records the following miracle ?

“ Sunday the eleventh, the prior of St. Augustine showed me a small piece of root, resembling liquorice, which, the preceding year, fell in great abundance from Heaven, in the village of Ciase, in the province of Meyrvo. The fact happened in this manner. There was so great a dearth of provisions in all that province, and especially in the aforesaid village, because of the bad harvest of that year, that numbers died from pure starvation. An honest woman, accompanied by a concourse of people, went one day into the country, and with many tears implored the divine mercy not to accomplish their utter destruction. God, who never fails us in the time of need, heard their just prayers ; and for one whole day and night caused to rain over a space of three miles, as it were, a celestial manna—this very root ; and in such plenty, that it rose three palms on the ground. It was collected, and made into bread ; the king, and many of his courtiers tasted of it ; and thus were the famished multitude preserved. I should never have credited

* Page 66.

† *Giro del Mondo*, Parte 2. p. 138. Napoli 1700.

it, (and I believe that the reader will not be persuaded of it at first,) unless I had received the attestation of all the Augustine monks; of the Father Elia di Mons, a Carmelite, and Bishop of Ispahan, with all the fathers of his order; the Armenian Bishop of Nakcivan; the Polonese Ambassador, the Father Rector of the Jesuits; all the Franciscans in the service of the King, and many Persian lords, who spoke to me about it. I sent a little piece to Naples, to the Counsellor Amato Danio, my friend, in order that he might show it to the curious.”* Whether it be the knavery or the simplicity of Careri, the consequence is much the same; he has recorded as true a most atrocious falsehood. He talks, also, of monkeys, from which the bezoar stone is procured, by inflicting a wound so as to destroy them gradually. They sicken from the wound, and generate the stone in their intestines, where they are found.†

But as we have said, it is to the missionaries that we are chiefly indebted for the extravagant stories which would seem, *primo intuitu*, to be an insult on human reason. But human reason was then blinded by the meteor flash of fancy, and suffered itself to be beguiled and lost, like a wayward boy in pursuit of some gaudy insect. We know not if Irish people have ever been reported to wear “hoofs upon their heads,” as we quoted in the beginning of our pages; but we are sure that nothing told for truth was ever more “ridiculously vain” than the story which we subjoin. “Returning through the deserts,” says a Minorite Friar, one John de Plano Carpini, “they came into a certain country wherein (as it was reported unto us in the Emperor’s court by certain clergymen of Russia and others, who were long time among them, and that by strong and steadfast affirmation) they found certain monsters resembling women, who being asked by many interpreters where the men of that land were, they answered, that whatsoever women were born there, were endued with the shape of mankind, but the males were like unto dogs. And delaying the time in that country, they met with the said dogs on the other side of the river. And in the midst of sharp winter they cast themselves into the water. Afterward they wallowed in the dust upon the main land, and so the dust being mingled with water, was frozen to their backs; and having oftentimes so done, the ice being strongly frozen upon them, with great fury they came to fight against the Tartars. And when the Tartars threw their darts, or shot their arrows among them, they rebounded back again as if they had lighted upon stones; and the rest of their weapons could by no means hurt them. Howbeit, the dogs made an assault upon the Tartars, and wounding some of them with their teeth, and slaying others, at length they drove them out of their countries. And thereupon they have a proverb of the same matter, as yet rife among them, which they speak in jesting sort to one another, ‘My father, or my brother, was slain of dogs.’ The women which they took they brought into their own country, who remained there till their dying day.”‡

* *Giro del Mondo*, Parte 2. p. 100.

† *Ibid.* Parte 3. p. 346. The bezoar is supposed to be an animal concretion, but not produced by wounds and blood.

‡ “*Voyage de Johannes de Plano Carpini unto the North East parts of the World, in the year of our Lord 1246,*”—*Hakluyt's Voyages*, vol. i. p. 58.

Father Merolla likewise, from whose veracious chronicle we have before quoted, relates, in his "*Voyage to Congo*," that the superstitious inhabitants were persuaded that no rain fell during the ordinary season, because the Fathers of the Convent of Sogno had built an apartment two stories high. One of the order was fired with indignation at this atrocious thought, and reproached them vehemently for their unwarrantable folly. "Make a devout procession," said he, "to our lady of Pinda; I assure you God will relieve your wants. So they did, and so it fell out; the earth being soaked with rain, the house (which had been supposed to prevent it) remaining untouched, and the people satisfied. Since then they have used this in time of distress, and it has happened they have gone from the Banza with fair weather, and returned well soaked from Pinda."* Father Merolla was beset by a witch, and "it seems their custom is, that when they have a mind to bewitch any one mortally, they put a certain herb or plant into a hole they have dug, which as it perishes and decays, so the vigour and spirits of the person they have a design upon will fail and decay. I proposed to myself to spend my time in baptizing till the watermen that belonged to my boat returned to me; but it so happened that I had done all that I had to do before any one of them came. I then went down to the river-side, a little way distant, whither the witch followed me. When I had gone down thrice, endeavouring all along to avoid her, and finding I could not, I sat me down by the water-side in expectation of the watermen's coming. This the hag perceiving, she likewise squat herself down over against me. The people being curious to know what would be the event of this contest, had hid themselves in an adjoining field of millet, which grew about ten or twelve hands high, which I knew nothing of. Whilst I was thus sitting, and observing that vile wretch so near me, it put me in mind of the saying of the wise man, '*Mulier nequam plaga mortis*: a wicked woman is a deadly wound.' Then I addressed myself to God, saying, 'O Lord, the cause is thine, thy honour lies at the stake, and so much the rather, by reason that the inhabitants of this island are but very little acquainted with thee. As for me, I am but a poor worm in respect of thy majesty. Do thou work in me, for without thee I can do nothing.' This said, I commanded her once more, in the name of the Blessed Trinity and the Holy Virgin, to be gone, and withal blowing gently towards her, she all of a sudden, giving three leaps, and howling thrice, fled away in a trice. The swiftness of her motions was so extraordinary that they were wondered at by all that saw them, and thought impossible to be performed by any human power. When the wretch began to fly, the people came forth of their holes, and running after her, with several reproachful exclamations, cried out, 'The devil is fled and the priest not moved: the devil take all witches and witchcraft!' I being surprised at hearing of so great a number of voices in my favour, gave immediate thanks to the Supreme Disposer of all things, and more especially when I heard them cry farther, 'God prosper Christianity! God prosper Christianity!'"†

To extract all the absurd tales which ancient travels have recorded as true, would be to fill volumes; would be to open a useless inunda-

* *Voyage to Congo*, by Father J. Merolla da Sorrento, p. 620.

† *Ibid.* p. 731.

tion of folly upon the world. There is not a book of the periods to which we refer, without them; and when the question presents itself relative to the degree of faith which such details must necessarily have extorted, we are lost in admiration, and scarcely can repress contempt. But the times, as we have shown, were predisposed to receive them; predisposed, by common pursuits, and common fancies, to admit all possible which human imagination could conceive. There were sceptics, no doubt; there were those whose minds, advanced beyond the age, looked down with pity or with scorn upon the trammelled slaves of fantasy, and felt their own strength gigantic, in observing the comparative weakness of the hour. But they must always have been few. They who can abandon the prejudices of their age always *will* be few; and when the "Rare Travels of Job Hortop;"* the "Historical Treatise of Noah's Travels into Europe;"† the "Voyages and Travels" of Sir John Mandeville,‡ of John Webbe,§ and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,|| could find faith and purchasers, however circumscribed, we must imagine that there were gulls of no ordinary calibre.

But as civilization proceeded, people naturally began to be ashamed of believing fictions so absurd, and anomalies so unmeaning and barbarous. The human intellect was rising into manhood, and at last, but not till late, learned to ridicule the tales of the nursery. The consequences, however, of this recoil were such as invariably accompany extremes. Readers were no longer "courteous," or "gentle;" and poor Bruce and Mungo Park were doomed to hold an elevated situation by the side of Mandeville and Pinto. Then, it was not sufficient to reject manifest impossibilities: from believing too much, the world were determined to believe too little, and arbitrarily set down as falsehood what a slight degree of investigation might have convinced them was the truth. And if, as it has been well observed by Aristotle, men will sometimes forge probabilities, yet, on the other hand, many improbabilities frequently turn out to be true. But how far our faith ought to be surrendered, where the authority is not clearly indisputable, may admit of much question. Were not the task too invidious, we could point out various travels of the present day, that do not stand beyond suspicion, though an obvious necessity may have constrained the traveller to greater caution than of yore. Readers still love the marvellous, though they are less easily deceived; travellers are still credulous, still prompt to administer food for marvel, though they follow no longer the adventurous career of the bold Baron Munchausen. Even the well-meaning and judicious are frequently given to exaggeration and error; have frequently (to use the words of Ben Jonson) "been so cheated with false relations i' their time,

* Anno 1595.

† Anno 1607.

‡ Anno 1540.

§ Anno 1590. Webbe sets out with saying, "I do protest, that in this booke there is nothing mentioned or expressed but that which is truth, and what mine owne eyes have perfectly seene."

|| In the dedication of an English translation of this work by Henry Cogan (1663) to the Earl of Strafford, the dedicatory says, "Purchas, a writer of good credit here in England, gives this testimony of my author: that no man before him, to his knowledge, hath spoken so much, and so truly, of those Oriental parts of the world, which are so little known to us, as he hath done." Henry Cogan then enters upon an "Apologetical Defence of Pinto, by citations from authors who have also mentioned some of his most extravagant assertions. Yet this Pinto is now best known as a proverbial liar."

as to ha' found it a far harder thing to correct their books than collect them." And the simplicity which "sets you down how many candles there are i'th' roome lighted, to a snuff precisely," will as necessarily outstep the bounds of veracity, though with every disposition to be exact, as the hardy mendaciousness which asserts impossibilities, and defies public reproof. Hence the reader and the writer should be equally on their guard; the reader careful not to form a hasty judgment, and the writer jealous lest his judgment fall asleep. There should be some confidence, and some caution; and on both sides an abhorrence of deceit. *Travellers' Tales* would then be no longer *Travellers' licences*, nor would men strive to awake an interest by unworthy arts. But alas! this is too much to require of the imaginative! too much to expect from the frail! "The busy, meddling fiend" will be beaten away only to return; human vanity will still magnify its own importance, and exaggerate its own virtue. The tale "quorum pars magna fui" will still form the prominent subject of discussion, and draw with it, insensibly, all its deleterious properties. Men may grow wiser, but they will still be men!

LONDONIANA.

Morning — Evening.

THE sun certainly does not seem to rise in London as it does in the country, unless it be at Midsummer, when he appears about the time the kitchen-fires are extinguishing, and the late-sitting inhabitants are betaking themselves to rest. Light breaks indeed over the enormous mass of houses, but there is no brilliant Aurora, no dewy freshness about it. The day comes heavily "in clouds," the sun is shorn of his beams, and all the glories of a country morn are wanting. The watchmen have of late years omitted to cry the state of the weather, and the close-curtained bed-room tells no tale of the risen sun: all is artificial life, the time-piece alone regulating the getting-up of the Londoner, and his descent to the breakfast-table and morning newspaper. The earliest cry is that of the miserable chimney-sweeper, shivering along the chill streets, with an empty stomach, in search of his gloomy employment. No noise of carriages assails the ear, for they are among the luxuries of the later day. The milkwoman passes with her shrill cry and her sturdy step, her overflowing pails rarely of genuine worth, and her Welsh countenance bespeaking her peculiar caste, and the great hardness of her constitution. Her temperance, and her entire difference of physiognomy and accent, prevent her being mistaken for a sister of the Emerald Isle, whose professional avocations, too, are generally of another order; the Irish being, for the most part, barrow or washer-women. The domestic servants, half asleep, may be heard at the late hour of eight o'clock, even in the summer, descending the stairs of the dwelling-house, to clean the rooms and kindle the fires; else all within doors is wrapped in curtained stillness.

In the streets, denuded of a busy population, a lofty-laden cart may be seen, dragging along its heavy burthen of garden-produce to some of the great markets. Here and there, a straggling, staggering drunkard takes his tortuous course to the bed, if he possess one, on which

his fevered brow may repose in almost apoplectic sleep. The journeyman mechanic, yawning, proceeds to his place of daily labour ; and the muck-covered scavenger is cleaning away the pitchy filth of the preceding day from the almost deserted pavement. Here and there, the slipshod apprentice appears at his master's door, opening the shop-windows, or preparing for the business of the risen day by cleaning the glass, and exhibiting in neat array the goods which are designed for entrapping the eye of the passenger, labelled to deceive, or priced to decoy a customer by their surpassing cheapness. The dapper servant-girl, with the slumber of the preceding night upon her eyes, is sweeping the steps at the door, coquetting with the footman in the next area, or looking vacantly up and down the street, leaning upon her besom, and thinking, mayhap, of some far-off lover.

Such is "Morning in London," as it strikes the eye of the beholder, and as it is most obvious to the senses ; but morning carries with it to thousands of bosoms there, on every rising sun, a very different aspect. How many are there who meet it with unclosed eyes, whom care and misery have made sleepless, or who see with its return the last dawning of cherished hope expire ! It is the last morn that the man of business will be in odour with the world ; in a few hours he must meet his creditors, and his ruin will be declared. It is the morning when the criminal must die. It is the period when happiness will take leave of a thousand bosoms, and the remainder of life's journey be travelled over, serrated with furrows, and broken up by misery. It is the day-spring of hope to many, who have eagerly looked forward to its dawning a long time previously. New projects await execution by the man of successful enterprise ; and the business of the day, displacing sleep and spurring the sides of his intent, as he leaves his bed, awakens a thousand new schemes. To-day, the virgin will be the bride ; the heir come to his possessions ; the ambitious man revel in the fruition of his desires, and the gay and giddy enjoy new pleasures. Yet, of all these, ere a few hours, many will be disappointed, and many who rejoiced at the morn, before evening arrives, will be silent in their last, long sleep !

But this is getting serious. Hogarth has given a capital delineation of "Morning in London," which is familiar to all lovers of his pictures ; but then it is satirical. Swift, too, has touched upon it. The cries, which are heard in this part of the day in rapid multiplicity, have long formed a distinguishing character of London with country people. Many of them, indeed, are not easily understood, except by the practised ear. They differ according to the season, and the various wares that happen to be in fashion ; and some of them have been set to music. Indeed, it is by no means uncommon to hear a solitary hawker of wares sing his goods in musical cadence ; but then he happens to be one of ten thousand whose voices are any thing but harmonious. In ancient times, it is probable, they were drawled out with a nicer attention to what was supposed to be harmony. The goods thus sold at different times, or the "cries of the city," are curious, in showing the changes of the fashions. At one period, "rosemary and bays ;" "maribones ! maid's maribones !" "fine felt hats and spectacles ;" "mats for beds ;" "small coal, a penny a peck ;" "handkerchief buttons ;" "hot sheep's feet ;" "a tanker-bearer," &c. &c. mingled with many of those at present heard in the streets during the morning.

The numerous stage-coaches, which pour into London early in the day, assist to distinguish the hour. The mails and night-coaches, almost numberless, as the watchmen retire, mark not only the period of the day, but remind the beholder of the vast intercourse of the country with the metropolis. In 1662, there were only six stage-coaches in constant employ throughout the whole kingdom; and they were greatly opposed by the lovers of ancient usages, who wrote against their use, prophesied the ruin they would occasion; and one writer* said respecting them, as a great objection to their introduction, "Those stage-coaches make gentlemen come to London on very small occasion, which, otherwise, they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Here, when they have come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, that they are wrong ever after." How this poor man's hair would have stood on end, could he have watched for half a day from the top of the new triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner, the entrance of the hundreds of the dangerous vehicles that pass in that space of time! How would he have grieved over the ruin that must inevitably follow such portentous innovations!

In the morning the merchant, whose accumulations have enabled him to take a house at the west end of town, or (if he be a Quaker, or a little straight-laced in religion,) at Camberwell, may be seen, neatly and trimly dressed, driving his one-horse chaise to his city counting-house, over which his frugal fathers lived content with honest gains. There was then no Stock Exchange. The counting-house and the rooms of the paternal dwelling, (now converted into warehouses,) were then wont, at the early hour of seven o'clock, to witness the wholesome breakfast with its ponderous cold chine. The various stages come in loaded with the inmates of the city warehouses and their *employés*; a vast mass through every avenue of London flocks to the rendezvous of bustle and toil, accumulates round the Exchange, and for some hours afterwards changes the late scanty-peopled Cornhill into a hive of busy industry. The immense weight of mercantile affairs transacted in the day is generally completed in the morning, and speedily brought to a conclusion by the admirable method which habit has introduced. But while commerce and traffic have not neglected the more precious part of the day for their concerns, the west end of the town has almost ceased to recognize the existence of such a portion of time in the twenty-four hours. Formerly, even Parliament met at eight o'clock in the morning. To meet as late as ten was deemed a corruption of manners, and a debate prolonged until four in the afternoon was deemed a most extraordinary thing, and one which could scarcely have occurred if it had not involved in its important issue the question of a monarch's crown and a nation's liberty. How times are changed!

But the hot water has been brought up, the operation of shaving has been gone through; let us descend to the breakfast-room, which in London differs from the country, in many and various arrangements,

but in none more than the introduction of the morning newspaper, without which breakfast would be imperfect, and the stock of knowledge required throughout the day be found lamentably deficient. There is nothing more wonderful, nothing that sets in a higher light the power of man's intellect and industry, than the production of a daily morning newspaper at the hour of breakfast. Custom makes it a thing too familiar to many to be wondered at; they who do not think or reason (and it is astonishing, how many among mankind are of this stamp) may judge lightly of it, but not so those who are accustomed to reflection. In the "Times," for example, are renewed every day the pages of a closely-printed volume. Intelligence from all parts of the world, the wants, the virtues, the crimes, the luxuries, the miseries of society in the last twenty-four hours are displayed there, and universal man concentrated, as it were, into one focus. There is in such a printed sheet, a perfect map of society, on which may be found laid down every hue which tinges the motley civilization of the country and age. Were a man banished to a solitary island in the Atlantic, with such a newspaper reaching him, he would not lose his knowledge of the affairs and business, of the manners and politics, of his native land, but would progress with them. A newspaper of this species brings the individuals of a country, no matter how scattered, into one centre; it combines and keeps fixed to the land of their birth the affections of wandering thousands; it carries over the world the glory and greatness of the country whence it emanates, in its very form and outline; it is, in short, the representative of national intellect, and the great vehicle of general knowledge. The wet morning newspaper is the great glory of a London breakfast-table, and its reading, seasoned with highly-flavoured bohea, is one of those things which gives the sooty atmosphere of the metropolis an advantage which the glorious freshness of a country morning can scarcely outrival. The advertisements are indispensable to sellers and purchasers, and even match-making advertisements afford amusement. Newspapers are not of older date than Charles I. though it appears Cromwell made the most effective use of them. His penetrating mind saw how well they might be made to turn to account in his service, and disdained not their aid. The following forms a curious contrast to a modern teacher's advertisement. "About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery, to the degree of exactness. Her price is ten pounds or eleven the year, with a pair of sheets and one spoon, to be returned if desired. Coaches and other conveniences pass every day, within half a mile of the house; and it is but an easy day's journey to or from London." 1691.

But we make a digression from our subject. If the morning star is rarely seen in London, and day comes on in clouds heavily, it brings with it all the enjoyments of artificial life, all the improvements which the intellect of man has accumulated from the experience of ages, to render life agreeable. The picture gallery, the concert, the promenade—the first of intellectual enjoyments await a London morning. Refinement spreads before the Londoner all the elegance of her charms, and whets the appetite by the new forms she puts on; fashion attracts, gay

equipages glide along, as the morning call, and the exchange of names on the glazed pasteboard, give an opportunity for compliment, and the pleasant, though perhaps too insincere, addresses of conventional politeness.

Next comes evening. Thousands of lamps, in long chains of fire, stretch away to enormous distances. The display of the shops, lighted up with peculiar brilliancy, and filled with valuable merchandise, which, to decoy the customer, are rendered oftentimes more brilliant by the reflection of numerous mirrors, is most striking in effect. The streets are thronged with people, and thousands of elegant equipages roll along to the appointed dinner-hour party, or to listen to the strains of Pasta. The night-watch, too, is going on, headed by some modern Dogberry; two and two they set out for their beat from the parish watch-house, well-coated, lanterned, and cudgelled; big with their brief authority, and full of ferocious determination to keep the King's peace among all peaceable persons, but to avoid hard blows, and not to see a nightly depredator if he "come down" to them handsomely. Their rattles—which succeeded the horns anciently carried by watchmen to obtain assistance or raise an alarm—proudly slung over their shoulders; formidable to friends, valiant only where cause of fear is not; and sage in their knowledge, and firm in their own interpretation of night-constable law, they go to protect what needs not their protection, and to neglect all that craves it in sober earnest.

The evening, when the bustle of business is over with the tradesman, is the time when he seeks that relaxation which he imagines is necessary after the fatigues of the day. This unbending from the sober duties of life, too often consists in attending the smoking-room, and breathing an atmosphere little calculated to repair the effects of labour. The home is exchanged for the glass of ale and dish of politics, and bed follows before the noon of night. It is to this practice of (miscalled) "recreation" after daily labour, that so many bloated and apoplectic persons are found in one class of citizens. The habits of the London tradesman are, after all, sedentary; and active exercise should constitute the counteracting resource to keep him in health, not fat ale and the fumes of tobacco. In the evening, every coffee-house and ale-shop is filled with those whose constitutions are too inflammatory already, and who lay the foundation of disease by these miscalled enjoyments. In this respect, the higher orders manage better. The dance, even in a crowded ball-room, affords strong exercise, and is, beyond all comparison, more beneficial to the constitution.

The theatres, which used to hold out so much attraction on a London evening, have lately fallen off; but they may still be seen with the useless parade of a military guard, and the officious link-boys receiving their quota of the auditors on the shut of day. It is incredible how much of vice is attached to the evening public entertainments of this most religious nation. Our theatres are thronged with degraded women, and the streets filled by them in a way seen in no other capital in Europe. While masquerades in private-houses are deemed immoral—where, in fact, they might be made to constitute a very rational amusement—public masquerades are permitted, which are followed by the low and infamous only, where unblushing prostitution leads the van, and the most profligate of the other sex congregate. In these places boxes

are let out to persons, many of them pretending to respectability, who go to see only and to contemplate the scene of profligacy. What effect such sights and characters must have upon those who only go as spectators, it is easy to imagine. Accustomed to contemplate infamy with horror, a repetition of the sight lessens the disgust felt, until at last it is tolerated, and ultimately puts on even an agreeable aspect.

On a fine moonlight evening, London, with the additional splendour of its gas-lamps, (that is, provided the atmosphere be tolerably free from clouds, which is not often the case,) and the moving crowds in the streets, presents a very charming aspect. Regent-street, in particular, with its different-fronted edifices, and its ample breadth of pavement, seems almost a fairy scene. Such a street, in a milder and more agreeable climate, where night might be enjoyed with safety, would be deemed one of the most charming promenades in the world; its fame would be sounded far and near. As it is, the "comeatability beauty" of the thing—to use a phrase of Peter Pindar's—prevents that admiration, to which, as a moonlight promenade, it is justly entitled. We are accustomed to take little pleasure in those things which are most within our reach, however worthy they may be in themselves.

I fear the reader is by this time heartily tired of a London "Morning and Evening," but my design is only to catch the general features of things, and not to go into particulars; there is a vast field open, one so large that the labour of a life would not be adequate to view all it contains, much less to describe its infinity of objects. London is itself a phenomenon in size and wealth, with its million and quarter of people. Whether so vast a capital be beneficial or not to an empire like that of Great Britain, whence the country must take its tone, corrupt or otherwise, is a question which it would be difficult to solve; but it may be confidently affirmed, that no modern nation of the earth but England will leave behind in its decay a city of such vastness, connected with associations of greater import, or recollections more proudly linked with the destinies of universal man.

THE WEST INDIA INTEREST.

THE human body, under the excitement of a severe fever, is typical of the condition of this empire during the late contest. Every branch of industry was unnaturally exerted; and those who gained largely by the fever of the body politic, are surprised that they cannot now make profits as rapidly as they did when the unparalleled events that the war gave rise to were in progress. The ship-owner considers himself oppressed, because he cannot make so large an income from his trade as at the time when the Government was almost constantly in the market hiring transports, and when the delays attendant upon convoys rendered a double complement of vessels necessary for the conveyance of freight to and from every quarter of the globe. The land-owner deems protection essentially necessary to his interest, to enable him to keep up his rents at the point they had attained when Great Britain was, in fact, the ark of the world, into which the inhabitants of all nations rushed to save themselves from the political inundations which swept away, in a greater or less degree, all the institutions of their respective countries. At that period, the British empire was the only point of safety. An influx of strangers was the consequence, which, with other circumstances, brought the produce of the land so readily into demand, as to render the rents of land-owners and the profits of landholders inordinate; and although the country is

now approaching a sound and natural course of policy, and passing through the crucible of improvement, yet those who have gained advantage by the war, and have been basking in the sunshine of the artificial system that emanated from it, with a long series of mischief occasioned by restrictive legislation, will pertinaciously resist to the last every effort at change. Notwithstanding all circumstances have altered around them, they have vainly hoped to pursue their course without a deviation; and the nearer the change from narrow policy to leading principles approaches them, the more restless they become. Whatever are the failings of the present generation, taking things for granted is not one of them. Unfortunately for those who are stickling for exclusion, and urging the Government to pursue a false policy for the temporary benefit of the few, as they vainly imagine, to the destruction of the best interests of the whole; an inquiring spirit is abroad that exposes the objects of self-interest. Deceptive plausibility and distorted facts will not now be borne with, the country will think for itself; and if the Cabinet were less inclined, than we believe it is, to apply a vigorous attempt at renovation towards the national relations, the current of opinion is too strong in its favour for such renovation to be neglected. In some instances it is proceeding, in others it must be actively and honestly commenced.

These general remarks apply to the West India question as closely as to any other; and as that question is under our present consideration, we shall advert to it without farther preliminary comment. In all the changes that are taking place, considerable irritation very naturally prevails. Persons who have been protected under restrictive enactments imagine, as a matter of course, that they must be cruelly dealt by, when especial interference in their favour is in any degree withdrawn, and the public (which is a party uniformly forgotten on all these occasions by those who are the loudest in defending what they conceive to be their own rights) is about to be admitted upon something like equal terms into any commercial transaction it may have been excluded from. The remark may appear extraordinary to a large portion of the community, but it is no less true on that account, that English legislation, until within these very few years, in all affairs of trade, has pursued a course that has regularly led to the result of serving the few at the expense of the many—of bolstering up individual interests to the neglect of the great interest of the nation; and in proof of this we have only to refer to the conduct of the most opulent and extensively-engaged practical merchants in the world, when the glitter and tinsel of the war, and all the high-colouring of prosperity that it gave to British trade, were fading, and things could be seen in their true light. Then it was that the merchants of the City of London felt it necessary to declare, that individual interests must give way to that of the nation, and, when foreign competition was making rapid strides, the true method of bearing up against it, was by unfettering commerce, and by giving it the opportunity of diffusing itself in all directions. Every sentence of this justly-celebrated petition virtually declares the existence of false legislation in matters of trade; and although it was the production of individuals who practically understood every branch of the subject upon which they were treating, and would be the first to suffer if their views were erroneous, still the quarter from whence it proceeded could not prevent that strong motive of human action, self-interest, from appearing among certain parties that had been nursed in restriction, and showing itself in irritation and every form of opposition that their ingenuity could point out to any change. If angry feelings, in many instances, are felt in the various cases of the recent alterations, they are especially likely to be felt by those connected with the Colonies, whose interests are exclusive. The distance from the mother-country necessarily tending to official discrepancy, if not to malversation; the state of colonial society, and several other circumstances that have a direct influence in creating a predisposition to discontent in our dependencies, render the application of change there, although it should be marked by every feature of improvement to the general reasoner and to those not bound down by local prejudices, a task of extreme delicacy; and if this remark be appli-

cable to colonists generally, it is particularly so to those connected with our West India possessions, partaking, as they do, of all the motives of irritation that may be felt under alterations by individuals, either in this country or in the other colonies; to which may be added that question, creating so much difference of opinion—the improvement of the condition of the slave population. Without entering, to any extent, upon that interesting and intricate question, we may be permitted to advert to it, before we proceed to that part of the subject that is at present more immediately attracting the public notice—the depression of West India property. The amelioration of the condition of our slave population is a subject so beset with enthusiasm on the one hand, and bigotry on the other, that it is almost impossible to allude to it without either incurring the charge of wild innovation, that will in its result prematurely sever the colonies from the mother-country, and consequently ruin those connected with them, or of encouraging slavery, accompanied by the most revolting cruelties. We are relieved, however, in some degree from the anxiety consequent upon this subject in those who treat upon it, because, whenever colonial objects have been noticed by us, we have never hesitated to declare our conviction of the necessity of granting every facility to the dependencies of this country to improve their condition, to treat them with liberality, and place them in all their political and commercial relations, as nearly as circumstances will allow, upon a footing with the parent state. This we have held to be the only course that can make colonies really available so long as they continue in that situation, and faithful friends in the event of their becoming independent; but in all these discussions it is highly necessary not to confound the colonies themselves with individuals who set up their interest as paramount, as inseparably interwoven with the colonial system. Every leading circumstance connected with the West India Islands ought to be regarded under this impression; and although we would not, if it can by possibility be avoided, have individuals suffer in their property in any instance, still they must not stand in the way of higher objects; and the more especially when the connection of many of them with the Islands is referred to. This will be more properly considered in tracing the consequences of depression in West India produce; but, in passing, it may be well to notice, that in no system have excrescences upon it grown larger than in the colonial, almost to equal in size the system itself. These excrescences have taken deep root, and ramified themselves widely; but a sound treatment will tend to reduce them, not indeed without considerable dissatisfaction on the part of individuals themselves, and some embarrassment on the part of the colonies, but, as we believe, in no degree endangering their present security, and tending to increase their future prosperity.

The slave-population question stands precisely upon the same ground as several others at this moment: public discussion has long been afloat with respect to it, and the public feeling has been excited; and although isolated acts of cruelty and mismanagement are swelled, by enthusiasts, into general ill-treatment,—and on no occasion, we are aware, does exaggeration prevail in a greater degree than in controversies relating to the management of the slave population,—yet a dispassionate review of the subject cannot, and ought not to be much longer delayed. The Government has long seen this, and has been preparing the way by measures of gradual amelioration. But it is not upon the ground of cruelty that this question ought to be considered; for although that has been made a prominent feature in it by those who have injudiciously advocated slave emancipation, it is not the true motive for action. At this moment, the condition of the West India population is more an object with the politician than the philanthropist; for however we may lament the errors of injudicious advocates for alteration in the latter capacity, their exertions have been highly serviceable in checking the ill-treatment of negroes, although those exertions have been accompanied, in many instances, by very wild notions of amelioration; and it is due to many connected with the West Indies, to declare that they have frequently cheerfully assisted in increasing the personal comforts, and in diminishing the personal evils that are

attendant upon slavery, still leaving the great question untouched, and as determined as ever in their opposition to it. With the regret we experience at this, it ought never to be forgotten, that the individuals of property and influence connected with the West Indies have, for the most part, shown a ready spirit to better the state of their dependents there. The question of ill-treatment is certainly not now the one to be mainly considered; the object for negro amendment does not spring from that root; for we have reason to know that, taking it upon the great scale, the population is in a bettered state, and enjoying comforts that, in many instances, are not experienced nearer home by the productive classes. The question, then, of ameliorating the condition of the native inhabitants of the islands is in a great measure reduced to one of policy, and it belongs to the statesman to inquire how far it is safe to delay the consideration of it, and how far the opposition of those who are, undoubtedly, deeply interested in it, but whose stake in the West Indies ought, as we impartially view it, to lead them to a different course, should have influence upon the decision. We leave out of view the anomaly of a country, that enjoys the largest portion of genuine freedom, possessing colonies in which slavery is predominant, and apply ourselves to the practical part of the inquiry,—whether such a state of things, under present circumstances, can continue? The events of the last half-century (in which the abolition of the slave-trade bears a conspicuous part) in Europe and another hemisphere, have all had an influence upon British dependencies; but that which has, more than any other, given an example to those in the West Indies, is the revolution that took place some years since in St. Domingo. There is a case in point, of a black population successfully resisting all the efforts of the parent country to bring it into subjection, which, at an immense sacrifice of lives and treasure, she for years made in vain. Certain motives and circumstances impelled the natives of St. Domingo to this resistance; and, we would ask, if similar motives operate with the 360,000 negroes of Jamaica, why are we to expect a different result from them, and the inhabitants of the other islands, when a favourable opportunity offers? Let it not be said that this is dangerous doctrine to promulgate, that it is putting it in the minds of the slaves to revolt. It may be safely asserted that they require no such memento. They are aware that they are in a state of degradation, and they will take the first opportunity of freeing themselves from it. Let it not be said that the language of prudent apprehension, that would lead to a due and calm consideration of this mighty subject, is calculated to bring the lives of the whites connected with the colonies into jeopardy; its object is to save them, when they are on the brink of a precipice, from impending ruin. As the events of the world have changed, and information has advanced with unparalleled rapidity, a certain portion of persons have been trying the experiment of arresting the march of knowledge, and of keeping things, as nearly as possible, in the state in which they found them. An anxiety to preserve what they conceive the advantage, to place themselves upon higher ground of either personal profit or political power, or some other equally alluring motive, according to their particular views, urges them to prolong a contest, in which a little reflection must convince them they cannot succeed. The course of events, and the opinion of mankind, are against them. These overpowering facts hang upon the flanks of this antediluvian phalanx at every turn it takes, and render this army of martyrs to the prejudices of by-gone days, in which their exploits would have been duly appreciated, every hour less efficient, until it will at length become completely *hors de combat* and forgotten. But weak as its efforts are, compared with the moral force it has to contend against, it has already, and may again hasten a crisis. The completion of the Catholic question is precisely in point. The civil disabilities of seven millions of fellow-subjects were beneath the notice of this trusty band, that fights so strenuously under the banners of bigotry, whether religious or political, unless it were when it could come into insolent collision with them. The disgrace of being kept without the pale of the constitution, and all the irritation consequent upon that disgrace, were phantoms in their eyes; and when the fright-

ful reality of danger appeared to those who, to the surprise of every reflecting mind, had so long been sceptical with regard to its existence, the knights errant of exclusion remained steady in error, and in that course of defiance which had done much to hasten the consummation. So it is with the Negro-population question. As those who saw the necessity, from policy, of liberalizing the laws respecting the Catholics were anathematized as enemies of the Protestant Church ; so are they equally charged with hostility to the colonial interests of the empire, who see the necessity of a gradual change in the condition of the native inhabitants of the West India islands, because they know that the discontent which is engendered by moral degradation cannot be always kept under control. It may, like a body of water that is dammed up, remain quiet for a time, but its own force upon the barriers that repress it will ultimately break them down, and the slightest external impetus will cause it more rapidly to carry away the flood-gates, and in its passage in search of a level, to sweep all before it. Can it be supposed that the Blacks in Jamaica, having the example of St. Domingo before their eyes, with the same facilities of retiring into the woods, and there carrying on a desultory warfare, the only limits to which would be the exhaustion of the numbers of those sent from the parent state to take part in it ; (with almost the certainty of aid from the Americans, in any struggle they may carry on with the Government at home, which is well known in the West Indies)—will not take the earliest opportunity of shaking off the disgrace and evils of slavery ? Is it to be expected that the Blacks will suffer themselves to be pent up for ever by a handful of Europeans, and not endeavour to break down such an insufficient safeguard for preserving their obedience, the first favourable moment ? Can it be doubted that the most appalling desolation, both as regards lives and property, would follow in the train of such a movement ?

Whilst the West India interest is cavilling about comparative trifles, and resisting the introduction of just principles for the security of lives and property in the islands, the embankments upon which they rely for keeping the great body of physical force within due control are tottering at every part, and ready to give way at the first rush that may be made upon them. If perpetual slavery for the natives of the West Indies were the policy of the Government, it has gone much too far in ameliorating their condition, because, by the recent measures, it has shown them that their lot is a hard one, and, although some of the trifling causes of irritation may be removed, the great sting of oppression still remains. But Government, we are satisfied, can have no such chimerical notions ; it is proceeding upon higher and sounder principles, and is endeavouring, by this partial relief, to clear away the difficulties that surround the subject ; in which task every public writer may render his quota of assistance, by an honest endeavour to soften down prejudices that exist against opening the great safety-valve for the West India dependencies. If it is once admitted that slavery cannot continue there *ad infinitum*—and we believe no one is rash enough to assert that it can—when will a more favourable opportunity be afforded for removing it than the present ; or rather, is not the danger of delay becoming every day more apparent ? As we have before observed, a great deal of embarrassment in the discussion of this subject has arisen from the wild efforts of enthusiasts to obtain an immediate abolition of slavery, which we are bold to affirm was never yet contemplated by any reflecting person. Mr. Canning, in his own peculiar strain of eloquence, pointed out the danger of giving sudden liberty to the negro, who, with the bodily strength of the man, possesses only the mental weakness of the child ; but the whole course of his policy proved that he always looked to gradual abolition : to that measure that would tend to bring mental and bodily powers more nearly upon a par ; to restrain the violence of brute force, that has at present no other mental guide than the sense of injury under which the individuals who compose it labour. Gradual emancipation, effected by giving freedom to the progeny of slaves after a certain period, would strengthen the mind with the growth of the body, because education and other advantages would ensue from it, which

would all have a tendency to improve the state of society in the Colonies. If it were necessary, we are prepared to go into the details of this particular branch of the subject; but on this occasion we shall confine ourselves to two objections, as to gradual abolition, that are the most prominent. The first is the difficulty of giving compensation to the slave proprietors, and the other, the maintenance of children that would become free. The answer to both these objections is the same. The relief that the West India proprietor experiences, is at once his compensation for any loss he may sustain in the freedom of his slaves, and renders the maintenance of children in the predicament we have noticed a just claim upon him. Upon what rational pretence but the contemplation of West India proprietors being called upon to make sacrifices under circumstances that must occur, is an equalization of duties upon East and West India sugars withheld? Is not the monopoly that is still awarded to those who produce the latter, a sufficient compensation for any loss they may sustain in the improvement of the condition of the colonial population? Upon what other ground are the people of England called upon to pay fourpence per pound for their sugar instead of twopence? Why are the West Indians to enjoy an exclusive privilege, and make no return for it? With regard to the maintenance of the children who would become free under a system of gradual emancipation, it may be observed, that the expense attendant upon it would be materially relieved by reason of the early age that children can be employed in the Colonies. At eight years old they can be engaged in picking coffee, and performing other light business. It has been urged, as one objection to this method of abolishing slavery, that it would not satisfy the present generation of negroes, and that any measure short of freedom for themselves would rather engender discontent; but those who assert this, we are convinced, know but little upon the subject, or wilfully misrepresent it. The negroes are attached to their children; and is it probable they would not receive with gratitude the great boon of freedom for them? If the interests of the Colonies prevent immediate abolition, can it be doubted that the present race would contemplate with satisfaction the liberty of their progeny? Unfortunately, in questions like the present, the immediate result of profit and loss is the only object looked at by those who are more especially interested. No matter what advantage may be ultimately gained by the modification of a system, or what difficulty and danger may be at a future period averted from the parties themselves; no matter what general benefit may accrue from it, they watch over with jealousy the advantage they now reap, without reference to general or future good. If it were not so, could the West Indians fail to perceive the ultimate profit they would probably secure to themselves by the employment of labourers who would have the strong influence of gain operating upon them as an inducement to industry, or the still stronger influence of the desire to be preserved from want, so deeply implanted in the mind of man; instead of drudges, whose only *impetus* to labour now is the apprehension of the lash if they relax in it? But the performance of labour in St. Domingo is brought forward as a proof of the disadvantages of voluntary labour in the islands. The example of St. Domingo is the one we wish to avoid. The inhabitants there gained their freedom by force, without any previous steps having been taken to prepare them for it. They rushed into it with the recklessness of savages, totally unprepared for taking any just advantage of their liberty. St. Domingo is a great beacon, pointing out to this country the danger of permitting her colonial population to become free without due preparation. In our judgment, she only holds out an example as to labour, in the event, which God avert, of the negroes of the British islands becoming free in the same manner as her native inhabitants. The diminished duty on West India sugar is a compensation to those who produce it for sacrifices to be made by them, which ought to be regulated in amount and duration according to circumstances. We should say, let it not be given with a niggardly hand, but liberally awarded when there is a just reason for bestowing it; but at present no such reason, that we are aware of, exists. It is true, that this *bonus* was given

to the West Indians, in the first instance, as an encouragement to them to settle in and improve the islands; but have they not, in the course of time, been amply repaid for their exertions in those respects? The circumstances of the late war were as favourable to the West India as to any other interest; and the efforts that interest made in accordance with the object of the bonus it received, were most beneficial to it, independent of the special privilege it experienced. No interest was more successful during the war than the one under our notice, and the bonus in question did much to prepare the way for that success, but it could never have been contemplated that it was always to last. It has performed its duty, and it ought now only to exist in consideration of an extended amelioration of the islands, and as a set-off against the sacrifices those connected with them may be called upon to make in the furtherance of that object. The West India proprietors suffered by the abandonment of the slave-trade, but that was no sufficient reason for its continuance. If it were commenced for their benefit, that did not justify an adherence to a system in direct violation of the great principles of justice and humanity; and, upon the same reasoning, the lesser evil of employing slaves ought, with all due care and caution, to be considered. But individuals connected with the West Indies, declare that any effort to relax slavery there would lead to the massacre of the white inhabitants, and at the same time ask for compensation. Now, if they are sincere in this belief, we do not see what compensation they can receive for such a calamity. But taking it hypothetically, that some injustice should be done upon this and other questions that have given rise to much angry discussion, does it follow that Great Britain is to continue an unsafe and narrow policy for the purpose of propitiating particular interests? Is she to purchase manacles in perpetuity, that are to rivet her to a course that comes in collision with the progress of events? In a word, is she to suffer the foundation of her greatness to be sapped by attending to the complaints of those interests that would prevent her from cautiously and steadily liberalizing her whole system?—We have been led into greater length than we intended, upon this part of our subject, when we commenced it; and we must consequently defer to our next number the remarks that we have to offer upon the present depression of West India property.

DISCONTENT.

“Can you make no use of your discontent?”—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

“On n’est jamais si heureux, ni si malheureux qu’on se l’imagine.”

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

It has been recommended to the dissatisfied, not to view their condition with reference to those above them, but to look down upon the thousands who are below them in the scale of enjoyment; and very good advice it is, for those who can take it. It would also not be amiss, under the pressure of any great affliction, to cast a look backwards on our past lives, and call to mind the reverses, disappointments, and losses which we have happily surmounted,—disasters which at the moment were so bitterly afflicting, but which now are remembered with scarcely a feeling of regret; for such an appeal to the future from the past might do good service in alleviating present sorrow. There is, indeed, no lack of consolatory reflection in human affairs, if we may trust the voluminous records of philosophy; but the difficulty is to persuade folks to listen to it. “Men can counsel and give comfort to that grief, which they themselves not feel; but tasting it, their counsel turns to passion.” The giving advice is a gentle exercise of the mind,

infinitely agreeable ; but the afflicted are in general so confoundedly obstinate, that there is no making them participate in its advantages. Look at that widow so disconsolate at the loss of her husband. She will be married at the end of the twelvemonth, and will never think more of her first man, except as a point of mortifying comparison with her reigning lord ; yet, if you should now “ refer her to the coming on of time,” and her second spouse, “ my kingdom to a beggarly denier” for it, she would be in a furious passion. When the mind is thoroughly fanatized with sorrow, (and it is the same with joy,) it revolts from every thing that does not harmonize with itself ; and the bare idea of a possible change in its own feelings, is an outrage more intolerable to the sufferer than the evil he deplures. There is a deep knowledge of human nature in Shakspeare’s remark, “ You are as fond of grief as of your child.” It is not till the fanaticism has passed away, until the present ceases to be all in all, and other motives begin to mingle with the paramount impulse of sorrow, that the consoler comes into play ; that is to say, the consolation has already arrived, before the motives for being consoled are admitted and suffered to operate. This is a mere matter of *physique*, and belongs immediately to the organization. Violent grief is not a natural condition of the sensitive system, and therefore must be temporary. If circumstances do not change, the individual does : and, out of romance, there are no more eternal griefs than eternal loves. The great art is to seize the proper moment for assisting the organic process ; and not to attempt the “ patching grief with proverbs,” before the humours are prepared for concoction.

This doctrine, I am aware, will appear very heterodox to the idolaters of their own nature, to those who delight to mount humanity upon stilts ; and these are rather a numerous class. Man has the same “ longing after immortality,” even in his disagreeable sensations, as in the rest ; and to tell him that his “ fine feelings” arise out of an orgasm of the nervous system, and that their duration depends on the condition of the capillaries of the brain, is not precisely the way to obtain a patient hearing. Voltaire, in referring to “ time the consoler,” is regarded by the whole tribe of Rousseauish sentimentalists, as no better than an hard-hearted satirist. The anatomy of grief is a curious piece of business. It is not for every body to be unhappy, who will. There are as many modes of misery as there are temperaments and dispositions ; and some of them are little better than counterfeits, of which let the reader beware, lest he bestow his sympathy *mal-apropos*. In some individuals, grief is the result of pride ; and misfortune excites in them quite as much indignation as sorrow. They feel as if calamity had no right to reach them, and as if an infliction were a degradation of their consequence. There are others, who are irritated, rather than grieved, because they are attacked more in their love of ease than in their affections ; and they repine because they are annoyed. There is a grief that depends on quick and susceptible feelings, on a warm and affectionate heart, and there is a grief that proceeds merely from an excitable imagination. With many persons, misfortune is an *état*. They derive consequence in their own eyes from the sympathy they extort ; and they feel a sort of aristocratic satisfaction in the notice they obtain from society. Many people grieve because they think they ought to be afflicted. They are aware of the value which the world sets upon a feel-

ing disposition ; and they reject all consolation, because they are afraid of being consoled. There is a grief, likewise, which depends on deficient, reactive powers ; on an helpless prostration before misfortune ; and there is a grief arising from poverty of intellect, a want of mental resources, which delivers its victim to the full influence of a single impression. Discontent differs from grief, as a chronic malady differs from an acute. The “ pleased alacrity and cheer of mind ” which sees every thing *en beau*, and makes for itself good out of evil, is a constitutional blessing, more likely to be obtained by a course of medicine than of morals. Discontent is mere disease ; and it is a mistake to suppose that the prosperous are more subject to it than the unfortunate, except in as far as the affluent lead a less wholesome life than they who are obliged to labour for their subsistence. One seldom hears of a discontented fox-hunter : and when a man is unusually peevish, the first inquiry should be directed to his liver. There are few persons who have not experienced moments when hope died within them, when the future is covered with a cloud, and the present is wholly made up of undefinable uneasy sensations. At such a moment we are conscious of a hitch, as it were, in the intimate movements of the body, and we feel as if existence were the result of an intolerable effort. Such is the habitual constitution of the discontented man ; and those who are cursed with this bodily conformation, are not to be worked upon by moral agency.

The stomach, as it is the first part of the economy to feel misfortune, is also the first to recover the shock. A sudden affliction deranges the functions of this organ, and produces a disgust at food ; while the œsophagus, sympathising with its friend and neighbour, refuses to act, and the morsel rises in the mouth at the attempt to swallow. But Nature, like the Premier, cannot go on without the supplies ; and, be the sorrow as sincere as it may, she takes good care to provide for her own purposes. In our worst distresses, after a few hours, we weep, and eat ; and the animal sensations of comfort, which accompany a full stomach, gaining a temporary ascendancy, put sorrow into abeyance. Johnson has called all assertion of political feeling cant, because a man never eats or sleeps the worse for a national misfortune. Probably the Doctor never did eat or sleep the worse for this cause ; for the Tories in his day were not, as now, subject to such severe mortifications. Had his temper been tried by a Catholic Bill, I fancy the influx of light and reason would have been too much even for his vigorous appetite. He was, however, wrong in arguing thus universally from his own affections ; and allowing even that he was so far right in his premises, that Nature very rarely permits remote vexations—such as the ordinary events of politics—to disturb digestion ; still a politician may be very sorry for his country, even though, like Pistol under the infliction of Fluellin’s leek, he “ eat and swear.”

The basis of all compassion is experience. Man can only sympathise as far as he understands. We are therefore uniformly harsh and unjust to all griefs of which we are not ourselves susceptible. Whatever may be the constitutional form which sorrow may assume, there can be no doubt that it is a great bore ; and it is an abominable outrage to be angry with a friend, and to refuse him our commiseration, because his affliction happens to differ in kind, degree, or duration, from what we

consider reasonable and proper. A jolly, Devil-may-care fellow tells you, in the midst of your grief, that it will be all the same a hundred years hence, and that grieving is a folly; and he refuses to bear with you, because you do not take things as lightly as he does: while the sentimentalist sets you down as a brute if you do not deplore the loss of a sparrow or a pet cat, as you would the partner of your bosom. One man will tell you that life is so short that nothing human is worth a tear; and another will infer from the same fact the opposite conclusion, that every moment is of the greater importance: yet both expect you to feel and act as they desire; which is very unreasonable. Another most irrational practice is that of estimating sorrow and vexation by the presumed validity of their causes, as if a grief were less afflicting because it is disproportionate to its occasion. There are some philosophers who will not allow that any calamity is weighty enough to render a wise man unhappy. Good and evil, they say, are but accidents; but happiness and misery are in ourselves, and depend on our estimate of things. But it is precisely because they are in ourselves, and are part of ourselves, that we cannot wield them at discretion. We are not the masters to estimate events at our pleasure, and Providence has given us the mechanical power of changing the condition of externals in so many particulars, precisely because it has not conferred the moral power of accommodating our own disposition to the nature of things. Although most people are prepared to ridicule these lofty pretensions of a stoical philosophy where the greater calamities of life are concerned, and frankly admit that "sighs and cries by nature grow on pain;" there are few who are not disposed, on smaller occasions, to scrutinize somewhat closely our right to be afflicted, and to withhold their compassion from the very numerous class of sufferers who make themselves miserable upon trifling and contemptible causes. Now, seriously, I think these amateurs of misfortune may "look upon themselves as very ill-treated gentlemen;" for I know no persons more deeply to be pitied than those who are born with a natural turn to be discontented, and who are perpetually either miserable or enraged at a succession of accidents, which to others more happily organized appear unworthy of notice, or, at least, as being very bearable. Is it a trifling evil to be cut off from so large a portion of the world's delight? or is life so tedious that we can afford to pass the greater part of it in a fever of disagreeable sensations? I do not know, indeed, whether, all things considered, the greater afflictions are not more tolerable in their own nature, than the disappointment of those frivolous desires which make up so large a part of our ordinary existence. The heavier evils of life are rare, whereas the petty annoyances are of daily and hourly occurrence; besides, there is a dignity in great sorrows which materially assists in their proper sustentation. To judge from the average mass of mankind, the greatest calamities are not those which produce the greatest disturbance of equanimity. No one laments very heavily the greatest of all misfortunes—inevitable ignorance! The learned are not even conscious of it, though, in them, it is more mischievous and destructive than the abecedarian ignorance of the uncultivated. Few, even of the most destitute poor, are permanently unhappy at the terrible blank they have drawn in the lottery of life; and among the many individuals who daily encounter the more formidable evil of a sudden reverse of fortune, it

would be difficult to cite a dozen remarkable suicides. The loss of friends is an event so much in the common course of nature, that the grief it occasions seldom outlasts the season which etiquette has marked out for the inky semblance of mourning. In some instances, the place of the deceased is supplied by new connexions; in others, more adequately still, by a good fat legacy. There is much virtue in your fat legacy. If, now and then, the death of a friend does leave a void in the heart, the regret seldom continues sufficiently poignant to embitter existence, except in the morbidly sensitive and the unoccupied. It is with friends as with mistresses; "there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause." As for remorse, though conscience is said to be but little fertile in resources, and its wounds are considered by some moralists as leaving a painful cicatrix behind them—though La Bruyere affirms that "there are a thousand consolations for an honest man, but none to mitigate the agony of a villain;" yet, in the face of these authorities, I affirm that remorse is a misery belonging almost exclusively to melodramas. No villain, out of black and scarlet, now-a-days, starts at any apprehension, save that of a Bow-street officer. In the present state of society, there are few great criminals who are not also great fools, and fools cannot feel. The countenances of murderers almost uniformly exhibit the most unequivocal traces of a deficient sensibility; and the same may be remarked, in a less degree, of the habitual rogues and vagabonds, who are brought into jeopardy by "keeping bad company," and a life of idleness and debauchery. To talk, therefore, of remorse, is to talk of a nonentity.

It is clearly, then, a childish weakness to waste one's sympathies on those sufferers who have any thing serious to complain of. The griefs which arise from our capricious judgments of externals, from idle hopes and fears, from the futility of our pursuits, or the effeminacy of our feelings, are much more pregnant sources of misery, and merit our most tender compassion. A man loses his wife, and, if he be of a fond disposition, loses his senses along with her. Well, he cries for a week, sighs for a month, looks grave for a quarter, and there's an end of the matter. Such a misfortune cannot possibly happen to him above twice or three times in his life. But the man who is made unhappy by a bad dinner lives in a perpetual fever. The Devil, who is entrusted by Providence with the especial fabric of bad cooks, is a most industrious workman; and if the voluptuary has the good luck to fall upon a real *cordon bleu*, still the soot will one day fall into the soup; the fish will, on another, get a bubble too much; or the venison be either tough or downright putrid; or, if none of these accidents happen to disturb his tranquillity, a fit of indigestion or of satiety will as effectually do the business. Epictetus, and such other "writers of receipts,"* think that they have made out a good case against the discontented when they have established the vanity of their vexations; but they entirely overlook that, if a sorrow be real, the cause which produces it must have been adequate to that effect. The scale turns as effectually with a grain as with an hundred weight. If the Sybarites were discomposed by "the crumpling of the roses" on which they reclined, the fact only proves that they had delicate skins; and the Spartan, who might have ridiculed their

* Love for Love.

sufferings, and set up for a philosopher on the score of his hardihood, would manifestly have mistaken a coarse hide for a strong mind. As far as my own experience goes, I must candidly avow that I have ever found the peevish and discontented to the full as miserable as the most ill-treated victims of the chapter of accidents. It is in vain that philosophers preach on the insignificance of riches, honours, court favours, or ladies' love. "These little things are great to little men;" and as long as the animal is so constituted as to derive gratification from such causes, he will feel proportionate pain and mortification from their privation. If one's brains are dashed to pieces, what does it signify, whether the fall was from an horse, or from the monument? Pope makes it a boast, in one of his characters, that he was "not quite a madman if a pasty fall." Now, though relatively to third persons this may be a merit, yet if the sensibility of a man's stomach be mounted to such a tone as to propagate sensations of pleasure on the contact of a pasty with its villous coat, greater than the pleasures of memory, imagination, hope, and all the intellectualities said or sung, in prose or verse,—why he has as great a right to be mad at the fall of a pasty, as Napoleon at the fall of his empire. The individual who, after having passed unscathed through the horrors of the Reign of Terror, was rendered miserable by the loss of a few carp,* doubtless appeared very unreasonable to those who had submitted to the deprivation of kindred, fortune, and rank, without repining: but reduce the question to its simplest elements, and the only result is, that he was either born with, or nurtured into a greater sensibility to the loss of a fish, than his philosophical friends could develope under the loss of all that was dear to them. The case of this gentleman was truly distressing; for all his happiness reposed on the frail foundation of the zeal and fidelity of a *garde champêtre*. There are states of the bodily constitution, in which the scratch of a pin may produce festering and mortification; but what should we say of the physician, who treated such a case with inhumanity and indifference, on account of the trifling accident in which it originated? Is the erysipelatous condition of the mind less a malady than that of the body, or less worthy of tenderness and commiseration? A susceptibility to trifling vexations, we are told, is but the consequence of the undue value we set upon trifling gratifications; but are misplaced affections less to be compassionated than misplaced gout? It is but getting the disease out of the stomach or head into the great toe, and all will be right; but how if the spirits will not come when you call? your remedy falls to the ground as completely as Owen Glendower's conjuring. After all, the best part of life is made up of illusions; and the whole end and object of civilization is the multiplying of trifling gratifications. There is no man so fastidious, but there are thousands of women who would make him an excellent wife: nothing, therefore, could be more unreasonable than the suicide of Romeo on the supposed death of Juliet. Of a whole playhouse full of auditors, not one, probably, would "go and do likewise," yet they all weep their eyes as red as a ferret's before the end of the play. Ask them, however, to let fall a single tear over the story of Apicius; and though the floodgates of

their sorrow were as teeming as those of Lord Eldon himself, they would not cry a drop. There are persons who will have it that the mere probability of an event should strip it of its vexation. To be jilted by an opera-girl, to be ruined at Crocky's, to have your "favourite mare slip its shoulder" at Newmarket, or get a drench from the black-legs, are all very natural and common-place events; but if ever Philosophy had frequented the *coulisses* of a theatre, had shaken her elbow at St. James's-street, or done business at the betting-post, she would find her temper more closely tried than she imagines by such accidents. Whatever happens, must have its cause, and consequently be in the course of nature; such inferences, therefore, fall completely to the ground; and philosophy is more inconsequential in leaning on them, than folly in resisting her consolations. That a man's misfortunes are the result of his own misconduct, is equally an insufficient reason for disarming his discontent. A gaol is not a bit the pleasanter residence because a man is brought to it by his own extravagance, rather than by the treachery of others. We do not get into debt with a view to imprisonment, but because we want a present gratification; neither does a man commit forgery with a view to be hanged. Yet no one pretends that there is any consolation in ending one's days at *mont-à-regret* (*Anglice*, at a sheriff's ball) derived from knowing that one has deserved it. How comes it, then, that we are so savage and intolerant towards the repining and discontented? The answer lies in a few words: discontented persons are a great nuisance. It is extremely troublesome to answer their constant claims on our compassion, and we rail at their weakness to justify our brutality. It is not that they are less miserable, but that we are less capable of bearing with their sorrow. We sympathise with great afflictions, as we consent to lend a hundred pounds, once in a way; and we withhold compassion to the discontented, as we refuse halfpence to street-beggars, because we are disgusted at their constant importunity. It is not that we love our discontented friends less, but that we love ourselves more. At the back of all this, also, there is the least taste of envy at the prosperous and wealthy persons who alone have the opportunity of frequently afflicting themselves with trifles; and we are delighted at a fair pretext for treating them with cruelty and contempt. Those, moreover, who are much involved with their own petty vexations, have seldom leisure to feel very deeply for the serious misfortunes of others. An old maid, who would go into hysterics at the death of her poll-parrot, or turn away a faithful servant for the accidental dropping of a china-cup, would be very apt to bear your most heavy affliction with admirable composure; and so you pay her off in kind, by ridiculing the accident which touches her the most deeply. Now in all this I do not say you are a bit to blame; all that I contend for is, that you do not set up for a philosopher, on the strength of your supposed superiority. Your shoe pinches in another place; and that is the whole difference in the matter.

In the heaviest afflictions, if they were stripped of all that is purely imaginative, there would remain much less to regret than is generally conceived. Without dwelling upon religious topics, it is sufficient to recall the fact, that man is a compound and complex machine; and that the sources of his gratification are too multitudinous to admit of a total

shipwreck of his happiness from any one accident, unless he obstinately refuse to attend to the resources which remain to him. Most things human have two handles; and if, like Falstaff, we would but "turn diseases to commodity," we might find something even in our own misfortunes not altogether displeasing to us. The courtier, in losing his place, gains an accession of ease. The soldier, when taken prisoner, gains safety. The parent, in losing his child, loses also the anxiety for its future destiny. Nature, in short, may say with Lockett, in "The Beggar's Opera"—

"I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care."

If one philosopher saw nothing in the world but tears and misery, another found the whole an uninterrupted source of laughter and amusement. The moral world is a system of compensations, and most men are Heraclituses and Democrituses in turn, according as the bile or the pancreatic juices for the moment prevail.

What, then, is the moral to be derived from all this philosophizing?—in faith, not much! If the reader has been amused during the ten minutes he has consumed in reading this paper, I do not think it quite reasonable in him to ask for a moral into the bargain; and if he has not, he should have closed the book sooner, or turned to another article. If, however, moral he must have, he may gather from his perusal a little more tolerance than he has been in the habit of bestowing upon the failings and follies of others; or if he is in search for a cure for his own low spirits, let him take physic. There is more philosophy in a gallon of Cheltenham water, than in a whole volume of Seneca.

M.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAZIL, NO. II.

"Chaque pays a ses coutumes, ses manières, et ses lois."

THE lying charged upon travellers is coeval with the earliest traditionary records of locomotion, and has descended in regular succession from the days of Herodotus, by way of "apanage," to all those who, actuated by a spirit of curiosity, the "auri sacra fames," or any other of those master-springs of the mind, quit country, family, and friends, to explore the unknown wonders of some far distant land. In a singularly literary and inquisitive age like the present, when the press teems with so many elaborate works on the manners, customs, and productions of almost every part of the habitable globe, the existence of this prejudice is fast wearing away—nay, I know not if the human mind, with its usual inconsistency, is not falling into the opposite extreme. That class of persons who were formerly led to consider many peculiarities in the manners and customs of their countrymen as founded on the universal principles of the human constitution, and to treat any deviation from them not only as unnatural, but to despise them as absurd, now yield to the influence of fashionable opinions, and assuming the "nil admirari," as their motto, abandon their former scepticism, and launch boldly down the stream of implicit credulity. As a traveller, I know not if I ought to regret this revolution of ideas; for although I cannot say that I ever was on actual

dining terms with a chief of Anthropophagi, or ever displayed any equestrian skill on the back of an alligator, like one of my contemporaries, I witnessed, in the course of my rambles in South America, things which, I feel sensible, would with many subject the narrator to the charge of romancing.

On the evening of the Emperor's coronation, there was a grand gala at the opera. Understanding that all the rank, beauty, and fashion of the capital would be present, my companion and myself made a point of securing places. The Opera-house of St. Ioão is a large handsome structure; and the decorations, if they were not exactly in good taste, were at least patriotic. Upon the whole, I never recollect having witnessed a more brilliant scene than it presented on this evening. The jewelled heads of the ladies, in many instances eclipsed by the lustre of their expressive dark eyes; the splendid uniforms of the military, covered with a profusion of stars and ribands; and above all, the gorgeous magnificence of the Imperial box, which occupied almost the entire centre of the theatre, produced a general effect of imposing grandeur. The Emperor and his family came early; the burst of enthusiastic joy which greeted his entrance was perfectly "*ecrasanto*." Crowns of laurel were showered on him from every part of the house. The performance was repeatedly interrupted, while some poetic effusions were poured forth from the boxes, in style and sentiment so ultra hyperbolical, that I was almost led to believe it was the apotheosis of the Emperor they were celebrating. I was prepared for something of this kind; but when I saw some *Senoritas* of the noblest families come forward at the call of the pit, and sing *con amore*, perfectly unabashed at the public gaze, some stanzas of the national air, I sorrowed that the loveliest attribute of the sex, modesty—that modesty which, in the mind of the young and delicate female, so sensitively shrinks from coming in contact with the world, should have been sacrificed even at the altar of patriotism. We must pause, however, ere we condemn the dark-eyed daughters of Brazil, born under the raging sun of the tropic.

———"Even as their outward aspects,
'Their inborn spirits have a tint of thee."

The great Montesquieu, in his celebrated chapter on the influence of climate, says, that our sensibilities decrease with our distance from the equator; and adds, by way of corollary, that you must almost subtilize a Muscovite ere you can develop the sensibility of his nature.

I marked well the countenance of the Emperor during this scene, and methought I detected an air of haughty and restless impatience to escape from the fulsome adulation which was so liberally heaped upon him. By his side, apparently in a fit of total abstraction to all that was passing, her light blue eyes and silken hair beautifully contrasting with the raven locks and sun-burnt complexions of the ladies of her train, sat the Empress,

"Fair Austria's mournful flower."

A hue of the deepest melancholy overspread her interesting countenance, and there were moments when those who attentively gazed on her might have fancied that her thoughts were far away on the banks of the Danube, amid the fondly remembered scenes of childhood, till

the haughty curl of her Austrian lip, proclaimed the feeling of deep disgust that was passing within her, and that she had not sat an unobservant spectator of what was going on before her. The young Queen of Portugal, at that time an interesting child of three years of age, of the Imperial family alone appeared to derive any pleasure from the amusements of the evening, and she testified her approbation by all the marks of infantile delight.

For a considerable time after the coronation, there were nothing but fêtes, reviews, and processions: so much so, that I began to think the policy of the new Government, like that of the Roman emperors, might be defined by those two words "*panes et circenses.*" I ardently longed for a moment of calm, for I found it impossible to form any accurate idea in what manner the new order of things was likely to work, while the public mind was wound up to such a high pitch of feverish excitement. The long-wished-for moment came at last—the good people of the capital were literally gorged with festivity, and sunk into a state of complete inanition, like that which, in the human frame, succeeds to the violent action of fever. From this state of morbidness they were aroused by the arrival of Lord Cochrane, who, yielding to the Emperor's solicitations, quitted the Chilean service, and came round Cape Horn to wrest from the grasp of European dominion this last portion of South America. The Emperor having invested him with the most extensive powers; his Lordship, on the second morning after his arrival, hoisted his flag, as Lord High Admiral of Brazil, on board the *Pedro Primeiro*, and landed, for the first time, under a general salute from the forts and ships of war. The Brazilians rushed in crowds to the landing-place to hail him as a deliverer; their spirits, which had sunk below zero, now suddenly rose to fever-heat; in the enthusiasm of the moment, nothing was deemed impossible under so experienced a commander. Alas! how short-lived and evanescent is popularity!—the man by whose matchless skill and gallantry the contest was brought to a speedy and triumphant termination, the terror of whose name afterwards locked the wheel of revolution in the Northern provinces, and preserved the integrity of the empire, was, by an act of the basest injustice, obliged precipitately to retire from the service, and in a manner which, with those unacquainted with the details of the case, might subject the admiral to motives of painful misconception.

There is no problem in politics, it has been justly remarked, more difficult to solve, than the one of colonies. To watch over their growth, to mark the hour of their maturity, to know when to relax to well-grounded remonstrance, and when to enforce the right of unlimited authority, requires the exercise of consummate sagacity.

In Brazil, foreigners have but little social intercourse with the natives; a man may literally pass his whole life in the country without forming a single tie of intimacy. My companion and myself had, however, the good fortune to be introduced to several families, who treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and in return bored us to death with long dissertations on some abstract question of politics and metaphysics. History was ransacked from beginning to end. The different political constitutions which had appeared on the stage of the world, from the age of Solon down to their own times, were successively passed in review, and criticised with a degree of acumen perfectly ridi-

culous. To such a pitch had this frenzy risen, that it was at last really dangerous to go out, for you were sure to fall in with one of these political enthusiasts, who would detain you for hours under a burning sun, at the eminent risk of a "coup de soleil," while he read to you a series of new political axioms, developed in a constitution of his own composition. It was in vain that you observed—when so fortunate as to be able to edge in a word or two, which, by the by, was not often the case—that there is an immeasurable distance between theory and practice, high-sounding generalities and laborious details; you were immediately silenced with the intelligence of the age, which, according to them, rendered every innovation practicable. Human nature must have indeed realized that dream of philosophy, the perfectibility of our species, to have benefited by the labours of these worthies. The grand "Reunion" of these Utopian projectors was in the different apothecaries' shops of the capital. Curiosity often induced me to enter, and a more melancholy picture of political fanaticism I never beheld. The clamour of debate might be heard at a considerable distance, while the violent contentions and angry gesticulations of the disputants recalled forcibly to my memory that admirable scene of *Le Sage*, between *Gil Blas* and the logicians. It was at one of these meetings that a demagogue, having intemperately indulged in a pasquinade against the Emperor, drew on himself a severe personal chastisement from an officer who was present. History presents but too many examples of the important effects which have sometimes sprung from the most trifling causes. It will, however, be perhaps scarcely credited, that, in this instance, a few "coups de canne" overthrew the constitution, and nearly precipitated the empire into a civil war. The report of this outrage on the person of a peaceful citizen, as it was emphatically called, spread like wild-fire through the city, and worked up the public mind to a pitch bordering on frenzy. The army, hitherto their pride and admiration, and the object of their fondest hopes, was now compared to the pretorian guard of Rome, and the Emperor to Tiberius or Nero. The Cortes, by their emissaries, secretly fanned the flame. The proceedings of this assembly had, from the first moment of their installation, been marked by all the vague notions of undigested theories, rather than any practical knowledge of the science of government; it was not, therefore, to be supposed that they would allow so favourable an opportunity to escape for encroaching on the prerogative of the Emperor, and of carrying into execution their at once darling and democratic plans. They accordingly took up the matter in a most serious light, denounced it as the forerunner of military despotism, declared the constitution in danger, decreed their own sittings permanent, and crowned the whole by ordering the Emperor, with the army, to retire ten leagues from the capital.

Don Pedro was at the palace of St. Chrestorao, about a league distant from the city, when the decree of the Legislative Assembly fell upon him like a thunderbolt from heaven. His position was one of peculiar difficulty; he had no middle course left him; empire, nay, even life, depended on the cast of the moment; it was now literally "Aut Cæsar, aut nihil," with the Emperor. In this conjuncture he assembled no council; no previous deliberations marked out for him what course to pursue; in the unsubdued energy of his character he calmly

contemplated the approach of the tempest ready to burst on his head, and with admirable energy and decision, he at once saved himself and his newly-founded empire. There were three or four regiments of infantry, with some cavalry and artillery, quartered in the immediate vicinity of the palace. To assemble these, harangue them, put himself at their head, and make a dash at the Assembly, was a plan which the Emperor not more rapidly conceived than executed.

In the course of the many political convulsions which it was my lot to witness during a long residence in Brazil, I invariably remarked, that the strong spirit of curiosity, which in most other countries so irresistibly impels the bystanders to the seat of action, operates in a sense directly inverse with the Brazilian. At the earliest approach of danger, which he intuitively descries with almost animal sagacity, he immediately takes refuge in the deepest recesses of his own habitation; or, if he can possibly accomplish it, in that of a foreign resident. There he prudently remains till the storm has blown over; when, with erect front and flashing eyes, he sallies forth, and, with an air of the most imperturbable gravity and superlative assurance, gives a bulletin of the affair so circumstantially minute in all its details, that one unacquainted with the national character would have no hesitation in pronouncing him an eye-witness of the whole. On this occasion some indefinable sensation of danger appeared to have seized on the minds of the people. I traversed several of the principal streets without meeting a soul—a death-like silence prevailed throughout the city, like that which, in the material world, precedes some great convulsion of nature. In the great square of the palace I alone encountered a few groups of loiterers, among whom I easily distinguished several of the most determined votaries of Utopia.

Their former air of confidence and pride had given place to one of the deepest dejection, and their usual high-sounding and dogmatizing tone had sunk into a lowly whisper. At a short distance, their animated countenances forming a lively contrast with the crest-fallen air of the Brazilians, stood a group of young British officers, who, with all the “diablerie” of their age and profession, appeared to absolutely revel in the prospect of a row. I joined this party, who, like myself, were resolved on seeing the upshot of the affair. We had not waited long, when the roll of guns and the measured tramp of infantry broke on our ears with an effect increased by the solemn silence which prevailed. Away went the groups of Brazilians, like nocturnal mists before the morning sun; and when the column of troops, headed by Don Pedro, debouched from the principal street into the square, we were left in almost solitary possession of it. The column passed in double-quick time, preceded by the Emperor and his staff, who, with a small escort, rode a little in advance. There was marked on the countenance of the Emperor an air of cool determination, to which his lofty black plume, which cast a deep shadow over his features, gave an expression of sternness. We moved our hats as he rode past, and were cordially saluted in return. Marching into the small square, in which stood the House of Assembly, he secured all its avenues, and immediately planted four pieces of artillery against the principal entrance of the edifice. Having completed these preliminary arrangements, he despatched his aid-

de-camp, General Moraes, into the Assembly, to dissolve their sittings, and to declare the constitution abolished.

Most woefully had the Cortes misconceived the character of this prince: when they thought to have taken the lion in his lair, he was found at bay; and at the very moment they least expected it, their own machinations recoiled on them with a violence tenfold superior to the projectile force. The stern decision of the Emperor overwhelmed the Assembly with consternation;—that the closing scene of their mad career had arrived, flashed across their minds in the full tide of withering conviction. A death-like silence reigned within the Hall which so lately resounded with the clamour of debate—through which the clangour of the spurred heel of the General, as he ascended the staircase, broke on their ears with portentous import. In the next moment he was in the Hall, and had thundered forth the will of his master. The President alone, of all the members, appeared to have preserved his presence of mind. He rose, and with great dignity denounced Don Pedro and the army as traitors to their country, and peremptorily commanded the General to retire from the sacred precincts of the Assembly, violated by his armed presence. The General sternly bade him look into the square beneath. He did so, and saw that there was no alternative between absolute submission, or a similar fate to that of Papyrius and his companions—an example which, in spite of their admiration of antiquity, not a member of the Assembly was ambitious of imitating. As they descended the staircase, four or five of the leading agitators, among whom were the prime minister and his brother, were seized, conveyed on board a vessel on the eve of sailing for France, and ere the morrow's sun had reached its meridian height, the shores of their native country were fast receding from their view.

All was now gloom, doubt, and suspicion; I began to find my residence in the Rio horridly dull and monotonous. I had seen the first act of Independence; I will go back, thought I, to St. Salvador, and witness the closing scene of the drama of Portuguese dominion in South America. I experienced some difficulty in getting away, for a rigorous embargo had been laid on all vessels sailing to the Northern provinces, in consequence of the recent departure of Lord Cochrane with a strong expedition under his command. From this dilemma I was extricated by the captain of a French vessel of war, who politely offered me a passage on board his ship. I know of no greater blank in human existence than a long sea voyage; it is an undeviating straight line of monotonous uniformity, on which memory in vain seeks for an object to dwell upon with a pleasurable emotion, unless, indeed, it is the very moment of its termination. My short cruise on board *Le Rusé* proved a source of high gratification. There is always something about a ship of war singularly interesting to the contemplative mind; it is a little world in itself, or rather, a splendid fragment of civilization. I derived considerable interest in contrasting, as far as I was able, the routine of discipline in the French service with that of our own. Every thing was in the highest possible order, and the men were daily exercised at the great-guns and small-arms. As far as my own observation enabled me to judge, I should say there was more science than practical seamanship. The officers were fully sensible of many defects in their system of organization, and were ever studious in profiting by the more enlarged experience of their neighbours. I was particularly struck

with the extreme docility of the crew, and the consequent absence of those strong measures of coercion—so marked a feature in our own service. As I one day alluded to this circumstance, while conversing with the commandant, he laughingly told me that he could obtain any thing from them but silence; they were composed of Provençaux, who, even in France, are remarkable for their volubility. As we were entering the harbour of St. Salvador, he called them aft, and pointing to three English frigates at anchor in the roads, “*Mes enfans,*” said he, “*Messieurs les Anglais* have their eyes upon us.” This appeal to their national vanity was electric; the ship was worked into harbour in the most profound silence. I almost felt sorry to arrive; and shall, to the last hour of my existence, entertain the liveliest sense of gratitude for the kindness and attention which I received from the Captain and officers of his most Christian Majesty’s sloop of war *Le Rusé*.

The flag of Portugal still floated in lordly pride on the walls of the garrison. As I gazed on that banner which had so often given its ample folds to the breeze in a wide and extended career of victory, a feeling of gloom and melancholy, whether arising from early association, or long habit, I know not, flashed across my mind. I could not help reflecting on the instability of all human grandeur, and the vicissitudes of fortune—and dwelt with a feeling of bitterness and gloomy foreboding on the moment when, perhaps, a similar reverse might cloud the lofty destinies of my own country. Alas! how changed was the once cheerful aspect of this magnificent bay! But Nature still was fair, and amidst the horrors of war shone forth in all the vivid colouring and luxuriant beauty of a tropical climate. The merchant navies which once floated on its deep bosom, laden with the rich and varied productions of every clime; the fleet of barks, and other small craft, which, swan-like, whitened its vast expanse, transporting to the interior the seeds of European civilization, had all disappeared. On landing, the vision darkened. The extensive quays, once all bustle and animation, and resounding with the wild and discordant cries of the negro population, were now one measureless waste, silent as the grave; the lower town appeared to be nearly deserted. In the square of the Opera I encountered a group of officers: their fine countenances were clouded with despondency—even the reckless gaiety of the soldier, “which smiles even in death,” was subdued; they broke out into bitter complaints against the conduct of the Governor, who, by his supineness and inactivity, had allowed the favourable moment for action irrevocably to escape him.

The details of this siege offer nothing of interest, even to the military reader; it was, on both sides, an exhibition of patient endurance of privation and hardship, rather than one of fierce and bloody strife. The city, strongly fortified both by nature and art, and defended by a veteran and numerous garrison, laughed to scorn any attempt on the part of the raw and undisciplined levies of Brazil to carry it by assault. I know of no instance, however, in the history of warfare, in which great and manifold advantages were so fatally thrown away as in this, from the sheer want of talent to avail itself of them. The Royalist general might, in the first instance, have carried every thing before him. With fifteen effective battalions of the same men who had marched from the Tagus to the Adour, with a well-appointed artillery, a numerous and well-organized militia force, animated with the best spirit, and, above all, with the halo of invincibility hovering round his standards—in his

position equivalent to a *corps d'armée*, had he marched boldly into the interior, where there was no efficient force to oppose him, he would have awed the disaffected, have fixed the wavering, and, what was of more importance, would have afforded an opportunity to his numerous partisans to declare themselves. Had he pursued a more bold and decided system of tactics, the march of Independence might have been arrested in its career for some years; instead of which he remained inactively within the walls of the city, and suffered famine and disease, and a host of other concomitants which destroy the *morale* of an army, to proceed in their work of devastation. The conduct of the naval commander was still more inexplicable. The force under his command was quintuple that of Lord Cochrane's, and yet he perversely allowed his Lordship to maintain a rigorous blockade with a couple of vessels. Had this overwhelming force been properly directed, it might not only have destroyed the Brazilian fleet, but have successfully blockaded the harbour of the Rio Janeiro; they, however, remained quietly at anchor in the bay, a monument of fatal indecision, if not of treachery—a feeling which appeared to have taken possession of the minds of the garrison. I repeatedly heard the soldiers breaking out into loud complaints against the conduct of their officers; and often, at the sight of an Englishman, express their deep and bitter regret at the absence of their British generals and officers, by whom they had been so often led on to victory.

Uninteresting as were the details of this siege, I must not pass over the daring attempt made by Lord Cochrane, in a nocturnal attack, to destroy the Royalist fleet. Sir Thomas Hardy, who commanded our squadron on the station, had previously warned the Royalist Admiral of the desperate *tactique* of his adversary, and had indicated his own sense of it, by moving with his squadron seven or eight miles across the bay, to be out of reach of the fire-ships in case of attack. What he had foreseen came to pass a few nights after. Taking advantage of a very dark night, his Lordship, in his own ship the *Pedro*, singly dashed into the midst of three-and-twenty vessels of war, defended by several strong forts and batteries. He was just on the point of running alongside the Admiral's ship, the capture of which would have decided the fate of the rest, when the wind suddenly played the traitor, and saved the Royalist squadron. To have fired would have been madness; for the vacuum produced in the atmosphere by the detonation of artillery would have entirely dissipated the little wind which remained, and the odds against his Lordship were too fearful to forego the only advantage he had—the wind. Had the breeze held on, it would have been a second Basque Roads affair; as it is, we cannot refuse our admiration of the daring conception which planned it.

In the mean while, so rigorously was the blockade maintained, both by sea and land, that the city was devastated by famine and disease. The misery of the unfortunate inhabitants was *au comble*. Slaves of great value were parted with for the most trifling sums, from the utter impossibility of subsisting them; the coarsest food was sold for almost its weight in gold. In this emergency, the Governor availed himself of the only alternative left him—a stern one, indeed, but at least justified by expediency—it was to drive on the enemy's lines all useless mouths. Three days were allowed for this purpose, during which upwards of sixteen thousand old men, women, and children, left the garrison. To

aggravate the horror of the scene, the rain poured down in torrents ; but too many of those who went out, the females in particular, brought up in all the luxurious indolence of a tropical climate, in escaping from the horrors of war and famine, fell victims to fever, brought on by fatigue and exposure. During these three days, I witnessed scenes at the contemplation of which humanity shudders.

It was on the 15th or 16th of May, that the Brazilians, either tired of their Fabian mode of warfare, or encouraged by the accounts of those who had left the garrison, resolved on fairly trying their strength with their enemies. At an early hour, we distinctly observed them forming on the skirts of the wood in which they were encamped ; they soon after moved forward in three columns. About six hundred yards from the lines, they deployed, and rapidly wheeling into line, advanced with great gallantry to the attack. It was a proud moment for the European troops ; they had been for months cooped up within the walls of the garrison, suffering every hardship and privation, and harassed by an enemy they could never come up with. Now they saw them within their reach, and, in the exultation of the moment, they uttered a yell of savage joy. A tremendous fire of grape and musketry checked their advance, a second carried terror and death through their ranks—a murderous charge of the bayonet did the rest. They were in an instant overthrown, and driven, with immense slaughter, almost to their very camp. Not a Brazilian ever again ventured to cross a bayonet with a Royalist soldier. Flushed with their success, the garrison demanded to be led against the enemy. It was but the last effort. Finding there was no more than sixty days' provision left, the Governor called a council of war, in which it was resolved to evacuate the place and sail for Europe. The sick, wounded, and heavy baggage were embarked, and on the night of the 1st of June, the troops fell back from their lines upon the city, and by an early hour in the morning were all on board. The evacuation was unmarked by the slightest excess, and will always reflect the greatest honour on the steadiness and discipline of the Portuguese troops.

The morning of the 20th of June broke as if in sorrow ; all nature appeared to mourn ; the sun shone not in the east ; the very breeze was hushed, and the vast expanse of the bay was still and unruffled as a mountain-lake. The flag of Portugal, which to the last moment was displayed on the Fort du Mar, no longer sported in the morning breeze, but clung in close embrace to the staff, as if conscious that the hour of their eternal separation had arrived. It was a melancholy sight : there was the mournful parting of friends, the agonizing separation of kindred, and the heart-rending anguish of the lover's farewell. I could not help sympathising with the people who were quitting, for the last time, such long-established possessions, of such immense value, and connected with so many associations of national honour and glory. About eleven the breeze sprang up, and the last vessel of the Royalist squadron had soon cleared the bar. I now rode out to witness the triumphal entry of the Brazilians. We encountered their vanguard about a quarter of a league from the city. A more banditti-looking set of rabble I never beheld ; they were hurrying tumultuously towards the city, without either order or discipline. From their appearance, I was certainly led to imagine that their *entrée* would be marked by some dreadful excesses—this was, however, not the case.

I tarried some months afterwards in Bahia, during which I witnessed scenes that might have been considered as the playful whimsies of a monkey, rather than the actions of a being who dignifies himself with the name of rational. How much longer I might have remained Heaven only knows, had not an obstinate fever obliged me to seek the bracing air of my native land.

It was on a fine evening, late in the month of June, that, after an absence of seven years, I once more set foot on English ground at Dover. As I leaned from the window of the hotel, and contemplated around me all the marks of good government and high-wrought civilization—as I gazed on the fine martial figures of the officers of the garrison and the beauteous forms of my fair countrywomen, who, gracefully hanging on their arms, were inhaling the evening breeze on the Esplanade, I involuntarily exclaimed with the dramatic poet—

“A tout cœur bien né la patrie est chère”

CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THE confidence with which prophecies have been put forth by friends and foes, of the speedy subjugation of Constantinople, and the entire expulsion of the Turks from Europe—belied as they have been by glaring facts—is a peremptory proof of prevailing ignorance relative to the Turkish empire and its resources. Those resources must be greater, or of another kind, than have been calculated upon: and no wonder if we blunder about them, for of many—we are speaking of financial resources—we know nothing; and where we do know something, that something is very imperfect, we can ascertain nothing. Our ambassador is permitted to breathe in a suburb of the city; a few merchants are allowed to negotiate their business at an assigned spot; and travellers, by special favour, are suffered to travel along the main road, or occasionally deviate to visit relics and ruins. One and all see nothing but the exterior of things. The speculator must judge of the mass of what he never sees, by the few stray particulars which occasionally strike his eyes. He is driven to conjecture and guess-work for the causes of almost every thing that presents itself. These causes, which he thus guesses at, are probably, nine times out of ten, the wrong ones; but, in default of any more accurate, they pass for gospel, and are applied not only to the specific occasion, but, as admitted realities, are pressed into service wherever they can be twisted in—in matters collateral, or matters prospective;—of course, every step, where they are the guides, conducts us more aloof of the truth. How could Thornton and De Tott have come to conclusions so directly opposed, if imagination, with both of them, had not been the chief instructor? They must, at the best, have argued from a part to the whole, in a case where, from its being an anomalous one, the whole was required to be known, and none of it guessed at. Lady M. W. Montague is still less worth attending to; she must have been peculiarly fortunate, or unusually duped, or willingly blind, for she saw what nobody else has found.

The story in every body's mouth is—the Sultan is absolute—life and property at his beck—the Pachas grasping—the Turks indolent—the Rayahs robbed—what can be the strength of such a people? what can check the ruin of such an empire? it must fall at the first attack. Yet it still exists and resists. The Greeks rebel—her best province is lost—she has none to man her fleets; yet her fleets still keep the seas—yes, and able to conflict with a triple force, and overwhelmed only by dint of numbers. She has a

* Travels to and from Constantinople in the years 1827 and 1828. By Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq. M.R.C.S. 2 vols. 8vo.

fleet still. The Russians, again, will be in Constantinople the first campaign,—yet the second is far advanced, and the Hæmus is still the unbroken work of the Turkish empire; and not only are her armies still in the field, but apparently in greater force than ever. In spite of all disasters and bodings, she lives without incurring debt; she is the only power in Europe that knows nothing of loans,—and not for want of credit, for beyond all doubt, a loan would be jumped at by the first as well as the last capitalist in the city. But she disdains the resource, or can do without it; and this one fact argues more strength than we, in our ignorance, give her credit for. The truth is, we are deplorably ignorant of the country, and all that concerns it. The cause is obvious—we are carefully excluded from any intimate acquaintance with the people. We are scarcely admitted within their houses, and barely allowed to gaze at their bazaars. We can get at nothing but in the most indirect manner, of the *interior*, whether of public or domestic matters—the real spirit, the influencing habits, the general aims and purposes of the people. Mr. Madden, whose very sensible and well-considered book lies before us, resided at Constantinople a considerable time, and from his profession, that of a medical man, and some peculiar circumstances, possessing unusual facilities, declares himself in perfect ignorance how it is the Turks live, maintaining, many of them, splendid establishments, with no known resources. If, then, even the general and obvious affairs of common life are thus concealed, how are the public ones to be got at, which are studiously kept out of sight? The people themselves apparently know nothing, politically, of their own government. Certainly there is no public responsibility; the people pay their taxes and ask no questions.

There is no sympathy, in manners, habits, or principles, between Europeans, or rather Christians, for that is the least inaccurate general term, and the Turks. The sources of this difference lie not in the religion—insisted upon as that matter everywhere is—nor in the precepts, real or supposed, of that religion, but in the circumstances of their political position. The French, for instance, are united, are one people; the Germans, though not one nation, are one people; the British, the Spaniards, the Italians, in like manner; but the Turks are not. They are conquerors—masters among slaves. The Turkish empire consists, it is said, of more than thirty millions; while of Turks, perhaps, the number is not one in five, at the most, through the whole of its dominions. They are scattered over the surface as rulers and lords. The characteristics and vices of the Turk are all traceable to this his peculiar position. He is arrogant from his success; he has triumphed by the sword, and tramples upon his victim in the insolence of his contempt. He is indolent, because he has no other demand upon his exertions than to keep his slaves submissive, and in sub-servience to his interests and accommodations, which is accomplished by military force. He is luxurious, because he has nothing to consult but his own pleasures. He is ignorant, because he is without stimulus for acquirement: he feels not the want of knowledge, for he has ignorance what it may, he finds himself a superior, and what more can knowledge give? He is perfidious, because the physical powers of one man not being much greater than another's, and conscious, as he must be, of the hostility his oppressions excite, he is driven to supply by craft the deficiency of force, and anticipate, where he may naturally look for treachery.

This superiority the Turk enforces by not only treating his victims as slaves, exacting their labour, and seizing their property, but by inflicting every external sign and token of contempt. The submission he everywhere meets with, the effect of unflinching severity, confirms him in his haughty feelings, which he naturally enough extends to other nations; for other nations seek him, and not he them, and thus cocker and encourage the very pride which supremacy at home has already established. The Christian he calls a dog; but this is prompted as much by his insolence as by his religion, or why are not other Moslem nations as virulent? No; it so happens, that those who court his alliance, or desire an intercourse for commercial or political purposes, are Christians, whom his religion depreciates; and he has no notion, haughty as he is, and disdaining himself to do the like, that other

people will act thus but from consciousness of inferiority. They are, in his eyes, in the light of beggars and subjects, and he treats them accordingly. For this we may thank our own folly. Commerce—that is a passion, insatiable, for gain—takes Europeans to Turkey, and to accomplish their object, they submit to every condition, however offensive and degrading, imposed upon them. Governments communicate with them mainly for the purpose of maintaining and backing the interests of commerce, and make the same submissions. An ambassador, even now, is led to the throne of the Sultan like a crouching and begging slave. He is treated as a Giaour come to throw himself at his Highness's feet. The Sultan commands the infidel to be clothed and fed, and brought before him; and he is brought, with his arms pinioned, by two attendants, makes his salaams and his speech, and retires, unnoticed by a word or a look. Why should not a different tone be taken? Why should *we* submit, and not they? Why should we not insist upon equal and civil treatment? For though the ambassador may, in some respects, be protected, every private European is exposed to hourly insult. The interests of commerce is an idle excuse, for these interests must be mutual. Though diminished, it is, and must be, of importance to them. Break off the intercourse, and they will probably change *their* tone—nothing like a little inconvenience, a little suffering, to bring any human being, even a Turk, to common sense. We repeat it, it is our submission, and not his religion, that makes him insolent.

Great stress is laid upon the character of the reigning sovereign. He is, undoubtedly, a man of some energy and determination, and possessed, apparently, of some knowledge of the sources and resources of European power. He has shaken off, resolutely, though atrociously, one controlling power; but that is not the only one—his people generally is another, and them he cannot change. Their character is fixed by circumstances, which he cannot even modify, and which nothing but a revolution of circumstances can accomplish. His empire consists of masters and slaves; and master over all, as he deems himself, he cannot make them amalgamate. He cannot treat all alike—from the nature of things such treatment would not be borne; and it must be useless for him to regard all his subjects in one light, when they will not regard each other in the same. They differ in religion, in hereditary sentiments and traditional recollections, in personal activity and general pursuits. He has no farther means of enlarging his authority, or augmenting his resources, for he is, in reality, but the chief master, over a long descending and spreading series of masters, whose spoils reach him in a constantly decreasing amount. This must terminate sooner or later. Present affairs, though favourable in appearance, are probably fallacious in fact. The Sultan may still repel the Russian—may even force him—for *he* also has his sources of weakness—to terms of peace;—he has roused up the spirit and patriotism of his Turks, his companions in Empire, and they will hazard their lives and spend their fortunes in defence of the sovereign, and for the honour of Mahomet; but even this effort and struggle, though the purpose he fully accomplished, will not in the least retard—it will rather precipitate the ruin of the government, for it must *exhaust* at an accelerating rate. The truth must surely be, that the Turks, as a power, are crumbling away; nothing can hold them together but an enlightened view of their own interests, which, so far as can be seen, nothing is tending to bring about. Possessed of a beautiful climate, and a fertile soil and boundless territory—security of life and property, and definite and moderate exactions; relaxations of arrogance and insolence, admission to equality of rights—these things, and such as these, would regenerate and form a nation out of materials that have never hitherto fairly cohered, but merely been bound together by the triple cords of force, opinion, and perfidy.

But speculation is not our present object—that is rather to direct attention towards two very interesting books of travel: one by Mr. Madden, a medical gentleman, who has spent several years in the Turkish empire, and given the well-considered results of his observations in the form of letters to his friends; the other by Captain Colville Frankland, of the Navy, who has

toured over a considerable space in the same regions, and published a journal full of lively and useful intelligence. To those into whose hands these valuable volumes may not fall, we shall be doing an acceptable service by combining some of the information contained in them with our own remarks, chiefly relative to the domestic character and habits of the inhabitants of Constantinople.

The Turk is a voluptuary on principle. In office or out of it, invested with power, or lazily whiling away his days, his women and his pipe, opium or the bottle, together with his personal decoration, engage and absorb the greater part of his thoughts and his time. His harem is the most ornamented part of his establishment, and women the chief drain upon his expenditure: when at home he is chiefly with them, and they are brought up in utter ignorance of every thing but the obligation and the art of ministering to the gratification of their lord and master. The man of quality in Constantinople assumes a look of gravity—we take the chief features from Mr. Madden—walks a slow pace, has an air of indolence and shuffles somewhat in his gait. This is a mark of *bon ton*. He wears his turban over his right eye, sports a nosegay, and an immense structure of pantaloons, and smokes his chibouque for hours, without uttering a word, wrapped in solemn reverie. This is true dignity. Relaxing from the fatigues of dignity, he slides along the streets towards the coffee-house, with an amber rosary dangling at his wrist, looking neither to the right nor the left, nor even regarding any thing that meets his eye—the corpse of a rayah, or the truncated head of a Greek. The trembling Jew flies at his approach; and the unwary Frank, if he obstructs his path, gets elbowed out of the way, it is too troublesome to kick him. On reaching the caffè, an abject Christian, an Armenian, salaams him to the earth,—spreads the newest mats for the Effendi, presents the richest cup, and kisses the hem of his garment, or at least his hand. If the coffee displeases, the Turk storms, and perhaps hurls the cup, with a thousand curses on his mother, at the head of the frightened Armenian. If a friend enters the apartment, some minutes elapse before they exchange salaams; and if conversation ensues, it is only by a word at a time, and at intervals of the smoking of a pipe. Topics of discourse are usually scarce. One exhibits a knife, and the other examines it, hilt and blade, and when he has got through his pipe, exclaims, with reference to the workmanship, or his own enjoyments, “God is great!” A brace of pistols is next produced—this, says Mr. Madden, is an eternal theme—eternal, he means, as a topic, like the weather with us, not of continuous conversation. They are admired, and in due time honoured with the same exclamation as the knife; and nothing farther is uttered, till perhaps some learned Ulema (the ulemas are the great talkers, like the lawyers elsewhere,) expatiates upon some interesting point, astronomy or politics, for the edification of the smokers. How, for instance, the sun shines in the east and the west, and everywhere beams on a land of Moslems—how the Padishaws of Europe pay the Sultan tribute—how the Giaours of England are greater than those of France, because they make better knives and pistols—how the Dey of Algiers took the English admiral in the late engagement, destroyed his fleet, and dismissed him on condition of paying an annual tribute—and how the Christian ambassador came, like a dog, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on the imperial bounty. The Effendi now quits the caffè with the usual pious ejaculation, the waiter bowing him out, in the fulness of his gratitude for the fourth part of a farthing, and retires haughtily and slowly to his harem, glancing, perhaps, at a merry-andrew as he moves along, but never suffering even a smile to play upon his lips.

In the harem, the women vie with each other in eliciting the smiles of their common lord; one shows the rich silk she has embroidered for his vest, another plays on a sort of spinet, and a third displays her voluptuous form in a *pas de seul*. At his evening ablutions, one obsequious lady fetches a phial of rose-water to perfume his beard, another brings a mirror with a mother-of-pearl handle, another carries an embroidered napkin. Supper is brought in by a host of slaves and servants; for, contrary to the common representation, especially Poucheville's, in most harems, Mr. Madden says, the ordinary

attendants have access to the women's apartments. The ladies stand before the great man while he eats; and when he finishes, fresh dishes are brought in, and the ladies show their breeding by helping themselves with the finger and thumb only, and in not very voraciously swallowing the sweetmeats. After supper, small bottles of rosoglio are often produced; and of this liqueur, Mr. Madden, whose profession gave him frequent admittance to these sacred retreats, has seen the ladies take three or four glasses in the course of a few minutes. One of the first slaves generally presents the pipe on his knee, and sometimes one of the wives brings the coffee, and kisses her lord's hand at the same time. The ceremonial is, perhaps, often loosely observed; and Pouqueville must be mistaken, in asserting the Turks return to their harems without relaxing one particle of their gravity. The evening is often spent with all the levity and tumult of licentiousness, and roars of laughter are audible in adjoining houses. Mr. Madden even ascribes the gravity of the Turk, during the day, to the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement. In company with a French physician, he often dined with a young Effendi, who had no scruple about exhibiting his wives, who attended on the guests at table. He has seen a Turk reclining on the divans, smoking his long chibouque, and one of his wives, generally the favourite, shampooing his feet with her soft fingers, and performing this operation for hours together. This must be supreme luxury. The most delightful of his reveries, when eating opium, a Turk assured him, was imagining himself thus shampooed by the dark-eyed houris of Paradise.

Mr. Madden has entered the penetralia of harems belonging to high and low, and, among the lowest, found no dearth of luxury or loveliness. In the harem of a pipe-manufacturer, who kept a stall in the bazaar, he was ushered into an apartment furnished with costly carpets and richly-covered divans. Among the women, he distinguished the pale Circassian, the languid Georgian, the slender Greek, and the voluptuous Ottoman. His skill and his patience were taxed by all, but only one, a Sciote girl just purchased, required his assistance. The malady of the poor girl was grief, and the burden of her complaints importunities to him to persuade her master to sell her, and get some Christian to redeem her; which eventually he accomplished, and had the pleasure of seeing the grateful Sciote return to her countrymen. She had cost the Turk three hundred dollars, while all the pipes on his stall were not worth fifty. But this was not the only case, in the matter of domestic expense, which surprised Mr. Madden. "There is hardly a Turk of my acquaintance," says he, "who does not lead a life of indolence, smoke his pipe all day, spend his time in sauntering from caffè to caffè, sport a splendid suit at the Beiram (Turkish Easter), and maintain three or four wives, and double the number of slaves; and yet has no ostensible means of living, no profession, no apparent income, no available resources. Such is the condition," he adds, "of two-thirds of Constantinople." These cannot all subsist upon extortions from the Rayahs, as Mr. Madden apparently supposes; many of them are probably owners of Siams and Timares: but Turks will not talk of their affairs. If you ask a question, all the answer you get is, "God is great,"—which puts an extinguisher upon farther inquiry.

Turkish women, however high their rank, Mr. Madden affirms, can neither read nor write. Dr. Clarke must have mistaken the papers found in the Seraglio, for such as were probably written by the black eunuchs. In all his travels in the Turkish empire, Mr. Madden never found but one who could write, and that was at Damietta. She was a Levantine Christian, and her peculiar talent was regarded as something superhuman. Dr. Clarke describes the teeth of Turkish women as generally dyed black, which Mr. Madden denies, with a *credat Judæus*. To Mr. Madden, the women appear never to feel the constraint of confinement. They are gay and happy; they embroider, play on a rude sort of spinet, and sing interminable songs—voice and music equally execrable. They are the loveliest women in the world as to features, but their forms have no advantage of dress; they are kept in no shape, and to be fat is an object of passionate desire. Their complexion is carefully preserved—pale and transparent—and beautifully contrasted by

very black hair, and eyes as soft and dark as the gazelles. "Their eyes are full of sleep, and their hearts full of passion." The larger the eye, and the more arched the brow, the greater the charm. The frequent use of the bath softens and smooths the complexion, but renders it more sensible to the insidious approaches of time. Personal attractions are, of course, all in all with Turkish women, and every art is used to enhance them. Cosmetics abound, and Mr. Madden got into high favour with one lady by suggesting a substitute for something, the use of which she disliked. The *surme*, a sort of pigment, is used not to elevate the arch of the brow, but to extend it; the beauty of the eye depends on the elongation, and the Turkish ladies have made the discovery. They stain their nails and finger-tops yellow, and some even the toes. Women of a lower rank use rouge, but others only paint the lips. Amulets are worn in abundance, for various purposes—to make them fat, or fruitful, or to avert an evil eye, or the devil. A triangular piece of paper is worn to preserve the lustre of the eye, and a bag with mummy-dust for something else. Notwithstanding their size, they are graceful in their movements—easy, and even elegant, in their manners; and, "strange as it may sound," says Mr. Madden, with some enthusiasm, "I have often thought there was as much elegance of attitude displayed in the splendid arm of a Turkish beauty, holding her rich chibouque, (the ladies smoke,) and seated on her Persian carpet, as even in the form of a lovely girl at home, bending over her harp, or floating along with the music of the waltz."

The confinement to the walls of the harem is neither so close nor so irksome, continues Mr. Madden, as most people imagine. "The women visit one another frequently; and once a-week they revel in the bath, which is the terrestrial paradise, the Italian opera, in Turkey, of a Mahometan lady. They pass the entire day there; breakfast, dine, and sup in the outer apartment, and are as happy as possible. They have plenty of looking-glasses, and lots of sugar-plums. Lady M. W. Montague's description of the bath would be excellent, if it were correct; but her Ladyship has certainly overlooked the features of her beauties too much, and has exhibited truth, though in *puris naturalibus*, in too attractive forms. Here, whatever intrigue is practised, is usually carried on through the medium of female emissaries; but I believe it to be less than in any large city in Christendom—the penalty is death! The detection of a single imprudent act, every woman knows, leads to a short consultation with the Cadi, and that summary process to the Bosphorus, through the intervention of a eunuch and a sack. The ladies are therefore extremely circumspect."

Mr. Madden was present at a Turkish feast, given by a Bey of Anatolia, a patient of his; a Byn Bashi and a Cadi were among the guests, and of course all the refinement of Constantinople was practised. The entertainment of the evening consisted of a series of cruelties, under the name of practical jokes, played off upon a hired buffoon. It was the wretch's trade, and he bore marks enough of the effects on his cicatrized visage. Powder was exploded in his pipe, which drove the tube against the palate with great violence, and bathed the lips in blood, the sight of which excited roars of merriment. A plate was then filled with flour, and in the flour were stuck twenty short pieces of lighted candle. The buffoon and his companion, placed on their knees in the centre of the room, opposite each other, held the plate with their teeth, and at a signal, blew the particles of flour through the flame into each other's faces. The slowest performer of course suffered most; the victim was severely burnt in the upper part of the face and brows; but this was all the fun, and shouts of savage laughter rose, as the miserable fellow smeared oil over his face to allay the pain.

Rum and rakee are drunk as freely as Europeans might drink small-beer. Mr. Madden himself gave a dinner to five respectable Turks, one a merchant of large property. He provided three bottles of rum, and three of strong Cyprus wine. The rum was exhausted before the second course. Though two of them were very tipsy, it did not prevent their joining in the Mogreb-prayer. Their host had some difficulty in preventing one of the party from hooting a Greek at an opposite window.

The tenure of land, according to Mr. Madden, is not a whit more secure than the honour of office, which sanctions the rapacity of the holder. The first and best security in Turkey is the settlement called *Vacuf*, by virtue of which, property, whether money, land, or houses, is given in reversion to some mosque. This is inviolable; the Sultan cannot touch a paras of it: at the death of the possessor, the property goes to the next heir; and in default of heirs, falls to the mosque. The *Vacuf* is thus gradually absorbing the whole property of the country. There are, in cases of litigation, several courts of justice, and the plaintiff, it seems, chooses as he pleases. This choice is represented as an advantage, because he gives the first bribe; but this, surely, may as well be regarded as favourable to the defendant, for when he knows what the plaintiff has done, he has only to bid above him. For a few piastres you may get witnesses to swear any thing; and for a little more you may have your adversary decoyed into a *café*, treated with opium and tobacco, and seduced into the admission of any thing you please. No Christian evidence is admissible against a Turk; but then the Christian has only to purchase Moslem evidence, which may be had on easy terms. "It is difficult to do justice, said one conscientious Cadi to another, where one of the parties is rich, and the other poor."—"No!" replied his less scrupulous friend; "I find no difficulty in such case, I always decide for the rich; the difficulty is when *both* are rich!"

Mr. Madden contrasts the characters of the Greek and Turk, and sums up nearly in these terms. The Turks are generally considered to be honester than the Greeks, and perhaps they are, or at least they appear so. If they are not so ready at lying, it is because they are too stupid to lie with dexterity. Their probity depends, not on any moral repugnance to deceit, but solely on their want of talent to deceive. "I never," says he, "found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it; but then, I never knew a Greek who was not superfluously and habitually a liar. He is subtle in spirit, insidious in discourse, plausible in his manner, and indefatigable in dishonesty. He is an accomplished scoundrel; and beside him, the Turk, with all the desire to defraud, is so *gauche* in knavery, that, to avoid detection, he is constrained to be honest."

Mr. Madden will not deny the bravery of the Turks; but of course, every body knows how to fight best behind stone walls. He gives a ludicrous, and perhaps not very exaggerated account of an engagement between them and the Greeks. This is the spectacle:—"After the dreadful note of preparation has long been heard, the two armies appear in the field, at a convenient distance from each other—the Greeks, the most religious people in the world, posted, probably, behind a church; the Ottomans, the best soldiers in the world for a siege, affording their lines the shelter of a wood, or perhaps a wall. Instead of the thunders of the artillery, comes a parley, on the classic ground, and in Homeric style; the Moslems magnanimously roaring, 'Come on, ye uncircumcised Giaours, we have your masters for our slaves! May the birds of Heaven defile your fathers' heads! Come on, ye Caffres!' The descendants of Themistocles, not a whit intimidated, vociferate in return, 'Approach, ye turbaned dogs! come, and see us making wadding of your Koran! Look at us, trampling on your faith, and giving pork to your daughters!' Then follow two or three hundred shots, the armies meanwhile invisible to each other; and, when ammunition fails, a few stones fly. At night, when the carnage ceases, the dead prove to amount to half-a-dozen a-side, most of them from the bursting of guns. The Greeks wrangle over the bodies of their own men for the shirts, and the Turks cut off the ears of their fallen friends, to send to Constantinople as trophies from the heads of the rebels. At Napoli, the Greek chants a *Te Deum* for his victory over God's enemies; and at Constantinople, the Turk glorifies the Prophet for the defeat of the Infidels; at home, the 'Times' exults on the great victory achieved by the struggling Greeks, and the 'Courier' tells of the signal defeat the Greek rebels have just sustained. Such is the arrogance of the Turks, the effrontery of the Greeks, and the cowardice of both. *Lector judice!*"

SKETCHES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

Lord Byron.—Sir Walter Scott at Brussels.

I MUST not omit, in my recollections, to mention the high gratification I had in passing a few days in the society of the illustrious Byron. In his transit to Italy in August, 1816, he visited Brussels (where I was residing) accompanied by Dr. Polidori. The moment I heard of his arrival, I waited on him, and was received with the greatest cordiality and kindness. "He had no pleasure," he said, "equal to that of meeting a friend of his mother's, and of his early age." I had not seen him for fourteen years, when he was at Harrow, at the age of fifteen. I found much less change in his appearance than there generally is from youth to manhood; the general expression of his countenance had become very like his mother's—a beautiful, mild, and intelligent eye, fringed with long and dark lashes; an expansive and noble forehead, over which hung in thick clusters his rich brown natural curls. What a living representation of Beattie's minstrel! He looked the inspired poet! None of the many prints I have seen of him are either like, or do him justice.

In our conversation of three hours, he went over the pranks and adventures of his boyish days. Till the age of seven, he lived at Banff with his mother. My eldest son, of nearly the same age, was his schoolfellow, and he was frequently invited by my brother, the pastor of the town, with whom my boy was living, to pass a holiday at the parsonage: all this he perfectly recollected, and of a tumble he got from a plum-tree, into which he had climbed to get at some pears on a wall. "The minister's wife," said he, "blabbed to my mother, thinking I might have been hurt; and the old red-nosed doctor, whose name I have forgotten, was sent for, who insisted on bleeding me, in spite of screams and tears, which I had at command, for I was a complete spoiled child, as I dare say you know. At last he produced the lancets, of which I had a great horror, having seen them used to bleed my nurse, and I declared if he touched me I would pull his nose. This, it seems, was a tender point with the Doctor, and he gave the bleeding up, condemning me to be fed on water-gruel, and to be put to bed; these orders I disposed of by throwing the medicine out of the window, and as soon as the Doctor had taken his departure I got out of bed and made my appearance in the parlour. My mother, finding that there was nothing the matter with me, gave me tea and bread and butter, which I preferred to *brochan*:—you see, I have not forgot all my Scotch."

He put me in mind of what he called my kindness in lending him a pretty pony, and of my accompanying him to ride in Hyde Park. "That," said his Lordship, "was fourteen years ago, when I came to town to spend the holidays with my poor mother. I remember your pony was very handsome, and a fast galloper, and that we raced, and that I beat you, of which I was not a little proud. I have a wonderful recollection of the little events of my early days, and a warm feeling for the friends of my youth."

He told me that he was desperately in love with Miss M—— D—— when he was nine years old, "and we met," he said "at the dancing-

school," [he made many inquiries about her, and if she was still as handsome]. "She is a year older than I; I saw her only once after I left Aberdeen, when I was about fourteen, and on my way to the Highlands with my mother; for I had a cough, and I was sent to drink goat's whey on the banks of the Dee. The first verses I ever wrote were in praise of her beauty. I know she is happily married, which I rejoice at." All this he said with much feeling.

This conversation was so interesting that, on my returning home, I put it on paper. As he proposed visiting Waterloo on the following morning, I offered my services as his cicerone, which were graciously accepted, and we set out at an early hour, accompanied by his *compagnon de voyage*. The weather was propitious, but the poet's spirits seemed depressed, and we passed through the gloomy forest of Soignies without much conversation. As the plan of the inspection of the field had been left to me, I ordered our postilion to drive to Mont St. Jean, without stopping at Waterloo. We got out at the Monuments. Lord Byron gazed about for five minutes without uttering a syllable; at last, turning to me, he said—"I am not disappointed. I have seen the plains of Marathon, and these are as fine. Can you tell me," he continued, "where Picton fell? because I have heard that my friend Howard was killed at his side, and nearly at the same moment."

The spot was well known, and I pointed with my finger to some trees near it, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards: we walked to the spot. "Howard," said his Lordship with a sigh, "was my relation and dear friend; but we quarrelled, and I was in the wrong: we were, however, reconciled, at which I now rejoice." He spoke these words with great feeling, and we returned to examine the monument of Sir Alexander Gordon, a broken column, on which he made some criticisms, bestowing great praise on the fraternal affection of his mother, who had erected it. He did not seem much interested about the positions of the troops, which I pointed out to him; and we got into our carriage and drove to the Chateau Goumont, the poet remaining silent, pensive, and in a musing mood, which I took care not to interrupt.

The gallant defence of this post seemed to interest him more, and I recapitulated all the particulars I knew of the attack. From the bravery displayed by the handful of troops (the Guards) who defended it, it has acquired its reputation. Though they were reinforced more than once, the number never exceeded twelve hundred; and notwithstanding the enemy having, by battering down the gate of the farm-yard, and setting fire to the straw in it, got possession of the outer works, in the evening attack, they could make no impression on the strong hold, the garden—

} "Whose close pleach'd walks and bowers have been
The deadly marksman's lurking screen."

They reaped no advantage by these assaults; on the contrary, they sacrificed a great many brave men without any purpose. It was a most important post; for had they succeeded in getting possession of it, and driving out our troops, their guns would have enfiladed us, and we should have been obliged to change our front. The pompous title of *chateau* gives a little additional importance to this position, though it is only a miserable dwelling of two stories, somewhat resembling the ha-

bitations of our *Bonnet Lairds* about the beginning of the last century. The area of the house is about two Scotch acres, including the garden. The clipped and shady walks have been long since cut down, which takes away much interest from it; and the stupid Fleming to whom it belonged, cut down the young trees in front of it, because they had been wounded by the bullets, which he was informed "would cause them to bleed to death!" The nobleman who now possesses it, has, with better taste, repaired the chateau, and will not permit any alteration in its appearance.

On our return in the evening, I pressed his Lordship to dinner, which he declined, saying—"I have long abandoned the pleasures of the table." He, however, promised to take his coffee with my wife, provided there was no party. He came at nine o'clock, and greeted her most cordially, again expressing the pleasure he felt in meeting the friend of his mother.

Notwithstanding the interdiction, I had invited two accomplished gentlemen to meet him; one of them, a Hanoverian in our service, had travelled in Greece, and being extremely intelligent, a most interesting conversation on that classical country, now struggling for its liberties, took place. The poet was in high spirits and good humour, and he charmed us with anecdotes and descriptions of the various countries in the Archipelago and Albania, which he had just visited. He neither ate nor drank, and the only refreshment he could be persuaded to take was an ice; but he remained with us till two hours past midnight. My wife exhibited her scrap-book, in which Sir W. Scott had, a few months before, written a few stanzas on the battle. She begged his Lordship to do her a similar honour, to which he readily consented, saying, "if she would trust him with her book, he would insert a verse in it before he slept." He marched off with it under his arm, and next morning returned with the two beautiful stanzas which, a year after, he published in his Third Canto of "*Childe Harold*," with a little variation.

"Stop, for thy tread is on an Empire's dust."

I consider these as being highly valuable, being the *prime pensieri* of the splendid stanzas on Waterloo.

I asked Byron what he thought of Mr. Scott's "*Field of Waterloo*," just published—if it was fair to ask one poet his opinion of a living contemporary. "Oh," said he, "quite fair; besides, there is not much subject for criticism in this hasty sketch. The reviewers call it a *falling off*; but I am sure there is no poet living who could have written so many good lines on so meagre a subject, in so short a time. Scott," he added, "is a fine poet, and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose writer, he has no rival; and has not been approached since Cervantes, in depicting manners. His tales are my constant companions. It is highly absurd his denying, what every one that knows him believes, his being the author of these admirable works. Yet no man is obliged to give his name to the public, except he chooses so to do; and Scott is not likely to be compelled by the law, for he does not write libels, nor a line of which he may be ashamed." He said a great deal more in praise of his friend, for whom he had the highest respect and regard. "I wish," added the

poet with feeling, "it had been my good fortune to have had such a Mentor. No author," he observed, "had deserved more from the public, or has been so liberally rewarded. Poor Milton got only 15*l.* for his 'Paradise Lost,' while a modern poet has as much for a stanza." I know not if he made any allusion to himself in this remark, but it has been said that Murray paid him that sum for every verse of "Childe Harold."

Lord Byron, in reading aloud the stanzas of Mr. Scott,

"For high, and deathless is the name,
Oh Hougomont, thy ruins claim !
The sound of Cressy none shall own,
And Agincourt shall be unknown,
And Blenheim be a nameless spot
Long ere thy glories are forgot," &c.

he exclaimed, striking the page with his hand, "I'll be d—d if they will, Mr. Scott, be forgot !"

There is a curious circumstance relative to his own verses written in this scrap-book, which exhibits the poet's modesty and good humour. A few weeks after he had written them, the well-known artist, R. R. Reinagle, a friend of mine, arrived in Brussels, when I invited him to dine with me and showed him the lines, requesting him to embellish them with an appropriate vignette to the following passage :—

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore, with bloody beak, the fatal plain ;
Pierced with the shafts of banded nations through,
Ambition's life, and labours, all were vain—
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain."

Mr. Reinagle sketched with a pencil a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his talons.

I had occasion to write to his Lordship, and mentioned having got this clever artist to draw a vignette to his beautiful lines, and the liberty he had taken by altering the action of the eagle. In reply to this, he wrote to me—"Reinagle is a better poet, and a better ornithologist than I am ; eagles, and all birds of prey, attack with their talons, and not with their beaks, and I have altered the line thus—

'Then tore, with bloody talon, the rent plain.'

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice." I need hardly add, when I communicated this flattering compliment to the painter, that he was highly gratified.

I happened to have a copy of the "Novelle Amorse" of Casti, a severe satire on the monks, which Lord Byron had never seen, as its sale was prohibited in Italy. I presented him with it, and in his letter to me from Geneva he writes, "I cannot tell you what a treat your gift of Casti has been to me ; I have almost got him by heart. I had read his 'Animali Parlanti,' but I think these 'Novelle' much better. I long to go to Venice to see the manners so admirably described."

A year afterwards he published "Beppo," which is certainly an imitation of the "Novelle Amorse ;" and I think if he had not read them, it would never have been written.

Lord Byron travelled in a huge coach, copied from the celebrated one of Napoleon, taken at Genappe, with additions. Besides a *lit de repos*, it contained a library, a plate-chest, and every apparatus for

dining in it. I have forgotten by whom it was built, but he told me it had cost him six hundred guineas; it was most ingeniously contrived. It was not, however, found sufficiently capacious for his baggage and suite; and he purchased a caleche at Brussels for his servants. It broke down going to Waterloo, and I advised him to return it, as it seemed to be a crazy machine; but as he had made a deposit of forty Napoleons (certainly double its value), the honest Fleming would not consent to restore the cash, or take back his packing-case, except under a forfeiture of thirty Napoleons. As his Lordship was to set out the following day, he begged me to make the best arrangement I could in the affair. He had no sooner taken his departure, than the worthy *sellier* inserted a paragraph in "The Brussels Oracle," stating, "that the noble 'milor Anglais' had absconded with his caleche, value 1800 francs!"

I need not add that my indignation was great on perusing this rascally libel; and I lost not a moment in applying to a lawyer, who summoned the gentleman before the mayor. He now began to draw in his horns, and on my threatening to prosecute him for defamation, he consented to take a hundred francs for the use of his carriage to Waterloo, and as much more for some alterations he pretended to have made, which, as I could not contradict, I was obliged to submit to, although my lawyer was desirous I should resist such gross imposition. I, however, agreed, on condition that a declaration should be inserted, at his expense, stating the true merits of the case.

The following week the English "Courier" had the impudence to copy into its vindictive columns the libel, without noticing the explanation, the Editor adding some bitter remarks of his own, quite uncalled for. I mention this as an example of the party spirit in England at this period. Lord Byron was a Liberal, and therefore obnoxious to the ministerial "Oracle," the "Courier." I determined, however, in the absence of my friend, to do him justice to the public, and wrote to Mr. Perry a full statement of the case. He published my letter, *verbatim*, in the "Morning Chronicle," with his own comments, which, I have no doubt, vindicated Lord Byron entirely from the gross aspersions of the "Courier," though the Editor had not the honesty to make any *amende*. Lord Byron was beyond the Alps, and he thought himself safe from the vengeance which would otherwise have fallen on him. I transmitted the whole detail to Lord Byron, who was much pleased with my conduct in justifying him, and extricating him out of the hands of the Flemish Philistines.

I was intimately acquainted with Lord Byron's mother from her childhood. She lost both her parents before she was ten years old, and lived occasionally with the family of General Abercromby, of Glasgow, to whom she was nearly related. I passed some weeks in her company there, when she came from school, a romping, comely, good-humoured girl of sixteen, inclined to corpulency. She was fond of running races, and swinging between two trees on the lawn; but from this last exercise she was at last interdicted, for one of the ropes gave way, and she had so severe a fall that she fainted, and I carried her in my arms into the house, but no injury occurred except that she was obliged to submit to the lancet, and a temporary confinement.

One of her nearest relations, Mrs. D——, the wife of the Admiral,

was about this time residing at Bath; and this lady undertook the charge of the young heiress, and of introducing her into the world. She had been too long in Scotland, for she had acquired a confirmed Scotch accent. Now it was to be feared that some northern adventurer might entice her into a clandestine marriage, for she had no mother or good aunt to look after her. How Bath was chosen as an eligible residence for a young and giddy heiress, seems rather surprising; but thither she went, and was introduced. It was soon known that she had an estate worth sixty thousand pounds, and she consequently attracted many admirers: among others, Captain Byron, a guardsman, (or lately one,) paid his court to the northern constellation. A young man of address and insinuating manners, he got into the young lady's good graces, and persuaded her to take a trip to Gretna Green with him. This clandestine step placed her entirely at his mercy in respect to settlements, and entailed on her, in a few years, the misery of dependence.

It was with some difficulty that the noble captain was prevailed on to settle two hundred a-year out of her two thousand. Crippled with debts, which he had previously contracted, his extravagance continued, and, after cutting down the timber, he disposed of the estate to the Earl of Aberdeen, much under its value, and within three years he had squandered every shilling. Fortunately death put a stop to his career, and the poor widow (just out of her teens) had no other provision left for herself and son, but the pitiful pittance which had, by the kind intercession of a friend, been saved to her.

She retired to obscurity, but in the midst of her friends, to Banff, to educate her child. It is a singular circumstance that, at the birth of this boy, there were five males between him and the title, yet, before he had reached his seventh year, he succeeded to it. On this subject his nurse was prophetic; for on his mother's asking this woman, who had been thirty years in the family, if he was a fine child? "Ay, madam," said she, "he's a bonny bairn, and he has got a *club-bed* foot, and he'll surely be Lord Byron, for a' the Lord Byrons ha' a clubbed foot." This I have heard Mrs. Byron tell when her son was an infant; and it was certainly true that two of the family had been born with this defect.

She removed to Aberdeen, when he was five years old, for the advantage of better masters than Banff afforded, where she continued until his succession to the title and estates of his relation enabled her, with the Lord Chancellor's permission, to carry her ward to England.

He was sent to Harrow; and that she might be near the idol of her affections, she took a small house in London.

I had frequent opportunities of seeing the youth when he came to town for the holidays. At fourteen he was a fine, lively, restless lad, full of fire and energy, and passionately fond of riding. His exploits in Hyde Park I have already mentioned:—when he boasted of beating me in the race, I said, "Do you know the proverb, 'that there is a great deal in riding a borrowed horse!'" He did not know this adage, until I explained it to him; when he good-humouredly drew in his reins, acknowledging the rebuke, and adding, "If the pony was mine, I would bet you my month's pocket-money, that I would be at Kensington gardens before you."—"Well," I said, "we will have a trial to-

morrow for half-a-crown, but to-day we must not race, for our nags have had too much water." He blabbed this to his mother, who would on no account permit the course. But the ride was not to be abandoned, and he gave his parole that he would not gallop, and kept religiously to it; for, though he was a spoiled child, and had too much of his own way, he never did any thing intentionally to disoblige or vex her,—at least so she has often told me.

Our intimacy with Mrs. Byron Gordon continued after Lord Byron went abroad: she sensibly felt the separation, and her spirits were only kept up with the hopes of his speedy return. Alas! she did not live to have this happiness; for when she wrote to him that she had got into bad health, and was desirous to see him, he hastened to obey her wishes, but she died a week or two before his arrival, of a sore throat. This greatly distressed him, as he had taken it into his head, that, had he been with her, or had never quitted her, she might have been still living. Yet he acknowledged that she did not want the best medical advice. She was extremely corpulent, and he told me that he was also inclined to *obesity*, to prevent which, he was become very abstemious, and took violent exercise.

The last time I saw his mother, she told me, that his affections were placed on a young lady, whose name she did not mention, but I have heard that it was Miss Mary Chaworth, daughter to the man whom Lord Byron's predecessor had killed in a tavern brawl. That he had loved another before his marriage with Miss Millbanke, is certain. His verses "to Mary," are supposed to allude to Miss Chaworth.

Poor Byron had the misfortune to be connected with false friends, who, after receiving benefits at his hand, became his bitterest foes. Polidori, whom he selected as his "compagnon de voyage," was one of those. After living on the most amicable footing with his patron for more than a year, he took umbrage for some trifle; and because Byron took part in some dispute the doctor had with a Venetian nobleman, he quarrelled with his friend, and left him abruptly at Venice.

I have since heard, from an authority I could not doubt, that this rupture was entirely produced by Polidori, who, though a talented man, was any thing but amiable. In proof of his bad dispositions and vindictive temper, he published, soon after his arrival in England, a miserable squib, called "The Vampire," which he had the impudence to try to palm on the public as the produce of Byron's pen; but the cheat was speedily detected, and the venomous Bat and its author were shortly forgotten. It would appear that Lord Byron had not much discrimination in the choice of his friends, with all his acuteness and knowledge of life.

Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott visited Brussels about the middle of August 1816, when I had the good fortune to meet him at the house of Sir Frederick Adam, who was prevented by a wound from joining his brigade, though he was able to do the duties of the small garrison there.

Mr. Scott accepted my services to conduct him to Waterloo. The general's aid-de-camp was also of the party, Mr. Scott being accompanied by two friends, his fellow travellers. He made no secret of his

having undertaken to write something on the battle ; and he took the greater interest on this account in every thing that he saw. Besides, he had never seen a field of such a conflict ; and never having been before on the Continent, it was all new to his comprehensive mind. The day was beautiful ; and I had the precaution to send out a couple of saddle-horses, that he might not be fatigued in walking over the fields which had been recently ploughed up. The animal he rode was so quiet that he was much gratified, and had an opportunity of examining every spot of the positions of both armies ; and seemed greatly delighted, especially with the Farm of Goumont, where he loitered a couple of hours. In our rounds we fell in with Monsieur Da Costar, with whom he got into conversation, though I had told him he was an impostor. But he had attracted so much notice by his pretended story of being about the person of Napoleon, that he was of too much importance to be passed by : I did not, indeed, know as much of this fellow's Charlatanism at that time as afterwards, when I saw him confronted with a blacksmith of La Belle Alliance, who had been his companion in a hiding-place, ten miles from the field, during the whole day ; a fact which he could not deny. But he had got up a tale so plausible, and so profitable, that he could afford to bestow hush-money on the companion of his flight, so that the imposition was but little known, and strangers continued to be gulled. He had picked up a good deal of information about the positions and details of the battle, and being naturally a sagacious Wallon, and speaking French pretty fluently, he became the favourite *cicerone*, and every lie he told was taken for gospel. Year after year, until his death in 1824, he continued his popularity, and raised the price of his rounds from a couple of francs to five ; besides as much for the hire of a horse, his own property ; for he pretended that the fatigue of walking so many hours was beyond his powers. It has been said, that in this way he realised every summer a couple of hundred Napoleons. It is surprising how any one could believe the story he told ; for supposing that he had been seized upon by Napoleon, what use could such a vagabond be as a guide ? what was he to show ? The British army was staring the Emperor in the face at a mile distant. This *soi-disant* hero could only be an incumbrance during the conflict, if his courage could have been screwed up to remain at Napoleon's side, as he pretended he had done, and that when he became panic-struck, on the approach of the Prussians, he was rewarded for his services with a twenty-franc coin. He even pointed out the actual spot where he stood with the Emperor on the *chaussée*—heard him exclaim “ Sauve qui peut ! ” and saw him mount his horse, and brush ! —facts, which are become historical !

There was another peasant whom I discovered, an extremely intelligent little fellow, who had actually been forced into the service by a Prussian officer. He was found skulking in the forest, and put at the head of the column, to conduct it, by the best and shortest route, to the scene of action, which, from the noise of the cannon and platoons, could be at no great distance. The little pioneer did his duty ; there was nothing improbable in his story ; and when I made his acquaintance, I found him very acute, and gave him some further knowledge of the details than he already knew ; dubbed him Blucher's A.D.C. ; and set him up, to all strangers that fell in my way, in opposition to Da Costar.

He was content with a franc for a course, and soon became a popular character.

When Sir Walter had examined every point of defence and attack we adjourned to the "Original Duke of Wellington," at Waterloo, to dinner, after the fatigues of the ride. Here he had a crowded levée of peasants, and collected a great many trophies, from cuirasses down to buttons and bullets. He picked up himself many little relics, and was fortunate in purchasing a grand cross of the legion of honour. But the most precious relic was presented to him by my wife—a French soldier's book, well stained with blood, and containing some poetical effusions, called "Troubadours," which he found so interesting that he translated them into English, and they were introduced into his "Paul's Letters;" on the publication of which he did her the honour of sending her a copy, with a most flattering letter, to say, "that he considered her gift as the most valuable of all his Waterloo relics."

On our return from the field, he kindly passed the evening with us, and a few friends whom we invited to meet him. He charmed us with his delightful conversation, and was in great spirits from the agreeable day he had passed; and with great good humour promised to write a stanza in the lady's Album. The following morning he called to achieve this; and I put him into my little library, the door of which I locked to prevent interruption, as a great many of my friends had paraded in the *Parc* opposite my window to get a peep of the celebrated man, many having dogged him from his hotel. In spite of this precaution, however, and orders to my servant to deny every one, a huge fellow of twenty stone forced his way in, equipped in a horseman's drab coat, scarlet waistcoat, greasy buckskin nether-garments, met by Yorkshire-tan gaiters; his party-coloured grisly locks surmounted by a broad-brim, rusty castor; his bull neck enveloped in a *Belcher*, which had been once purple. This moving mass of bone and blubber had penetrated beyond a double door, which separated the vestibule from the staircase, and applied to the door of the apartment in which the poet was, and not gaining admittance, thundered at it with the butt-end of a large whip which he carried. I sallied out of the dining-room to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary noise, and great was my surprise on beholding the personage whom I have attempted to describe. He stared at me without uttering a word, when I said, "Pray, Sir, how come I to be honoured with your presence? (I could not doubt of his being a *Bull* from his figure and costume.) What the D—l do you want here?" The gentleman, not in the least discomfited by this blunt address, threw back his head, and replied, in a broad Yorkshire accent, "I understand that the famous man Walter Scott is in your house, and I am desirous to see him; but I am in a great hurry, and my horses are at the door to take me to Waterloo, so I hope you will let me see the gentleman, and not keep me waiting. My name is (I did not distinctly hear it), a Yorkshire squire, of 3000*l.* a-year; I am on my travels, and am curious to see every thing. Now, as my daughters are always talking about *this here* Mr. Scott, and reading his books, I suppose he is worth seeing:—'a penny cat may look at a king:'—no offence, I hope, Sir."

"Squire," said I, "from the manner in which you have conducted yourself, by intruding into a gentleman's house, I must think you have

escaped from the York Lunatic Asylum, or from your keepers! I therefore recommend you to proceed to Waterloo; for though Mr. Scott is under my roof, you have not the least chance of seeing him in this house, but you may have your curiosity gratified by waiting in the street until he is inclined to go out, of which there is no probability for some hours. Had you shown a little more civility, I might have been disposed to treat you like a gentleman, though, from your manners, you do not appear to be deserving; as a countryman, however, I will bestow a little advice on you. Before you proceed farther on your travels, I recommend you to go home, and put yourself under the tuition of some one to teach you better manners." So saying, I thrust the door in the Squire's face. My friends in the parlour had overheard the dialogue, and were bursting with laughter; fortunately the Poet was not disturbed, and when he had finished his labours, I told him my adventure, which amused him not a little. The Squire bundled himself into a shabby French *chaise de poste*, and drove off. No more was seen or heard of him, nor could I learn at the hotels any thing of the monster. I suspect he was an impostor, for the breed of such an English squire has been long extinct.

Brussels affords but little worthy of the notice of such a traveller as the author of "Waverley;" but he greatly admired the splendid tower of the Maison de Ville, and the ancient sculpture and style of architecture of the buildings which surround the Grand Place.

He told us, with great humour, a laughable incident which had occurred to him at Antwerp. The morning after his arrival at that city from Holland, he started at an early hour to visit the tomb of Rubens in the Church of St. Jacques, before his party were up. Having provided himself with a map of the city, he had no other guide; but after wandering about for an hour, without finding the object he had in view, he determined to make inquiry, and observing a person stalking about like himself, he addressed him, in his best French; but the stranger, pulling off his hat, very respectfully replied, in the pure Highland accent, "I'm vary sorry, Sir, but I canna speak ony thing besides English."—"This is very unlucky indeed, Donald," said Mr. Scott, "but we must help one another; for, to tell you the truth, I'm not good at any other tongue but the English, or rather, the Scotch."—"Oh, Sir, maybe," replied the Highlander, "you are a countryman, and ken my maister, Captain Cameron, of the 79th, and could tell me whare he lodges. I'm just cum in, Sir, frae a place they ca' *Machlin*, and ha forgotten the name of the Captain's quarters; it was something like the *Luaborer*."—"I can, I think, help you with this, my friend," rejoined Mr. Scott. "There is an inn just opposite to you, (pointing to the *Hotel de Grand Laboureur*,) I dare say that will be the Captain's quarters;" and it was so. I cannot do justice to the humour in which Mr. Scott recounted this dialogue.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JEHANGUIR.

THE Memoirs of the Emperor of Hindustan, Jehanguir, the son of the great Akber, although the narrative be not chequered by the wonderful vicissitudes of fortune, described with so much *naïveté* in the commentaries of his renowned ancestor Sultan Baber, still do not yield to them in curious and intense interest. They are written in the style of a journal, and although occasionally interspersed with long digressions, you may perceive in every line of the work the unsophisticated delineation of fresh impressions as they rise to his perception, which, with all its defects, we do think bears a more fascinating charm with it than the laboured result of the most perfect composition. In October 1605, he ascended "the throne of his wishes," in the city of Agrah, at the age of thirty-eight years, "under auspices the most felicitous," he says, "Let it not produce a smile that I should have set my heart on the delusions of this world. Am I greater than Solomon?" &c. He describes, with the minuteness of a jeweller, the almost incredible value of his throne and crown, and, like a younger person, dwells with delighted vanity on all the splendid accompaniments of royalty. He says, "For forty days and forty nights I caused the nuggaurah, or great imperial state drum, to strike up, without ceasing, the strains of joy and triumph; and for an extent of nearly fifty zereibs around my throne, the ground was spread by my directions with the most costly brocades and gold-embroidered carpets. Censers of gold and silver were disposed in different directions for the purpose of burning odoriferous drugs; and nearly three thousand camphorated wax-lights, three cubits in length, in branches of gold and silver, perfumed with ambergris, illuminated the scene from night till morning. Numbers of blooming youths, beautiful as young Joseph in the pavilions of Egypt, clad in dresses of the most costly materials, woven in silk and gold, with zones and amulets, sparkling with the lustre of the diamond, the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby, awaited my commands, rank after rank, and in attitude most respectful. And finally, the Ameirs of the empire, from the captain of five hundred to the commander of five thousand horse, and to the number of nine individuals, covered from head to foot in gold and jewels, and shoulder to shoulder, stood round in brilliant array, also waiting for the commands of their sovereign. For forty days and forty nights did I keep open to the world these scenes of festivity and splendour, furnishing altogether an example of imperial magnificence seldom paralleled in this stage of earthly existence."

The royal author proceeds to give an account, which is not devoid of interest, of his father's anxiety to have a son and heir to his dominion, (as none had survived their births above one hour,) and of his vowing, and completing his vow, of walking on foot from Agrah to Ajmir (a distance of two hundred and eighty miles), that he might offer up his prayers and thanksgivings for the birth of the author at the shrine of Moinuddin Cheesti. The holy recluse who lived there, Sheikh Selim, blesses the royal bantling, and gives him his own name; and in fact, whilst heir apparent, he was known as Prince Selim, which, on his accession to sovereign power, he changed to that of Jehanguir, or Conqueror of the World; and here he shows a motive for this ap-

pellation, which will be considered as rather a curious anticipation. "And peradventure, I might have been contented to the last with the title of Sultan Selim; but to place myself on a par with the monarchs of the Turkish empire (Roum), and considering that universal conquest is the peculiar vocation of sovereign princes, I thought it incumbent on me to assume, at my accession, that of Jahanguir Padshah, as the title which best suited my character; and I trust, with the aid of a gracious providence, with length of life, and a favouring star, that I shall so acquit myself as to justify the appellation."

The author proceeds to detail the regulations he made for the better administration of justice, throughout his dominions, and the invention of an immense chain of gold, fastened at one end to the battlements of the royal tower of the castle at Agrah, and at the other to a stone pillar near the bed of the river Jumna. This chain of justice, as it was called, was about two hundred and sixty feet in length, and had eighty bells suspended from it, so that any one suffering from the maladministration of the laws, had only to touch this chain to obtain immediate redress.

Another of his regulations was against intoxication; and on this subject he is candid enough to acknowledge his own transgressions, and we feel certain that the quantity of wine his Majesty was in the habit of drinking daily would appear excessive, even in the opinion of our most jolly toppers.

"No person was permitted either to make or sell either wine or any other kind of intoxicating liquor. I undertook to institute this regulation, although it is sufficiently notorious that I have myself the strongest inclination for wine, in which, from the age of sixteen, I have liberally indulged. And in very truth, encompassed as I was with youthful associates of congenial minds, breathing the air of a delicious climate, ranging through lofty and splendid saloons, every part of which decorated with all the graces of painting and sculpture, and the floors bespread with the richest carpets of silk and gold, would it not have been a species of folly to have rejected the aid of an exhilarating cordial?—and what cordial can surpass the juice of the grape? May it not happen that Theriauk, or opiates, or stimulants, have been rendered habitual to the constitution? and heaven forbid that this should deprive a man of the most generous feelings of his nature! With some acknowledged beneficial effects, it must be confessed, that these indulgences to excess must expose a man's infirmities, prostrate his constitutional vigour, and awaken false desires, such being the most injurious properties belonging to the list of stimulants. At the same time, we cannot but remember that Kelourica is brother's son to Theriauk.

"For myself, I cannot but acknowledge that such was the excess to which I had carried my indulgence, that my usual daily allowance extended to twenty, and sometimes to more than twenty cups, each cup containing half a seir (about six ounces,) and eight cups being equal to a maun of Irák. So far, indeed, was this baneful propensity carried, that if I were but an hour without my beverage, my hands began to shake, and I was unable to sit at rest. Convinced by these symptoms, that if the habit gained upon me in this proportion, my situation must soon become one of the utmost peril, I felt it full time to devise some expedient to abate the evil; and in six months I accordingly succeeded

in reducing my quantity gradually from twenty to five cups a day. At entertainments, I continued, however, to indulge in a cup or two more ; and on most occasions I made it a rule never to commence my indulgence until about two hours before the close of day. But now that the affairs of the empire demand my utmost vigilance and attention, my potations do not commence until after the hour of evening prayer, my quantity never exceeding five cups on any occasion, neither would more than that quantity suit the state of my stomach. Once a day I take my regular meal, and once a day seems quite sufficient to assuage my appetite for wine ; but as drink seems not less necessary than meat to the sustenance of man, it appears very difficult, if not impossible, for me to discontinue altogether the use of wine. Nevertheless, I bear in mind, and I trust in heaven, that, like my grandfather Homayun, who succeeded in divesting himself of the habit before he attained to the age of forty-five, I also may be supported in my resolution some time or other to abandon the pernicious practice altogether. In a point wherein God has pronounced his sure displeasure, let the creature exert himself ever so little towards amendment, and it may prove, in no small degree, the means of eternal salvation."

His Imperial Majesty, after confirming the greater part of his father's ministers and dignitaries in their offices, and increasing their stipends and commands, has the humanity to throw open the gates of the various prisons in his empire, and from the fortress of Gwalior alone liberated seven thousand individuals, some of whom had been confined for forty years. Some idea may be formed of the numbers of unfortunate sufferers thus set at large, when it is known that in Hindustan Proper there are two thousand four hundred fortresses of competent strength, without including those in Bengal, which are almost innumerable.

Jehanguir here gives a long description of the imperial city of Agrah, on the river Jumna, which he concludes by saying, that he does not know in the whole world, either in magnitude or the multitude of its inhabitants, any city to be compared to it. One of its ornaments was the garden of Gulafshan, which owed its origin to the Emperor Baber, and contained within it every thing that was rare and valuable, both in flowers and fruits. It is curious to remark of the latter, that in recounting the exotics introduced by his imperial ancestor, the author mentions the Ananas, or pine-apple, being among the most delicious of those reared in the island of the Frengnis (Portuguese), of which fruit this same garden has been known to have produced one hundred thousand in a season.

The account of the royal establishments is almost beyond belief of the most liberal credulity. Elephants, camels, and horses, and the enormous charges for their maintenance, exceed all calculation. Of the former noble animal alone, there were twelve thousand of a size and temper to be employed against the ranks of an enemy in the field of battle ; a thousand of a smaller size to supply the larger with forage and grain, exclusive of one hundred thousand required to carry the covered litters for the ladies of the imperial family, imperial baggage, and camp equipage. We agree with the learned translator entirely in his supposition that the person who copied the manuscript has

probably been guilty of the apparent exaggeration in the number of the elephants, and in the enormous sum for their maintenance.

But, however raised in outward wealth and pomp above the lot of all contemporary sovereigns, Jehanguir could not boast of being more free than them from the alloy of domestic cares, sedition, tumult, and disaffection. We find that, even before Akber's death, Jehanguir's eldest son Khoosroo aspired to the throne of his grandfather, to the utter destruction of his own father. It is certain that the young prince was instigated to this disloyal and undutiful conduct by the great Rajpoot chieftain, Rajah Maun Singh. The first of that warlike and powerful tribe who became attached to the government of the Emperor Akber, was Bharamul, the grandfather of this Rajah Maun Singh. To cement the fidelity and attachment of this chieftain, the Emperor caused the daughter of Bharamul to be espoused by his eldest son Jehanguir, and she became the mother of the Prince Khoosroo. Thus the Prince and Rajah Maun Singh being first cousins, it is natural to suppose that the latter would nourish the seeds of disaffection in the young Prince's breast, in the hope that his accession to the throne would realise his own ambitious views of aggrandisement; and although Jehanguir had forgotten all former offence, and raised his son and his ungrateful cousin Rajah Maun Singh to the highest offices and commands in the state, we still find them in open rebellion at the end of six or seven months.

In distinguishing his different ministers and generals, and assigning them various grades, from the command of 500 to that of 5000, or more, he thus mentions his father-in-law, and the beautiful, witty, and highly-accomplished Noor Jehaun, his Sultana, or Begum:—

“Ettemaud-ud-Doulah, it is almost superfluous to observe, is the father of my consort Noorjahaun Begum, and of Assof Khan, whom I have appointed my Lieutenant-general, with the rank of a commander of *five thousand*. On Noorjahaun, however, who is the superior of the four hundred inmates of my harem, I have conferred the rank of *thirty thousand*. In the whole empire there is scarcely a city in which this princess has not left some lofty structure, some spacious garden, as a splendid monument of her taste and munificence. As I had then no intention of marriage, she did not originally come into my family, but was betrothed, in the time of my father, to ~~Sheer~~ Afkunn; but when that chief *was killed*, I sent for the Kauzy, and contracted a regular marriage with her, assigning for her dowry the sum of eighty lacks of ashrefies of five methkals, which sum she requested as indispensable for the purchase of jewels, and I granted it without a murmur. I presented her, moreover, with a necklace of pearl, containing forty beads, each of which had cost me separately the sum of forty thousand rupees. At the period in which this is written, I may say that the whole concern of my household, whether gold or jewels, is under her sole and entire management. Of my unreserved confidence, indeed, this princess is in entire possession, and I may allege, without a fallacy, that the whole fortune of my empire has been consigned to the disposal of this highly-endowed family; the father being my Dewan, the son my Lieutenant-general, with unlimited powers, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares.”

We think it right to mention what our royal narrator ordained upon

a subject that, judging from the numerous petitions already presented to both Houses of Parliament, seems to interest the good people of this country deeply :—

“ In the practice of being burnt on the funeral pyre of their husbands, as sometimes exhibited among the widows of the Hindûs, I had previously directed that no woman who was the mother of children should be thus made a sacrifice, however willing to die; and I now farther ordained, that in no case was the practice to be permitted when compulsion was in the slightest degree employed, whatever might be the opinions of the people. In other respects, they were in no wise to be molested in the duties of their religion, nor exposed to oppression or violence in any manner whatever. For when I consider that the Almighty has constituted me the shadow of his beneficence on earth, and that his gracious providence is equally extended to all existence, it would but ill accord with the character thus bestowed, to contemplate for an instant the butchery of nearly a whole people; for of the population of Hindûstân, it is notorious that five parts in six are composed of Hindûs, the adorers of images; and the whole concerns of trade and manufactures, weaving, and other industrious and lucrative pursuits, are entirely under the management of these classes. Were it, therefore, ever so much my desire to convert them to the true faith, it would be impossible, otherwise than through the excision of millions of men.”

The latter part of the paragraph (from a despot) inculcates a good lesson on toleration in religious matters.

To gratify the wishes of the ungrateful Rajah Maun Singh, the King promoted his son Bhaon Singh to the rank of fifteen hundred horse, and observes, that he was the only surviving son, although Maun Singh “ was known to have had by his fifteen hundred wives not less than two or three children each, all of whom died except this one.” We should like to know whether paternal and conjugal affection keeps pace with this unnatural plurality of wives, and commensurate number of children!

In September 1610, the King bestowed the daughter of Mirza Rustam, with a marriage-portion of a sum equal to 90,000*l.* on his favourite son Parviz; and when the bride was brought into the palace, he presented her with a necklace of sixty pearls, each of which cost 1000*l.* sterling; a ruby, valued at 25,000*l.*; and an assignment of 30,000*l.* per annum for her expenses.

As Jehanguir's ideas on the choice of efficient servants give satisfactory evidence of his attention to the affairs of his empire, and the wisdom of his measures, we quote the following passage at length :—

“ Upon receiving a hint one day from the Ameir-al-Oomra, which concurred most exactly with the suggestions of my own mind, I established as a rule, that no one was to be entrusted with the transaction of any concern of my government until his qualifications were first tried by the touchstone of experience, in order to form something like an estimate how far in his hands it was likely to be brought to a favourable issue. A matter of importance can, indeed, never be expected to succeed in the hands of a blockhead; and to engage a man of ability in the transaction of a trifle, would be to let fly a hawk against a mos-

quito. Without some considerations of this nature, the business of any state must soon fall into confusion; and the welfare and regularity of every government must always greatly depend upon the character of those who are retained about the person of the sovereign."

Jehanguir, who, unlike his father Akber, was a bigoted Mussulman, had, even before the publication of his journal, been suspected of having actuated the death of the great Abûl Fazl, the elegant historian of his father's reign, under the idea that his influence was the cause of Akber's ceasing to be a Muhammedan. The acknowledgment and motives assigned are too curious to allow of our omitting to lay them before our readers.

"I shall here record the elevation by me to the dignity of a commander of two thousand horse, of Sheikh Abdurrahman, the son of Abûl Fazzel, although the father was well known to me as a man of profligate principles; for, towards the close of my father's reign, availing himself of the influence which by some means or other he had acquired, he so wrought upon the mind of his master, as to instil into him the belief that the seal and asylum of prophecy, to whom the devotion of a thousand lives such as mine would be a sacrifice too inadequate to speak of, was no more to be thought of than as an Arab of singular eloquence, and that the sacred inspirations recorded in the Koran were nothing else but fabrications, invented by the ever-blessed Mohammed. Actuated by these reasons it was that I employed the man who killed Abûl Fazzel, and brought his head to me; and for this it was that I incurred my father's deep displeasure. Hence, also, it was, that I solemnly appealed to the Prophet's sacred name, and ventured to proclaim that, with his assistance, I should still make my way good to the throne of Hindustan. I am compelled to add, that, under the influence of his displeasure on this occasion, my father gave to my son Khossrou, over me, every advantage of rank and favour, explicitly declaring that after him Khossrou should be king. Sheikh Saadi has long since pronounced, God will dispose of him whom he has destined to take away, though the atheist may himself pretend to shroud the body.' In the end, the Almighty brought his purposes to a consummation. After the death of Abûl Fazzel, however, my father became impressed with other notions, and returning again a little into the right way, showed himself once more an orthodox believer."

By occasional remarks in this journal, the King seems to have acquired a knowledge of the virtues and vices that appertain to the different nations and tribes of which his army was composed. The great simplicity of character for which the Turks, or Tartars, are remarkable, he instances by saying, that Mirza Shah Bokh, Prince of Badakhshan, although he had lived in India for a period of twenty years, could never accomplish the enunciation of one word of Hindustani. Of the natives of Badakhshan he observes, that there does not exist a race of men more notorious for their disregard of truth, although by no means deficient in intellect. He makes an exception, however, in favour of Shah Bokh, who bore no resemblance whatever to his countrymen.

Of the Owzbeq cavalry, of which he had one hundred and fifty thousand in his army, he says, that however brave in battle, they are very easily prevailed upon to desert their employers.

We have a strong proof of the King's love of justice overcoming the strongest feelings of friendship and regard; his own words will best describe the conflict between public duty and private affection.

"I am now about to relate an occurrence which, from the struggle between private friendship and the sense of public duty, occasioned considerable pain to my mind. Mirza Nour, the son of Khaun-e-Auzem, was brought before me on a charge of homicide. This young man had possessed an extraordinary share in my father's friendship, was as much beloved by him as if he had been his own child, and who made considerable sacrifices to gratify and indulge him. In these circumstances, I directed that he should be taken, together with his accusers, immediately before the Kauzy and Meir-e-Auddel (or minister of justice), who received my injunctions, according to what might be proved in evidence, to fulfil, with regard to him, the dictates of the law. In due time a report was laid before me from these officers of justice, declaring that Mirza Nour, the son of Khaun-e-Auzem, had been found guilty of the wilful murder of a man, and that, according to the law of Mohammed, 'blood alone was the compensation for blood.' Notwithstanding my extreme regard for the son, and the respect I bore for the father, I found it impossible to act in contravention to the ordinances of God, and I therefore, with whatever reluctance, consigned him to the hands of the executioner.

"For a month afterwards, however, I endured for his death the most consuming grief, deeply regretting the loss of one so young, and possessed of so many elegant and engaging qualifications. But, however repugnant, there cannot in these cases be any alternative; for should we omit to discharge ourselves of this our irksome duty, every aggrieved person would seize his opportunity of time and place to avenge himself in his adversary's blood. To bring, therefore, to prompt punishment the man who violates the laws of his country, is an alternative with which no person intrusted with the reins of power is authorized to dispense."

The character of Asof Khan is also drawn with a masterly pen.

"Like Khaun-e-Auzem, Assuf Khaun was also an excellent reciter of the Koran, an eloquent speaker, and without his equal in conviviality of disposition. In the whole court of my father there was not an Ameir more deservedly distinguished; and I myself continued to cherish for him the highest respect, of which I have given some proof in assigning to him the title of uncle. In truth, there are belonging to him such various accomplishments, both personal and intellectual, as can seldom fall to the lot of man. But there is one blemish clinging to his character sufficient to obliterate all his virtues; his hand is closed against the graces of liberality, than which there cannot be a deeper stain on the human character, more particularly in that of a man of his exalted rank; for the canker of avarice corrodes both here and hereafter. I have exerted all the powers of reflection to decide, but there is no quality of the mind more graceful than liberality."

Not being able to give large extracts of this interesting work, however worthy of notice many of them appear to us, we particularly recommend to the notice of those who may be induced to possess the work itself, the well-drawn character which the King gives of his immortal father Akber, both moral and physical.

The royal author, although evidently endued with wisdom and good sense, was not altogether free from superstition. Being fond of the chase, and possessing his father's famous gun Drustandus (the true thrower of shot), he often killed with it twenty antelopes of a day, until the following extraordinary circumstance induced him to make a vow of giving up sporting on attaining the age of fifty years.

"One day, being engaged on a hunting party, among a herd of deer or antelopes which we had in view, I perceived one coloured and marked so beautifully, that I singled it out for my own pursuit, strictly forbidding any of my retinue from accompanying me, knowing, indeed, that the animal would be rendered wilder by the appearance of numbers. I discharged my piece, the same Drustandauz, at the creature repeatedly, without perceiving that my shot had any effect. As often as I closed upon the animal it bounded off, as if in entire derision. At last, after a third shot, I had once more approached close to the antelope, when giving a sudden spring, it in an instant disappeared altogether. Either from the sudden spring, or from some cause that I am unable to explain, I fell into a swoon, and remained in a state of total insensibility for the space of two hours; until, indeed, impatient at my non-appearance, my son Khoorum hastened to the spot in search of me, and, applying rose-water to my temples, succeeded at last in restoring me to my faculties. I continued, however, in a state of debility and anxiety of mind for nearly a month; and from that day I solemnly vowed that, after attaining the age of fifty years, I would never make use of my gun in the chase."

Another instance of superstitious feeling occurs, (p. 68.) "I had mounted my horse on quitting my father's resting-place, and had not yet proceeded a kôsse on my march, when a man came to meet me, who could not have possessed any knowledge of my person, and I demanded his name. He told me in answer that his name was Mûrad Khaujah. 'Heaven be praised!' said I, 'my desire shall be attained.' A little farther on, and not far from the tomb of the Emperor Bâber, we met another man, driving before him an ass loaded with fire-wood, and having a burden of thorns on his own back. I asked of him the same information, and he told me, to my great delight, that his name was Dowlet Khaujah, (Sir fortune,) and I expressed to those who were in attendance how encouraging it would be if the third person we met should bear the name of Saadet, (auspicious.) What, then, must have been the surprise, when proceeding a little farther on, on the bank of a rivulet to our right, and observing a little boy who was watching a cow grazing hard-by, I ventured to ask him also his name; his answer was, My name is Saadet Khaujah, (Sir Felix.) A clamour of exultation arose among my attendants, and with feelings of equal gratitude and satisfaction, I from that moment determined that, in conformity with these three very auspicious prognostications, all the affairs of my government should be classed under three heads, to be called Eymaun-othalâtha, (the three signs.)"

Hitherto, with the exception of the threatened rebellion of his son, about the time of Akber's death, Jehanguir may be said to have had fortune chained to his ear; but his heart was doomed to feel a pang from the rebellious conduct of his son Khûsrû, A.D. 1606, the more severe because he had forgiven his former attempt, and expected a more grate-

ful return. After the rebel's flight was made known to the unhappy father, the Amir ul Omra, who was going in pursuit of the prince, asked with earnestness what he should do if the infatuated youth appealed to the sword; when the King gave this memorable answer: "In the concerns of sovereign power there is neither child nor kin." It is easy to conceive how his heart must have bled in coming to this decision!

After a long pursuit, an engagement between the rebels and the imperial forces took place near Lahour, where the latter were victorious, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers.

Here again our royal author has forebodings of success; although, contrary to the expectations of his ministers, he says, "I call God to witness, that while at Goundwaul, at this perilous crisis, I experienced some strong forebodings that Khùsrù was coming to my presence," and, in fact, he was, on the same evening, brought to his father's presence a prisoner.

Although Jehanguir, throughout this work, rather boasts of his humanity, still, when we reflect upon the cold-blooded assassination of the accomplished Abul Fazl, which he acknowledges, and the destruction of the brave Shir Afghan, the more villanous, because it was for the gratification of his love for Nur Jehan, that devoted chief's wife, we cannot agree with our royal narrator's complacent delineation of his own character, however favourably it may be contrasted with that of other Asiatic despots. No person of real humanity of disposition could dwell, as he does, on the tortures which he orders, however merited the punishment. He says,—

"Seated in the pavilion, having directed a number of sharp stakes to be set up in the bed of the Bauvy, I caused the seven hundred traitors who had conspired with Khossrau against my authority to be impaled alive upon them. Than this there cannot exist a more excruciating punishment, since the wretches exposed frequently linger a long time in the most agonizing torture, before the hand of death relieves them; and the spectacle of such frightful agonies must, if any thing can, operate as a due example to deter others from similar acts of perfidy and treason towards their benefactors."

From Lahour, after the suppression of this dangerous rebellion, the Emperor returned to Agrah. In mentioning incidentally his pursuing the plan practised by his father Akber, of discharging his gun on the first of every month, and making every soldier in his army follow his example, he dilates on the wonderful invention of the matchlock, and observes, that he has nearly five hundred thousand "matchlock men in his army, either on foot or mounted on camels, independent of the different garrisons in the numerous fortresses, cities, and other places throughout the empire, which do not fall short of three millions of men similarly armed!"

Amongst his nobles were many men of great personal strength, whose deeds he records with the admiration due to them. Amongst others, he describes a very wonderful feat in archery, that reminds us of the skill of Arthur, in *Anne of Geierstein*, Sir Walter Scott's last novel. (Vol. 1, p. 110.)

"Another of the ameurs of my court, distinguished for courage and skill, was Bauker Noodjum Thauni, who had not in the world his equal in the use of the bow. As for instance, of the surprising perfection to

which he had carried his practice, it will be sufficient to relate, that one evening, in my presence, they placed before him a transparent glass bottle, or vessel of some kind or other, a torch or flambeaux being held at some distance behind the vessel; they then made of wax something in the shape of a fly, which they fixed to the side of the bottle, which was of the most delicate fabric: on the top of this piece of wax they set a grain of rice and a pepper-corn. His first arrow struck the pepper-corn, his second carried off the grain of rice, and the third struck the diminutive wax figure, without in the slightest degree touching or injuring the glass vessel, which was, as I have before observed, of the very lightest and most delicate material. This was a degree of skill in the bowman's art amazing beyond all amazement; and it might be safely alleged, that such an instance of perfection in the craft has never been exhibited in any age or nation."

His Majesty's account of the jugglers from Bengal is quite incredible, if taken as matters appeared at the moment; such as the first one,—viz. putting seeds of curious trees into the earth, from which they shortly grew to the height of two or three feet, and even produced fruit. We happen to know two gentlemen, upon whose veracity we have the fullest reliance, who saw at Madras, in the lawn before the Government-house, the trick of a mango-stone being put into the ground, which in a very short time became a tree to all appearance, and actually bore a fruit; but they felt convinced it was a slight of hand, although they could not discover the manner in which they were so ingeniously deceived.

The ninth trick,—viz. cutting a man into pieces, which they again unite, and produce the man alive and perfect. This is something like the trick played in China before Ibn Batuta.

The twenty-third trick is one of difficult execution. "They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and, reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This, I may venture to affirm, was beyond measure strange and surprising."

In all, he mentions twenty-eight different tricks, which amused and puzzled him; and the royal reflections upon them are highly curious.

It is a custom in India for every body who approaches a king, or man in power, to lay a present at the feet of the superior. This is even observed between father and son. When Jehanguir returned from Gujerat to Agrah, he ordered his favourite son Sultan Parviz to his presence from Allahabad. The present which he brought on the occasion will be duly appreciated from his father's own words. Four hundred lacs of rupees are equivalent to four millions sterling.

On the day following, Parveiz came to pay the ceremonial visit of homage, on which occasion the following enumeration will exhibit a tolerable view of the nature of the articles which composed his superb

present to me. Eighty trained elephants of the highest value; two hundred horses of the best breed of Irāk, with their caparisons wrought in gold; one thousand camels of the dromedary sort, chosen for their speed; a number of the large white oxen of Gūjerat; four hundred trays of gold brocade, velvet, satin, and other pieces of manufacture of the rarest fabric; and twelve trays of jewels, consisting of diamonds, rubies, pearls, and turquoises; altogether, according to the schedule, being equivalent to the magnificent sum of four hundred lacs of rupees. On my part, throwing round his neck a chaplet of pearl of the value of ten lacs of rupees, I raised him at once from the order of ten thousand to that of thirty thousand horse."

We cannot resist giving a trait of generosity of this dutiful son and affectionate brother in the King's own words:

"About a month subsequent to his arrival at Agra on this occasion, Parveiz surprised me one day, by appearing before me with a napkin fastened round his neck, and, casting himself at my feet, breaking out into the bitterest expressions of sorrow. Something astonished, I demanded with paternal solicitude what it was that he would ask?—what was the cause of this paroxysm of grief?—and what it was that he had to complain of? He replied, that it was beyond his endurance longer to reflect, that himself and his three brothers should be passing their lives in hunting, and in every species of amusement, indulgence, and ease, while one brother, the eldest of all, was condemned, now for the fifteenth year, to drag on a wretched existence in the solitude of a prison: it was not the lot of humanity to be entirely blameless, but in all circumstances clemency was the peculiar and most becoming attribute of kings. His humble prayer, therefore, was, that I would at length grant to this brother my full pardon, release him from his melancholy confinement, and restore him to an exalted place in my royal favour. I found it no easy matter to parry this very urgent supplication; and I therefore demanded if he was prepared to be responsible that the unhappy Khossrou would never again commit himself by the same disloyal and refractory conduct, in which case alone I might perhaps be persuaded to set him once more at large. Parveiz immediately committed to paper a few lines, in the nature of a surety bond, and I accordingly signified my assent to the release of Khossrou."

His pardon was granted in a most magnificent as well as feeling manner; for he not only sent presents of great value to his repentant son, but also signified his pleasure to his great officers and nobles that they might do the same, to enable him to appear at court with the splendour properly belonging to a prince of the blood royal.

"When he approached the audience-chamber, and appeared in sight, at some distance from the throne, he burst into a flood of tears, and repeatedly prostrated himself on the floor, so continued to do until he came close up, when placing his head at my feet, he there remained, without attempting to raise it, for a full hour, although frequently importuned by me to look up. 'With what face,' he exclaimed, 'can I raise mine eyes to my royal father's countenance? For an offence so heinous as that of which I have been guilty, how can I presume to ask forgiveness?' After shedding a profusion of tears, however, he at last arose, and in some verses expressive of his deep distress, implored my

clemency for the past, and my indulgence for the future. Having so far testified his bitter remorse, he again bowed himself to the earth, and then, in an attitude of the utmost humility, standing before me with his hands across his bosom, he repeated that he could never sufficiently atone or abate his sense of shame for his conduct, though night and day were consumed in endless regret in my presence."

Such was the meeting between father and son, after the latter had been discarded from the King's presence for a period of fifteen years.

An insurrection of the Hindûs about Kinouje induces the King to send Abdullah Khan with a large force to reduce them to obedience, and punish their disaffection. Twenty thousand rebels fell on the field of battle; their fort was then stormed, and ten thousand more were slain, and their heads sent to the King. To deter others from similar acts of rebellion, ten thousand bodies of those who fell were suspended from trees with their heads downwards, on the high roads in the vicinity; and his Majesty observes with regret, that notwithstanding these frequent and sanguinary executions, the numbers of the turbulent and disaffected do not seem to diminish, although he thinks, that between his father and himself, there is scarcely a province in the empire in which five or six hundred thousand human beings have not fallen victims to this fatal disposition to discontent and turbulence.

Our author proceeds in a flotilla of boats up the Jumna, to the foot of the hills, in his way to Kashmir. His son, Sultan Khoorram, (afterward Shah Jèhan,) got permission to visit Lahour, and at the end of ten days again joined his father's camp at Hassan Abdul. After a great fall of rain, they marched to Katanour, but found the river so swelled, that he ordered the people, as they came up, to remain until the waters had fallen. In spite, however, of these prudent commands, many thoughtless people made the attempt on elephants and on horseback, when the young son of Mirza Rûstum, a great favourite of the King, was drowned. It was found, also, the next morning, that fifty thousand men, and nearly ten thousand elephants, camels, and horses, had perished.

After amusing himself in the "saffron plains" of Kashmir for a month, hunting and shooting, our royal author returned to Lahour, and on his way received intelligence that the natives of Kabûl were again beginning to infest the roads, and commit all sorts of enormities upon their fellow-subjects. Muhabet Khan was ordered to proceed with a force to quell insurrection and punish the offenders.

At this place the royal narrative ceases, and it appears doubtful if he ever continued it after this period, which we deeply regret.

BISHOPS' SLEEVES.

UPON no part of the female frame has Fashion exercised ~~its~~ sway with more caprice and whimsey than upon the arm. That which we value most, naturally engrosses our greatest care. The miser is constantly occupied with his gold, and we wonder that a fine woman's thoughts should run upon her arm. It is not merely the contour of a polished and beautifully rounded limb, and the delight excited by the contemplation of just symmetry and proportions, that are to be taken into account in an estimate of its merits. What interest and intelligence reside in a fine arm! Where should we find the harmony, the ease, the grace displayed in the movements of the accomplished female, if divested of this portion of her figure? The variety of its motions constitute a complete language. It is full of sense and meaning: it speaks unutterable things. Less eloquent and rapid than the expression of the eye, its motion is more distinct and intelligible. Whether it encourages, chides, or commends, you cannot mistake it. How the lover's heart sinks when her arm is withdrawn by his mistress! This single movement speaks volumes. Physical as well as intellectual associations of the deepest interest accompany it. In the œconomy of nature, a fine arm indicates a fine leg, and from thence we argue by analogy to the perfection of the whole female figure. The fair one who can boast fine legs and fine arms is seldom imperfect in the *tout ensemble*.

Formerly, ladies' arms were covered down to the elbow by a sleeve, to which were attached a pair of deep ruffles. These appendages consisted of several circumgyrations of different diameters made wholly of lace or the finest muslin trimmed with it; enveloped by this *masse*, the elbow was invisible. The ruffles bade the inquiring eye defiance. In those days the hostess sat at the head of the table, and plumed herself upon the skill and dexterity with which she carved the dish before her; and a young lady was not considered marriageable unless she could dissect a goose. The task of carving, thus imposed upon the lady of the mansion, was no easy one, as the largest dishes occupy the head and foot of the table. These ruffles appear to have been invented in utter contempt of this arrangement. It was a most inconvenient fashion, but what has fashion to do with convenience? The lady, in the exercise of this her dissecting prerogative, in the fair discharge of the duties of hospitality, while she helped the company, found herself dreadfully encumbered by the paraphernalia of the elbow. The ruffles would sometimes dip into the dish, and dipping into the dish they could not easily avoid the gravy. The arm drawn back next brought them in contact with the body of her robe, to which they communicated a portion of their newly-acquired liquid treasure, and, on the slightest lateral movement, her next neighbour's generally came in for a share; it would have been a violation of the character of generous hospitality to keep it all to herself. The mortification of having three or four dresses thus spoiled at every entertainment, it would seem, was lost in the enjoyment of the fashion, for a most ingenious contrivance was devised to ensure the inconvenience. Small leaden pellets were introduced in the edge of the lower part of the circumference of the ruffle, to give it a decided direction, and maintain it in a pendent position, or as the fair

owner would say, "to make it sit well." This device ensured the tendency of the ruffle to the dish. Composed of light and flimsy materials, there was a chance that it might remain in some degree buoyant : thus weighed down with lead, its escape from the gravy was impossible. But we have done with this fashion ; it disappeared with our grandmothers.

Soon after, naked arms became all the rage. This is the ordinary course ; Fashion disdains a slow pace, it does nothing by degrees. The child of fancy, it has all the impatience of childhood, and jumps from one extreme to another. Thus, when the ruffle vanished, the arms, insensible alike to heat and cold, rejected all covering whatsoever. No matter the shape or colour, whether well or ill-proportioned, white or red, scraggy or smooth, the arm must be bare, if it would not be elbowed out of all fashionable company, and divested of all title to distinction. Well, it did not dip in the dish, it did not whisk the gravy about the table from its circumambient and multiplied folds ; but if it did not this, it perhaps did worse. How many thousand twitches of rheumatism has the naked arm doomed itself to suffer ! How ably has the naked fashion assisted consumption and decline to thin the ranks of female youth and loveliness ! "Was it the wife of some starving apothecary who introduced this fashion for the benefit of trade ?

Another, and directly opposite, fashion now prevails. The arm is confined in a bag. Confined, did we say ? Yes, as Ulysses confined the winds, in a bag, confined to make a great blow out for the purpose of the adventurer. Two bags of huge dimensions, of the same material as the body of the robe, envelope the arms. They are called "Bishops' sleeves," from their resemblance to those worn by the dignitaries of the Church. Fashion, in its wildest flight, might have some determinate object in view. The ruffle might have been considered ornamental to a fine arm. It might be compared to the capital of the Corinthian column. The naked fashion might have originated in female vanity, ambitious to display the symmetry of a beautifully rounded limb ; but how shall we account for this hideous fashion of bishops' sleeves ? It is deformity personified. The finest figure, thus encumbered, loses all trace of human proportions, and might be mistaken for two pillow-cases hanging on a stick, so small is the space into which the waist is compressed between these appendages. A cry was lately raised that the Church was in danger. Have the fair mounted bishops' sleeves as a signal of their determination to use their arms in its support ? Our countrywomen have been reproached with coldness and reserve ; any body now may, without difficulty, creep into their sleeve. Pity has its favourite dwelling in the breast of women. In that abode distress is ever sure to meet with sympathy ; and the heart susceptible of love will beat responsive to the call of charity. After long meditation, I fancied I had found in this amiable disposition of the sex a solution of the mystery. Sir Isaac Newton, on the discovery of one of the most abstruse secrets of Nature that ever came within the reach of that extraordinary man, did not feel more pleasure. Oh ! amiable woman, I exclaimed, you have heard the cause assigned by our statesman for the distress now prevalent in the manufacturing districts ; you have heard it ascribed to excessive production, and Ministers declare their inability to supply a remedy. What the wisdom of Parliament could not achieve, you

have accomplished: your sagacity has discovered that the consumption of the immense stock on hand would remove the evil, and your humanity has applied the proper and certain cure. To your honour and glory you have adopted bishops' sleeves, in order to reduce the stores of the manufacturers of the masses of goods with which they are bursting: for this humane, generous, and patriotic purpose, you have imposed a great expense upon your husbands and fathers, and inflicted upon yourselves a cruel injury in the disfigurement of your persons. It is the sacrifice of female vanity to a sense of public duty; a generous devotion, that puts the loftiest and most disinterested of our patriots to the blush. The chaste nuns of Quedlinberg, who slit their noses in defence of their virginity, were not actuated by a purer spirit than you have evinced in the cause of the distressed. When Curtius leaped into the gulf, did he display a more patriotic ardour than the female who plunged her white arm into the wide-yawning bishop's sleeve to be swallowed up in the deep and dark abyss? It was a spirit like this that inflicted with her own hand the mortal wound upon Arria, and drew from her the expression—"It does not pain, my *Pætus*." A spirit like this forced the burning coals down the throat of the wife of Brutus, the virtuous daughter of Cato. The bishop's sleeve operating in consumption like the power-loom in production, the surplus manufacture, thought I, will speedily disappear: every fair purchaser will now tell in the market equal to three of former times; and in the prophetic language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I exclaimed, "The transitory cloud that now lowers upon the country will pass away, leaving the sun of its prosperity to shine out in all its original resplendent lustre." These were the reflections produced by my discovery, as I dived into the mysteries of fashion. But my joy and triumph were not long without alloy. A conversation with a smart milliner, in a steam-boat, on a trip to the Nore, dissipated in a moment all my pretensions to sagacity, and converted my fancied wisdom into folly. Who shall dispute the law when laid down by Coke or Blackstone? From my fair companion, this high authority in the laws of fashion, I learned that the bishop's sleeve, which I foolishly ascribed to pity, actually originated in pure pride; that neither love of the Church, nor pity for the poor, had any thing to do with its shape or dimensions; that the whole was designed, cut out, and fashioned by pride, and pride alone.

Those politicians are greatly mistaken who suppose the revolutionary spirit in England has been arrested by the fall of the democracy in France. There are few families which do not bear internal evidence to its present existence in full vigour. It is a long time since the master has condescended to imitate his men. They dress in the same style, and ride cheek by jowl in the same carriage. To Joan, indeed, it has been always conceded that she is as good as her lady in the dark, but it is only of late years that Joan has presumed to rival her mistress in the light. The high price of silks and satins protected the mistress against this usurpation of her servant in the broad day. Clad in these, she was safe, as in a coat of mail, from the attack of the domestic aspirant, who was seldom able to obtain possession of the outworks of fashion beyond an Irish poplin or a Norwich crape. The silks and satins were a wall of separation, as impenetrable as the lines of Torres Vedras, or the Court hoop and petticoat of a drawing-room in the reign of George III. The new liberal commercial system

has entirely changed the position of the parties. The cheapness of French silks, and other articles of dress, has placed female finery within the reach of even moderate wages, and a kitchen-wench will not condescend to sweep the room in any thing less than a robe of *grès de Naples* or *batiste*. Something must be done on the part of the mistress to arrest the progress of invasion, and assert the vested rights of the superior classes of female society. Invention is the first quality of genius, and to woman it is granted in a high degree. Thus gifted, the mistress, in a happy moment, conceived the idea of Bishops' sleeves, an article of dress which precludes all hope or chance of imitation in the kitchen. A ruffled cat might as well attempt to catch mice, as a maid-servant to go about the business of the house in bishops' sleeves. She could not remove the tea-equipage from the table without the risk of sweeping the china upon the floor: if she handed her master a plate, he must submit to have his head wrapped up in her sleeve; and what a figure must the cook present after preparing her soups and sauces! The female servant thus accoutred might, indeed, perform the office of a flapper, and disperse the flies; but although this was an office of importance among the ancients, it is dispensed with at a modern table. With the introduction of bishops' sleeves, the rivalry on the part of the maid must cease, and the mistress remain in undisturbed possession of her pre-eminence. Every friend of good order, every one who would retain each individual female in her proper place in society, and prevent its members from trespassing on each other, must, therefore, rejoice in bishops' sleeves; and devoutly pray, that differing from every other fashion that ever preceded it, the fashion of bishops' sleeves may endure for ever.

L.

A PORTRAIT—ROME.

——— He turn'd quite round
 From that ungracious door;—he turn'd quite round,
 And smiled, and oped his swarth hands to the sun;
 And all those jocund things, which laugh'd around,
 'The riotous trees, the giddy fount, and smoke
 Lazy with pleasure, all the stir and gush
 Of the heart's music babbling from yon gate,
 And children in the midmost of their sports,
 And old men listening on their wasted staffs,
 And with them laughed he loudly, with a clear
 And measured anger,—for calamity
 Will sometimes stir and snap a closing wound,
 And then it shouts in laughter. 'There—and then—
 And thus, he laugh'd, and for a space he took
 Breath from his years and injuries. His teeth
 Chatter'd, as if athirst for sudden thoughts
 That would not speak, but voiceless in the heart
 Stuck, and he shut and oped his broad harsh lips,
 Open'd, and shut again—and shook his locks,
 And closed his eyes in misery, and from hand
 To hand pass'd quick his shrivell'd hat; away
 Then went he quite in silence, and there were
 Who smote him as he went. Who spares the Jew?

SKETCH OF BRUSSELS IN 1829.

No city on the Continent is making more rapid strides to improvement than the capital of Belgium, since the accession of the House of Orange to the throne. It was before surrounded by a dilapidated brick wall, which had been formerly a rampart, but become so ruinous as hardly to exclude the smuggler, so that the *Regence* was defrauded of its dues; for every article of life pays a certain duty on entering the gates: an unjust and abominable tax which falls heavy on the poorer classes.

The ramparts were demolished in 1820, which is an immense improvement, admitting a free circulation of air, and being a great embellishment to the city. A boulevard, like that of Paris, surrounds it, planted with rows of linden trees, forming rides, walks, and drives, which would have been one of the most delightful promenades imaginable, had they been laid down with a *chemin serré*, instead of an execrable pavement of calcareous stones, already displaced and decomposed by frost and rain, leaving holes and inequalities, so that it is any thing but pleasure to take an airing on them in a carriage. This is the more inexcusable, as nowhere is the principle of road-making better understood on the plan called Macadamising, than in the Pays de Liege, of which the highway from Dinant to Liege is an example that cannot be surpassed. Such, however, is the pitiful economy of the *Regence* of Brussels, that though they put into their pockets an enormous sum by the sale of the ground for building, they would not be at the expense of breaking up the material, which could be procured from the Meuse by the canal; and the same niggard feeling prevents the Park from being gravelled, though the banks of that river afford excellent material.

Economy is commendable in public bodies, but here it is carried too far.

Side pavements in the streets are not to be expected where little attention is paid to the conveniency of the citizens; yet the Austrians, sixty years ago, with a better taste, ordered the monks to make *trottoirs* round the Place Royal and the Park; and the citizens, residing in the fashionable streets Montagne de la Cour, and Rue Madelaine, lately subscribed to a side pavement, which, however, they limited to thirty inches wide!

Parsimony in lighting a part of the town with gas, induced the contractors to make the pipes of so small a calibre, that the lamps only "render darkness visible."

Many excellent houses have been erected beyond the gates, but there are no pavements leading to them, and the consequence is, that they are impassable for six months in the year.

The fine buildings on the boulevards have but here and there a glimmering lamp, and though there is a great command of water, no attempt is made to water the rides and walks, nor is the dirt ever scraped from them. It is singular the dislike which the Brusselois have to keep the sun from their houses, for though the south-east boulevard is exposed to the burning rays of 120° of the thermometer, there is but one verandah in the whole city, and that erected by an Englishman.

As German glass is cheaper than bricks and mortar, the architects

are not sparing in windows ; and it is not uncommon to see a room of fifteen feet square with four windows ten feet high. Until last year (1828) the Regence swept the streets only once a week, and permitted all the rubbish from the houses to be thrown into the middle of them, which was removed at the discretion of the mud-contractors ; and dead dogs and cats, and broken crockery, &c. might be seen under the noses of royalty. At length it was suggested to levy a voluntary contribution on the inhabitants to sweep before their doors, but few amateurs were found, and finally, a few gangs of paupers and old women were employed with brooms, and the scrapings removed daily.

With all this slovenliness and parsimony, the Park is well kept and guarded, to prevent dilapidations, and beggars getting admittance. The *pompier*s (firemen) were formerly employed in this duty, but now half a dozen strapping Wallons are the guardians, six feet high, in scarlet coats, black velvet nether garments, and white stockings, carrying an enormous cane, with a silver knob as large as a pumpkin ; fierce cocked hats with silver lace, and a broad velvet sash trimmed with the same : these gentlemen ushers walk along the alleys all day long, and are extremely active in preventing porters from carrying any thing across the walks, and cook-maids their marketings. I lately saw from my window a *fracas* between one of these Jacks in office and a drummer, which terminated in the thumper of parchment being obliged to retire ; but on what principle I know not, for his drum could not be considered as a parcel, or a market basket ! This delightful garden is not to be equalled in any city I have ever seen ; it affords a dry walk in all seasons, and an agreeable shade from a scorching sun. None are excluded but beggars and notorious women. The tired labourer, or mechanic, may be seen reposing on the benches, or stretching at full-length under the trees, taking his siesta, while the children and their nurses are picking daisies on the prairies, and catching butterflies ; the old, and infirm, and the invalid, enjoy the *agrémens* of this beautiful spot, and the haut-ton and the citizens mix indiscriminately in the fashionable promenades, listening to a band of music, and admiring each other's gay costumes, on a holiday. The poet may here compose his verses in solitude, without fear of interruption in his reveries ; for in many alleys it is as retired as the forest of Soignie, of which this garden formed a part sixty years ago.

Great praise is due to the projectors of the new botanic garden and observatory, lately planned, and nearly completed, at the eastern extremity of the Rue Royal, one of the finest streets on the Continent. This garden is most tastefully laid out, and the green-houses are perhaps unique, though designed by an amateur. Green glass has been employed in their construction, which, besides being pleasing to the eye, it is said, is more favourable to the growth of plants and flowers.

The gardens were laid out by a citizen, who also gave the elevation of the conservatories, but I know not whether at the expense of the Regence or by subscription of the inhabitants : be this as it may, they are extremely beautiful, and a great ornament to the city.

Three of the gates are completed, and are handsome ; the tops of the iron railing being gilt, have a fine effect.

The Port Guillaume, leading to Laackin, is of stone, and represents on an entablature the Regence delivering the keys of the city to Wil-

lian the First. This gate also conducts to the Allée Verte, the summer *corso* (drive) along the banks of the canal; but not being paved or gravelled, it can only be used in dry weather. A heavy shower of rain occasions it to be shut, and it is at all times damp from its low situation; but a thousand Guillaumes would render it dry and accessible during eight months of the year.

A magnificent building is now erecting (1829) as a repository of arts and manufactures, which will be completed in a short time. It will be of great extent, and useful as well as ornamental. An institution of this sort was much wanted; for though the Flemings will not admit that they are far behind France and England in the useful arts, yet such is the fact, especially in implements of agriculture, and many branches of mechanics. In architecture they are still farther in the back-ground; and here their economy again interferes; for though Roman cement could be had cheaper than in England, (as part of the material comes from the Rhine,) yet it is but little employed in their new buildings, and a column or pilaster is seldom seen. The river Meuse affords a very superior slate near its banks; yet the Brusselois cover their perpendicular roofed houses with a ponderous dingy tile, as costing less!

A large and commodious hospital has been finished a few years, which does great honour to the city; and considerable attention is paid to the poor, a most numerous body, exceeding a fifth of the population.

The King's Palace is a large and convenient structure, but part of it only is of modern date, and as a whole it is not very princely; but the state-chambers are handsome and spacious. Another palace has been lately erected for the Prince of Orange, also in the Park, which does not do great credit to the taste of the architect, who, studying simplicity, has designed a tame building, resembling an hospital or a manufactory.

The Etats Generaux, (House of Commons, copied from the Amphitheatre at Verona,) is a truly superb room, and well adapted to its purpose. The Chamber of Peers is very inferior. They were both burned down five years after they were finished, (along with a temporary residence of the Hereditary Prince,) and rebuilt, on the original model, by Vanderstraeten. A Palace of Justice has also been built since the accession. The front is handsome.

The Rue Royale has been extended nearly half a mile, and only wants a pavement to make it a very fine street. Farther improvements are projecting, and it is probable that in twenty years the upper part of this city will be one of the prettiest on the Continent. A splendid gate, in the form of a triumphal arch, leading to Waterloo, and a Place d'Armes, are immediately to be commenced; and, it is said, a large portion of ground in that direction is to be taken into the town, part of which is to be converted into a garden for the Prince. A new theatre was erected in the year 1821; and there is a small one, for little farces and operas, in the Park.

The objectionable tax on bread, the chief food of the lower orders, is still in activity, though motions have been made in the Etats Generaux to repeal it, but hitherto without success. Nothing can grind the poor so much as this tax. The *Octroi*, pretty universal in all parts of the Continent, is also an impolitic mode of revenue, and extremely unjust; for there can be no principle of common sense in making a man pay for the commodities of life, because he lives within the gates of a

town, a certain per centage more than his neighbour beyond it. The plea, I understand, is, that it is by this tax the Corporations are enabled to pay for lighting and paving the streets, &c. But, surely, it would be more just that a certain sum should be levied on householders, according to their means, than an extra and partial duty laid on provisions. This would save expense in collecting, supersede the necessity of locking up the inhabitants at night, and do away with smuggling. Habit reconciles men to be under this restraint; but it could not exist in some countries, nor would it be possible to shut up the inhabitants in such an overgrown city as London, even if John Bull would consent to be surrounded by a wall.

Brussels is rapidly advancing in the art of printing; one individual published no less than 250,000 volumes in the year 1827. Books are published much cheaper than in Paris, which creates no small jealousy there. Didot projected to bring his press into Brussels, but found that he had been forestalled by the labours of more than one printer. Neither the type nor the paper equal the printing of London or Edinburgh, or perhaps Paris; but they are daily improving, and an immense number of books are exported.

The Fine Arts also are much encouraged; and though the modern painters finish with great care, and understand *chiaro scuro*, they are hard and liny, and their colouring greatly overcharged; yet such is their conceit, that they consider themselves the only great living artists in Europe! During the revolution, they followed the school of David, and many Flemings went to Paris to study under him; but they now begin to find out that it was a bad school, and they are again pursuing their own, which is better. A few of their artists travel into Italy, and have greatly improved; but as long as they continue to have so much pretension and self-sufficiency, great progress cannot be expected. They hold our English artists (Wilkie excepted) in great contempt, without ever having visited England, or having, probably, seen a good specimen of art from that country.

Manufactures are beginning to thrive in various parts of the kingdom, and roads and canals are forming, so that Flanders is in a very flourishing state.

Above twenty thousand cotton spinners and weavers are in full activity in the city of Ghent: machinery is fabricated at Bruges, and, perhaps, the largest iron-foundry in the world has been established some years in the neighbourhood of Liege, in which the King has a large share, and four thousand hands are employed.

The extraordinary number of *cabarets* which have been erected within the last ten years (all of which are thriving) is a proof that the citizens can afford to spend a great deal of money in refreshments; the lower orders are the best customers, and perhaps no people of the same classes in Europe disburse so much for these luxuries out of their gains as the mechanics and labourers of Brussels, who have high wages and plenty of employment. Beer is their chief potation, although spirits are so cheap. When I settled here about fourteen years ago, I considered the Belgians a sober race, but they have so much changed during that period, that I am now inclined to believe them as dissipated as the inhabitants of St. Giles's. Women also frequent the *estaminets* on Sundays and holidays, though they do not assist in the festivities.

beyond moderation ; but the female servants are extremely profligate ; from their love of dress, and their wages being low, they have no other means of procuring their finery except by intriguing and cheating their employers. The English are their principal victims, whom they consider as fair game and a merit to defraud.

A foreigner must have all his wits about him to deal with the Belgians : the only safety against their frauds is to pay what you buy with ready money. " A Flemish account " has been proverbial for centuries. If you remonstrate on their impositions, they add insult to injury, with a brutality quite unexampled in any other civilized country. They have one very singular trait, which is, never to keep their promise with you in the most trifling matter. If you employ a tradesman to make a picce of furniture by a certain day, you may think yourself fortunate if it is sent home a month after the time. If you purchase any thing at a shop, and desire it to be sent home immediately, it never appears till the following day. I left a watch, some time ago, to be cleaned, and afterwards quitted the town for six months ; when I called for it, the Horloger took it from his window, and opening the case, found that it had never been touched, he coolly said, " Is Monsieur pressed ? " I made a trifling bet with a friend, " that if he engaged six gardeners to clean his little garden on a certain day, not one would keep his appointment. " I won my five francs !—To show the inattention of tradesmen to their business, particularly shoemakers, I made the experiment of being measured by six different Crispins, giving them ten days to make me each a pair of shoes. Two pairs only were sent home, a month after the promised time, the others I heard no more of. These are but trifling details, yet they show the character of the people ; but the fact is, they consider that in working for you they are doing you a favour, and never show the least gratitude for employing them, or paying them liberally. Taken *en masse*, I am of opinion the mass of the Belgians are extortioners, and the coarsest in manner, and the most impertinent race, of any country which I have ever visited. I do not wish to be understood that there are not many exceptions to so bitter a remark, for I know many respectable and honest tradesmen in the capital of the Pays Bas, and have met with more than one instance of liberality. I had taken a lease of a house in the Park, at a low rent, shortly after the general peace. I had laid out a considerable sum in embellishing it, and paid my rent regularly. At the expiration of my lease of nine years I applied to my landlord, Monsieur Fienlands, a respectable clothier, for a renewal, and as house-rent had nearly doubled during the period I had occupied it, I was prepared to give an addition of thirty or forty Napoleons a-year ; but, to my astonishment, the good citizen would not raise the rent a sous ! saying, " that I had been a good tenant, and that I might have it for another term on the same conditions. " His liberality did not end here : as the house required repair, (folding-doors, and many other essentials,) which he was not obliged to pay for—he expended above a thousand francs on doing every thing we required. A trait of generosity worthy of record.

My banker, Mr. Hennessy, on one occasion advanced me seven thousand francs, (when I was disappointed of my rents,) and without any security.

For the education of youth of both sexes, Brussels is one of the best stations on the Continent, and is a good temporary residence for Englishmen whose means are limited. The country is plentiful, and consequently every article of living moderate. It is near England, the government is mild, and there is no restraint in importing English books, though their own press is any thing but free.

Agriculture has been stationary for a century; the light alluvial soil is easily cultivated, and produces rich crops of all sorts of grain; but no attention is paid to raising turnips for feeding cattle, for the Flemings have no idea of any other mode of farming, except that they themselves and their forefathers have practised. Obstinacy always goes hand in hand with ignorance, and the consequence is, that they do not profit by the modern improvements in agriculture; there is no such thing as a threshing machine, or a drill plough, and the harrow continues its timber teeth, with a plough of the seventeenth century.

It is a remarkable fact, that the best breed of cows, probably, on the Continent, is in Holland; and the worst, in the Netherlands. No country is better calculated for the growth of turnips, yet, except in the Pays de Waas, not one is raised; for the seed thrown into the land, after harvest, produces only tops for a short subsistence to sheep.

The Baron de V——t has an experimental farm at a short distance from the capital. He visited England for the purpose of getting some insight into the science of farming, as practised in Norfolk, and brought back all the best modern implements of husbandry, as models for his tenants and his neighbours; but not one was adopted, and he has given up his experiments in despair.

The population of Brussels is rated at nearly 100,000, of which above 20,000 are paupers, supported by the Government and voluntary contributions. The population is rapidly increasing. The number of foreigners in the winter of 1828 was between seven and eight thousand, of which half the number were English. Many families settle for a season, and take their flight south, or return home in June; but the greatest number are stationary for the education of their children. An English clergyman, formerly a teacher at Harrow, has an establishment for boys, well conducted, and the expense does not exceed fifty guineas a year. There are several seminaries for girls, also superintended by Englishwomen, with French teachers. Masters in every department are excellent, so that few places afford better schools for education.

The air in the upper part of the city is salubrious, and the climate, perhaps, better on the whole than England; but the winters are sharper, and the summers hotter: fogs are less frequent, and the spring generally sets in a fortnight earlier than in any part of Great Britain.

Our countrymen will be disappointed who settle in Brussels as a place of amusement, for no capital can be more dull; and the natives are not ready of access, which is probably as much the fault of their visitors as themselves. As a station for economy, it can be highly recommended, provided no trust is put in servants, and every thing is paid for with ready money. The writer of this article resided in Brussels for a dozen years, and he knows this from experience. If an establishment, large or small, is well regulated, a saving of fifty per cent. may be made, certainly, in housekeeping, compared with London. House-rent is dearer in proportion with other articles of living, and

the taxes are daily augmenting. The horse-tax is more than double that of England; and the King of the Netherlands can boast that he is the only sovereign in Europe who has a tax on female labour. William Pitt attempted a similar measure, but was mobbed by the housemaids, and abandoned it.

There is an admirable establishment, called "*La Société Littéraire*," or Club. It consists of the principal and most respectable nobles and gentlemen of the city, who admit foreigners (on being properly introduced) as honorary members: the subscription to the club is extremely moderate. There is a house dinner at four o'clock, extremely well served, with access to billiard-tables, card-rooms, newspapers, &c. The urbanity and civility of the members merit the gratitude of foreigners. It is to be regretted that there is no such institution in London. A stranger has but little chance of getting into society in our metropolis, except by particular introduction.

Although I was acquainted with many Belgians, in the interchange of common civilities, it is not easy to get into their houses, and therefore I did not make the attempt.

It is said they are jealous of us, but on what account I never could learn. The citizens are ready to pocket our money, and to make us pay handsomely for their commodities, without any feeling of good-will towards us; yet I have heard some of the shop and tavern-keepers confess that we are their chief supporters.

The master of the *Hotel de Belle Vue* has often fifty English families in his immense house, and ought to have accumulated great wealth; for there is not, perhaps, in any city on the Continent an hotel so well frequented. Brussels has become a prodigious thoroughfare from England to the South, now that the Meuse and the Rhine are become such objects of interest to the tourist.

The bad arrangement of the apartments, and the stupidity of the waiters at every Belgian hotel, attract the observation of our countrymen. If he has not a personal domestic, there is no attendance, and it is in vain that you ring the bells; no one comes. This annoys, and puts John Bull in a bad humour, for which, however, he has no remedy but patience. The expense of living at one of the best hotels may be calculated at twelve francs a day, which will include a bottle of Bordeaux (*Vin Ordinaire*), for which 400 per cent. is charged, in addition to the original cost. This, however, supposes that the guest contents himself with a sleeping-room, and dines at the *table-d'hôte*, which every sensible traveller ought to do. The dinners are handsomely and plentifully served, with a good dessert.

It has been calculated, that a franc in the Netherlands is fully equal to a florin in Holland, in travelling. The cause of this extraordinary difference in the value of money I have never heard accounted for.

On the whole, Brussels may be reckoned as good a station as any on the Continent, either for the education of youth, or for procuring luxuries at a moderate rate.



THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH SONG.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ Willst du Nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
 Die mit seelenvollen melodie
 Dich entzückten in des Lenz's Tagen ?
 —Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie.” —SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
 And die away, my heart !
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
 And I too will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
 The waters changed their tone,
 And wherefore, in the faded world,
 Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine,
 And where the flower-cup's glow ?
 And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
 And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice in every whisper
 Of the wave, the bough, the air,
 Comes asking for the beautiful,
 And moaning—“ Where, oh ! where ?”

Tell of the brightness parted,
 Thou Bee, thou Lamb at play !
 Thou Lark in thy victorious mirth !
 —Are ye, too, pass'd away ?

Mournfully, sing mournfully !
 The royal Rose is gone :
 Melt from the woods, my spirit melt,
 In one deep farewell tone !

—Not so !—swell forth triumphantly
 The full, rich, fervent strain !
 Hence with young Love and Life I go,
 In the Summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
 With every precious thing,
 Upon the last warm southern breeze,
 My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger
 When the days of hope are past,
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
 To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly,
 Sing to the woods, I go !
 For me perchance in other lands
 The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
 And the greensward's violet breath,
 And the dance of light leaves in the wind,
 May these know nought of Death.

No more, no more sing mournfully !
 Swell high, then break, my heart !
 With Love, the Spirit of the Woods,
 With Summer I depart !

SKETCHES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

No. II.

Napoleon.—A Courtier.—Mrs. Jordan.

SKETCHES of men who have distinguished themselves by their talents and industry are worthy of record, as a stimulus to others to follow their example. Mr. William Cockerill furnishes a remarkable instance of these qualities leading to fortune. He is a native of Lancashire, and was bred to mechanics. He first gained his living by making "Roving Billies," or flying shuttles; but he had talents of a superior order; and such was his genius that he could, with his own hands, make models of any machine of modern invention for spinning. Twenty-eight or thirty years ago, the late Empress Catherine of Russia being desirous of procuring a few artisans from England, the subject of our memoir was recommended as a man of superior abilities, and our Government granted him permission to proceed to Petersburg. The Empress offered every encouragement, and he was handsomely rewarded for his various models of spinning machines, &c. but her Majesty's death, two years after his arrival, put an end to his prospects. Paul ordered him to make a model in a certain time; it could not be completed, and he was sent to prison; he contrived, however, to make his escape out of the Russian dominions, and with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, went to Sweden.

His talents, by means of the British Envoy, were made known to the Government, and the Sieur Cockerill obtained the direction of the construction of the locks of a public canal, which the Swedes could not undertake. Engineering, however, was not his forte, although he succeeded in his contract, and added a little more to his means. He had heard of the flourishing state of the manufactures at Liege and Verviers, without the assistance of the proper machinery, and there he imagined he should have better success. He proceeded to Hamburg, and obtained an interview with Mr. Crauford, our envoy, informing him of his plans, and at the same time stating "that if he could obtain a small pension from the British Government, he would return to England, not wishing to do any injury to his country by introducing machinery into a foreign one." Mr. Crauford highly approved of this, and forwarded Cockerill's memorial to our ministers; but no notice was taken of it, and after waiting six months, he determined to seek his own fortune.

He obtained a passport to Amsterdam, and learned farther particulars relative to the state of the manufactures in the Pays de Liege, to which place he proceeded. It is unnecessary to detail his progress, but within a period of sixteen years, such was his success in fabricating machinery and steam-engines, he was able to retire a *millionaire*, after settling his sons in the business. At Seraing, on the Meuse, he established the greatest iron-foundry on the Continent, or perhaps in the world. The King of the Netherlands is a partner in this great national concern, having invested in it a sum nearly to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds sterling; and it is said that not less than four thousand hands are employed in the establishment.

In the year 1807, the Emperor Napoleon had heard of the Sieur Cockerill's foundry at Liege, and being desirous of patronising a work of such public importance, he desired that a letter should be written to

the prefect of that city, to summon the chief of the establishment to Paris forthwith.

One evening, while he was smoking his pipe, "as was his custom in the afternoon," this dignitary entered, and producing his credentials, after a short preface, desired that he would not lose a moment in fulfilling the Emperor's orders. "Here," said he, "is your passport, together with a letter to one of the ministers of the department, to whom you will announce your arrival in Paris, and I recommend you to set out this night." So saying, Monsieur le Préfet withdrew. It may be easily imagined that so unexpected and mysterious a message threw the steam-engineer into alarm, and that his consternation was great. I know him well, and had all the details from his own mouth, and in the purest Lancashire dialect; a narration that in the hands of Mathews would make an excellent subject on the stage. "At first," said he, "I took into my head that I had been denounced, and that the Baron whom I had made a bankrupt was at the bottom on't; but then, thinks I, if they want to take off my *head*, they could do that here, without sending me to Paris; and my son thought there was no fear any such mishap, so I clapt four horses to my *chay*, and in a couple of hours I was under weigh with my son."

Our travellers pushed on *ventre à terre*, and reached the metropolis in safety. At an early hour the following day, bedecked in his best apparel, with a handsome *remise*, and a *valet bien galonné*, he drove to the Tuileries, being accompanied by his son as interpreter. After delivering his credentials he was conducted to a waiting-room, and received by the minister with great courtesy. "Monsieur Cockerill," said he, "you will hold yourself in readiness to obey the Emperor's orders, and I recommend you to wait at home until you hear from me:" he left his address and took his leave: in the evening he received an official notice, "that the next morning, at eleven o'clock, a carriage would be sent to convey him to the Tuileries."

Exact to the moment, a splendid equipage, with the Imperial arms, drew up at the Sieur's hotel, (for he had at this time a house in Paris,) Rue de Grenelle, Fauxbourg St. Germain; a valet of the Court opened the door, and when he was seated, called to the coachman, "A la Cour!" After ascending a superb flight of stairs, our engineer was conducted into a small anti-room, in which was the Emperor's favourite Mameluke, who honoured him with a salaam!

He had not waited more than ten minutes when the tinkling of a silver-toned bell summoned the Turk to another room, and instantly returning, a signal to follow was given, and the planet-struck John Bull found himself in the Imperial presence! What a moment for any man, but especially for one of Cockerill's breed! He knew not whether his head or his heels were uppermost, and fearing to look up, dared not utter a syllable, contenting himself with making profound bows. "Avancez, Sieur," said his Majesty. "This," says the narrator, when he relates the interview, "gave me courage; I look'd oop, and saw the Emperor standing with his hands behind, and his back to the fire, (here he generally gives his attitude,) and with a smile said, 'Sieur Cockerille, dans toutes les departements du Nord, vous êtes nommé, (here his French goes no farther,) and wherever I go I hear of you, and I have sent for you to tell you that I am pleased with your establishment, and

your exertions to promote the manufactures of the empire, in proof of which I shall give you a mark of my consideration by decorating you with the *insigny* of the Legion of Honour.' He took *oop* a little box, and pulled *oot* the grand cross, wi' a red ribbon, and put it round my neck with his own hands." So distinguished an honour, conferred in so flattering a manner by the greatest sovereign in Europe, was enough to agitate the nerves of any man, and the new-created chevalier knew not what to do or what to say; but as he had reason to believe that the Emperor meant to pay him some compliment, his son had previously got up a speech, of which he ventured to deliver as much as he could remember, (and it is unnecessary to say in a most unintelligible jargon,) thanking his Majesty for the honour conferred on him, and apologizing for his bad French; adding, "Votre Majesté, mon fils bien parler François, mais moi, pas savoir!"—"Monsieur Cockerille," rejoined the Emperor, again smiling. "I do not want you to *speak* French, but to teach the French to spin (*filer*). Should I have occasion to see you at any future time, your son shall interpret for you; in the mean time, return to your province, and go on as you have done. I shall order you a passport, 'pour voyager partout.' Bonjour, Chevalier Cockerille, au revoir." The silver bell was again rung, the Mameluke made his appearance, and conducted the "Grand Croix" to another apartment, where he found his valet in attendance, who handed him to his carriage, and put him down at his own door, Rue de Grenelle, Fauxbourg St. Germain!

The Chevalier generally concludes his story by saying, "Though I was prond of the honour I had received, I never boasted of it but once. When I entered Paris, on my way from Liege, the keeper of the gate questioned my passport, and was very saucy, so I thought I would play a bit of a joke upon him. When I was returning home, he demanded my passport in the same insolent manner; I kept fumbling in my pockets, and pretended that I had left it behind me. 'That won't do,' says the chap, 'you must get out; I shall deliver you to the police,' calling to a gendarme (always in attendance). At last I produced the passport I had got by the Emperor's orders, which was in a tin case; and my son said, 'Perhaps, Citoyen, this may save you the trouble.' When the fellow opened it, and saw the Imperial arms on a great seal, as big as a five-franc piece, and glanced at the title of the bearer of it, he drew in his horns, and bowing and apologizing, cried out to the gate-keeper, 'Ouvrez les portes! Bon voyage, Monsieur Chevalier.'"

Mr. Cockerill has retired from business several years, and is residing at Brussels, living as quietly as when he made Roving Billies: he is about seventy-five years of age.

A Courtier.

I had the honour to be recognized by the Noble General, my namesake of Fyvie, when I occasionally met him in the metropolis, where his duties, as one of the grooms of his Majesty's bedchamber, obliged him to pass eight months of the year. My acquaintance with the General was of an early date, when he commanded the 81st regiment at Cork, in 1778, having more than once been invited to dine with him. These entertainments were rare, and more distinguished for the silver plate on

which they were served, than for the quality of the viands. His Royal Master, who knew all the little family details of his household, had discovered that the General was rather parsimonious and fond of money, and was in the habit of rallying him on this subject. Never was a more perfect prototype of Polonius than our groom of the bedchamber; and though the King sometimes hit him rather hard, yet he was a great favourite. Being so much about the royal person, he had adopted his Majesty's manner in conversation with wonderful success. He had not seen much gunpowder, but was colonel of the 7th regiment, the Royal Fusileers, which he knew he should be obliged to vacate for one of the Royal Dukes, and was determined to anticipate the King's wishes, when he found that his resignation would be soon called for. At this time the 71st regiment, a double battalion, serving in India, became vacant, the emolument of which was double, and he hastened to throw his own at his Majesty's disposition, at the same time hinting "that the India regiment being a Highland corps, it would be highly acceptable." The King's tact instantly discovered the motives that had induced his disinterested friend to make this proposal, and with a hearty laugh replied, "Eh! well! what! a double battalion in India, General; no bad thing! oh; Fy! Fy-vie!" Polonius joined in the laugh, and praising the *jeu de mot*, as he was in duty bound, obtained the double battalion, which I believe he held to the day of his death.

The General, it seems, knew my mother, and when I met him always mentioned that he remembered her, adding, "Well! eh! what! she was a fine woman when she was young; I have danced with her at a ball at Gordon Castle—well! I'll be glad to see you at Fyvie Castle." This invitation was only given when he was in London. At length I met him in Scotland, when he was pleased to repeat his recollection of my mother, and that he would be happy to see me at Windsor, where he had a cottage. I determined, however, that I would pay this visit at his castle in the North, and happening to be passing a few days with his neighbour Mr. Urquhart of Meldrum, that gentleman agreed to accompany me. During our ride my friend said, "You will get no claret at Fyvie, or at any rate not more than one bottle."—"I will bet you a guinea," I replied, "that I will squeeze two out of him." The wager was accepted.

I was received with great courtesy by the honourable gentleman, and the dinner-hour being at hand, we were invited to take pot luck. I say nothing of the elegance of the entertainment: there was a haunch of mutton, however, which I praised as being the best I had ever tasted, as well as a bottle of execrable Teneriffe, dignified by the name of sherry; my encomiums produced a flask of tolerable Madeira. "This," said I, "General, has seen the world, and travelled, I should think, to Bengal more than once, from its delicious flavour."—"Let us," replied our host, "take a glass to your worthy mother—Well! eh! what! I remember her a fine woman;—dark,—a brunette: I danced with her fifty years ago, eh!"

The cheese and butter from the farm did not escape my notice—still no appearance of Bourdeaux, and I saw my friend chuckling that he would have my money.

While the cloth was removing, I put the General in mind of the

honour he had done me at Cork, twenty years back, by frequently asking me to dinner. "I remember," said I, "you lived like a prince, and that you had a service of plate: your regiment drank hard; it was there I was taught to drink three bottles of claret,—a bad education, General."

"Eh! well! what! you like claret? you shall taste mine, Captain Pryce, and tell me what you think of it. La Fitte, of ninety-eight; had it from Jamie Rannie, of Leith, first growth—eh! what!" It was produced, and every encomium that I could get up, in English and French, was bestowed on it. "Superbe! magnifique! quite a bouquet! it perfumed the room, &c. &c." The bait took; the General, though shy of the liquor himself, swallowed all my compliments, and, to my astonishment and the sheriff's dismay, John was ordered to bring another bottle—observing, "Well! what! eh! Captain Pryce, I make it a point to entertain strangers with my best; *you* should not have had a second bottle, Meldrum." This brought a speech on my part, the bumpers flowed to the General's health, and his son William, whom he had recently declared his heir. In the midst of this hilarity the housekeeper sent in a tray of cold coffee, well diluted from the General's springs, and the party broke up.

As we found there was to be no farther refreshment during the evening, we retired at an early hour, and as we took leave, our hospitable host observed, "I'll be glad to see you another time, Captain Pryce. I suppose you'll be off before breakfast, eh!"

My companion confessed that I had accomplished the production of the claret admirably, and that I had well earned his guinea; "there is not another man in Scotland, under the rank of a peer," said he, "with sufficient address to squeeze two bottles of La Fitte out of the General's cellar."

A year or two after this achievement I met the General and his neighbour Meldrum in London, in that unfashionable season the month of August. The latter proposed we should have a fish dinner in the city on the following day, to which the General consented, confining the party to six persons; and in order to save coach-hire, an arrangement was made to meet at the British, and proceed to Billingsgate by water. I invited my brother and another gentleman to join us. The Mitre was fixed on as the rendezvous, at the gothic hour of four o'clock, to give us day-light to walk home. The viands, fish, and a beef-steak were left to me, and we were to proceed to the Shades to drink our port from the cask.

I ordered the best turbot and lobster-sauce that the market could produce; and as it was the venison and turtle season, I imagined that a neck of the former, and a tureen of green fat from Birch's, would, with a beefsteak and an apricot tart, be sufficient accompaniments.

A bottle of champaign, ditto of hock, and lime punch well iced, were indispensables. It seems, however, that the General only expected salt fish, sherry, and a steak; his surprise may therefore be conceived, when he beheld the expensive luxuries which had been ordered! He could hardly restrain his indignation; but the deed was done, and he was obliged to bear this unexpected demand on his purse with as good a grace as possible. I inflamed the matter by putting the extravagance

on the shoulders of his friend Urquhart, who sat writhing like a skinned eel, stoutly denying the charge; but there were three to one against him, and he was obliged to submit to the General's taunts.

The worthy landlord of the Mitre was astonished when his bill was called for without claret being ordered. I told him "that we had come to eat at his house, not to drink," which did not add to his good humour, and probably induced the honest man to charge for his entertainment 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* *par tête!* The General would have resisted this monstrous demand, which he swore was a gross imposition; but he found he had no redress, and paid his shot reluctantly, again attacking poor Urquhart as the cause of such extravagance. The scene was worthy of the stage!

To the Shades we adjourned, where the General found that he got sixteen glasses of port wine for 3*s.* 6*d.* which restored him a little to good humour; but unfortunately it rained, and he had 2*s.* more to disburse for coach-hire!

I never had the honour of meeting the Courtier after this memorable day; but I heard that he talked of nothing else for six months but his neighbour's extravagance in ordering a turtle and venison dinner at Billingsgate, price 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* exclusive of port wine!

Mrs. Jordan.

In the year 1778, when I was on the recruiting service at Cork, Mrs. Jordan, at this time Miss Philips, was brought down from Dublin by her friend Mr. Daly, the Smock-alley manager, who had introduced her on the stage the preceding year, and she had met with great applause, especially in the farce of "The Romp." Heaphy, the manager of the Cork Theatre, engaged her at 20*s.* per week,* along with her father, who got 15*s.* more as a scene-shifter. The young lady was at this time in her seventeenth year, and though not a regular beauty she was universally admired, and proved a great attraction. On this account the manager gave her a benefit; but, for want of patronage, it proved a complete failure, the expenses of the house being more than her receipts. A party of young men, at the head of which was a Mr. Smith, a banker's clerk, were desirous that their favourite should have another benefit, and they called lustily for Heaphy to come on the stage, but he would not appear. The young Pats, however, were determined to carry their point, and, being joined by the pit, they proceeded to tear up the benches, and to attack the orchestra, who, to drown the clamour, had begun fiddling. This was alarming; and the acting manager, O'Keefe, Heaphy's son-in-law, at length judged it prudent to make his appearance, when a spokesman delivered, in an appropriate harangue, the desire of the audience, that Miss Philips should have a free benefit. O'Keefe remonstrated, stating that the season had been unprofitable to the manager; but this excuse was not admitted, and he was compelled to yield to the wishes of the public, alias a score of wild bucks, of which I made one.

The benefit was fixed for an early evening, and our *debutante* had an audience that produced above 40*l.*—an immense sum in her eyes, as it

*Two years afterwards, the York manager invited her to play six nights, at 5*l.* a night, although he had previously refused to raise her salary to 5*l.* a week!

was probably the first money she ever had: her popularity increased before the season was closed. Henderson had at this time an engagement in Cork, and I met him at a supper party, to which Miss Philips had been also invited. This celebrated actor complimented her in the most flattering manner on her talents, advising her to study her profession, and to assume a higher walk in comedy than playing romps, and her success, he said, would be certain. On her return to Dublin, her salary was raised to three guineas a week. I believe her first engagement in England, some years afterwards, was at York. Smith the actor, and then manager of Drury-lane Theatre, saw her, and procured an engagement for her in town, where she speedily rose into fame.

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA, NO. V.

The deep Jungle.

“The tall rock,
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love!”

WORDSWORTH.

WE were approaching the end of the hot weather; not a breath of air nor a leaf were moving; one vast and murky cloud, as if by an innate power, unfolded its lurid masses, in which shades of fire and smoke were confusedly intermingled between the unruffled serenity of the lovely landscape upon which it frowned, and the clear blue sky that arched itself above it. The thunder growled in its depths, and large single drops of rain occasionally would fall with a heavy and solitary plash. The heat of this period is most oppressive—respiration becomes difficult—a nausea is felt, and the mind involuntarily ponders on all and each of the ills to which we are liable in a land which the uncomfortable sensation of mere existence tells us we were not made for. It was on one of these days, when the half-sick, half-apprehensive feel, which doctors would call a predisposition, and superstitious people a presentiment, was general amongst us, that we listened to Ferishta's history—two of us cleaning our locks, and a third trying to dose, with a fixed smile upon his face, which, signifying either approval or civil dissent to what was said, was intended to guarantee him from the charge of inattention. Our reader was one who, hating the deep jungle, which, to borrow his language, “he held to be a blackguard combination of wood and water against the lives of the lieges,” was never more pleased than when any authority came to back his notion that we loved it “not wisely, but too well;” and it was this idea that gave so peculiarly triumphant an emphasis to his delivery of the following passage:—“They entered paths so horrible that a male tiger, through dread of their terrors, would have become a female; fuller of windings than the curly locks of the fair, and narrower than the path of love. Demons would have started at the precipices and caverns, and the globe would have been panic-struck at one view. The sun never enlivened the valleys, nor had Providence fixed bounds to their extent. The grass was tough as the teeth of serpents, and the air fetid as the breath of dragons. Death dwelt in the water, and poison in the breeze!” He here closing the book, and rising from his recumbent

position to wave it over his head, cried, "Ferishta for ever! There's your high jungle, with its frights and fevers! What do you think of that for a piece of Orientalism?"

"That it is a perfect one," replied one of us, "but for the solitary truth that has crept into its last line."

"Hear him, hear him! 'Death dwelt in the waters, and poison in the breeze!' and yet you go for months to drink the one and breathe the other."

"Excuse me! I drink half and half, and breathe manillas. I obey the faculty, and live generously in exposed situations."

"Ah, you are hopeless; 'frenzied! to that worst pitch that wears a reasoning show;' but I declare when you fellows go provoking fate for all the jungle can give, I feel as De Coucy did when his gentle friends were to risk themselves against the Saracens.* To call it sport to stand for hours on rocks, or to creep, perspiring pails full, through beast-tracts! and for what? Why, one fellow hears a dozen jungle-cocks—another catches two glimpses of a pea-fowl's tail—a third comes in flushed up to the eyes, having just cocked both barrels at the rustle of a lizard—while, after waiting an hour for that hero (pointing him out) and wondering what he can have met as shot after shot comes peeling up, in he comes, and in reply to our shouting interrogatories, laughs at the disappointment of our hopes, and favours us with 'What—me! Oh, I was firing for the echo up yonder among the rocks.' Take my word, you'll suffer for it. Though the Gueber worship the fire a hundred years, it yet will burn him!" (He continued, after looking out,) "That cloud has passed over, so I'll go and kick up a hare." We laughed as we asked "if the Guebers found the sun more grateful for their worship than the fire;" and his smile approved the ridicule he affected to deprecate, by his reply "Pooh, pooh, I only risk a grilling—I was holding forth to you against poison." But the fact is, like most men within the tropics, he cared little for either, if his wilfulness whispered him to brave them. Where life seems to be perilled for mere existence, we jeopard it readily for enjoyment; and the suggestions of prudence are no where so powerless as here, where we should expect them to be most imperative. Our friend only hated the forests because he had no relish for the sensations in which they are unquestionably much richer than in more substantial returns. The charm of sport in them is in the scenery to which it leads us, and in the incident and accident to which it is liable; and it is to give some idea of these that I have introduced the foregoing conversation. The

* I forget all are not familiar with Froissart. The allusion is taken from that period of his Chronicles that contains the Duke of Bourbon's war in Africa. "The Lord de Coucy disliked this, saying, Here be ten noble gentlemen about to fight ten Saracens;—how do we know if their opponents are gentlemen? They may bring to the combat ten varlets or knaves, and if they are defeated, what is the gain?" The cause of this war was essentially chivalrous. The Saracens having asked why they were attacked, were told "that their ancestors had crucified and put to death the Son of God, called Jesus Christ, without any cause, and that the Christians were come to retaliate on them for their infamous and unjust judgment; secondly, that they were infidels in the faith of the Holy Virgin, and had no creed of their own—for these and other causes they were held to be enemies." The Saracens had the ill-manners to laugh heartily at this, saying it was the Jews who had done these things.

term "thick jungle," includes all cover, from close bush to forest trees. The former often form large bowers, assuming what we call a tigerish appearance, being connected together as well by their own spread, as by various kinds of parasitical plants. Their closeness and gloom has more than once (on mornings when I did not feel up to conclusions with any thing very formidable) infused into me something of that prudent piety so common to the Homeric heroes—when they feel that Jove commands their absence from a field in which some porter-like personage distributes his blows too indiscriminately. Where these bushes are intermixed with rocks, the jungle becomes picturesque, and one sometimes comes on dells choked up and matted over by the creepers. Beneath these the only passages are the bird and beast tracks, in which the smell of decayed vegetation and the closeness are abominable. I never saw these in such perfection as on the east side of the Naggery hills, amongst which I have descended more than once from the rocks upon the mat of entangled creepers that lay pressing down the bushes they had grown over.* These spots will never be forgotten by those who have perspired through them, but it is amid the endless and inimitable variety of the forests that we meet the scenes that we love to recollect. There Nature is before us in her grandest and most foreign garb. The awful stillness—the masses of foliage and of shade—the naked and fantastic crags that burst abruptly forth—the luxuriant fertility of the mountain, seen through the transparent clouds that float along far below their forest-crested summit—the delicate proportions, and the marvellous immensity of individual objects, are pregnant with amazement and delight to us; even night, which in other lands spreads one blank shadow over all creation, is here spangled into loveliness by the twinkling flight and swarming clusters of the fire-flies. I have really looked and looked amid these wilds, while beauty after beauty bore in upon my eye and mind, till I have turned away with an almost painful fulness at my heart, as if my delight were more than was fit for the frame that felt it. I have really sometimes thought there must have been some deleterious power in the perfumed air† we breathed (for I am not the gentleman who indulged in half-and-half) in these scenes, until I remembered their palpable, their irrefutable beauty. The last I saw—though one of the least lovely, it was the last—is still before me, as when I rested on my fowling-piece, and looked as if I knew I should never look on them again. The red-capped mountains were towering above, the sea of forests spreading around me; far below, the beautiful lake rippled in the sun, and sent up the music of its plash. The small Hindoo temple, overshadowed by the banyan, which still held together a part of the ruin it had made,‡ crested the rocks on the opposite shore; whence streams spread through the bright green land they fertilized, to where

* This neighbourhood was a most "populous solitude" of monkeys. They come out of the jungle by hundreds, usually preceded by one or two long-legged *éclaireurs* to foray the mango topes. We never shot at them, but I have heard it is very pitiable to see them wounded.

† Where the lemon-grass grows it is delightful.

‡ The seed of the banyan insinuates itself amongst buildings, and as the trees grow out it destroys them. Shoots from the trunk, however, often embrace and hold up large masses of masonry, which a touch of the finger will set in motion, and a single cut of a case-knife would let down.

a bulwark of hills rose to the clouds beyond the picturesque pagodas and palmyra-trees of Narnaveram.

The jungle-fowl was heard on every side, while occasionally the shrill scream of a pea-fowl broke from the more retired heights, and seemed attuned by Nature to the wild and beauteous world about me. Sounds depend too much on locality and association for me to ask for sympathy with my fondness for the pea-fowl's note; but I love to hear it, and as it broke upon me yesterday I really felt something like pain as I smiled, and muttered Burns's complaint, "Ye break my heart, ye little birds!" There is a spot near Mulkapoor that I always see when I hear or think of them. Every cleft of a wall of rocks, that rose four hundred feet, seemed crushed full of the noblest trees, and from every crevice long pliant grass hung waving lazily in the air. We stood silently gazing on the calm yet savage sublimity of this scene, till some one said, "How beautiful!" and at once the words were thrown back, with a startling harshness, from the masses before us, as if they mocked at the applauses of such atoms of humanity. At this moment a pea-fowl screamed, and launching itself into the air, floated forth in majestic buoyancy, hopelessly high above our heads; while a dozen echoes returned its cry from every side, filling the space through which it passed with their wild commingled peals. If my reader remembers why I quitted India, I can forgive him muttering, "*Voilà un homélie qui sent furieusement la fièvre*;" and therefore to business. Touching pea-fowl-shooting—though I have seen seven on a table at once, I am convinced a man who does not find a repaying pleasure in merely following these birds, as they strut in all their splendour of plumage up their wildly picturesque haunts, ought to fix on some other sport; he will find this too tantalizing. Results may be much more surely calculated on amongst the jungle-fowl, by ascertaining from successive cries the way they walk, and hurrying through the cover by a circuitous route, so as to intercept them. But this requires a certain tact.* The slightest stir, and often the keenness of the bird's sight—for they come slowly, and look well around, as they strut and flap their wings, and challenge—are enough to discover the sportsman, when the crowing ceases, and they are off at a hopeless rate. These birds are the aboriginal cock and hen, but neither their cry nor their plumage is exactly that of domestic fowl. Whoever looks for them, will see black partridges and spur-fowl running about the base of the rocks. The latter has double spurs, and is of a dusty brown plumage, brightening on the breast to amber, and prettily picked out with white and black spots. A sportsman, in thick jungle, should have one beater behind him, to strike a bush if necessary; but his plan is to walk on as quietly as possible, and keep ready to fire at the moment a turn or opening shows an object. This, and the poach-

* I know not if this word has any right here; but, as my uncle Toby says, "a soldier is no ~~more~~ exempt from saying a foolish thing than a man of letters." Perhaps the following instance may help to make me intelligible:—A beast is trotting on a path where another step puts him out of sight; before he makes that one, a person (who has but the second to see, think, and execute) utters so peculiar a cry, that the beast, rather surprised than alarmed, dwells on his step to turn and look, and as his head comes round the rifle-ball crashes through it. This person has "a fine tact" in sport. I take it to be "an inexplicably rapid and correct perception of the relation of things."

ing system of lying hid, are the only ways to secure game in thick jungle; and even with these he will often return empty-handed, and learn to consider a pea-fowl, or a brace of jungle-fowl, as a very satisfactory day's work. A man should make up his mind in the deep jungle whether he will fire ball or shot. Nothing is worse than the half-and-half system; it distracts the attention. Men leave the one object of their pursuit often at the very moment they are nearest success; and if surprised, hesitate which barrel they are to fire, and very generally whiz a ball at a hare, and distribute a charge of No. 6 among a whole sounder of hogs. A loose ball can be carried to drop on shot, for there is no doubt it is insufferably disgusting to hear a beast snarl and have no ball to fire at him. But to neutralize a barrel, as a security from danger, is quite wrong. If there is any peril a man will encounter in the jungle from which his own hand can guarantee him, it is the possible event of coming so hastily on a *cobra de capello*, or other deadly snake, that the reptile rises instinctively to face the danger it thinks inevitable; and in this case shot is safety. Unless it be the elephant or buffalo, (which I have not seen, and which are only in particular places,) or the tiger under peculiar circumstances, there is nothing in the jungle that will not willingly avoid collision with man, if he will let it. It is only when wounded that the other animals are dangerous, if even then. Panthers and cheetas I have often met, and have wounded the latter without irritating them into resistance. One of them was killed by a fine young fellow I knew, who went in upon him with shot in his fowling-piece, and a hog-spear. Their courage, like much in this world, depends greatly on that of their antagonist. Wolves and hyenas invariably retire as soon as the idea of danger strikes them; and bears (though I confess they growl crossly) have, in the few instances of our meeting, concealed themselves as soon as they could do so. Of tigers I speak conjecturally. I think this beast has an instinctive dread of the human form, and avoids as much as possible coming in contact with it; but if he be hemmed round or wounded, or if the necessities of hunger, or a sudden encounter, hurry him into a disregard of this feeling, and he finds how easy a prey man is, his idleness will make him prefer that to any other, and he becomes troublesome. In this case, the natives soon muster enterprise to kill or drive him away, or exhort others to do so; whereas the haunts of such as were not man-killers have been pointed out by them to me, and the tigers spoken of with almost as much consideration and respect as other powerful occupiers of the land. We one day fell in with a party of Mussulmauns beating for a man-killer, and took the liberty of joining the good company; but in a few minutes the tom-toms ceased, the matchlights were out, and the party walked away one by one, as they discovered that the meeting with Caffers the first thing in the morning, when about a service of danger, was too palpable an intimation of Heaven's disapproval of their proceedings to be disregarded.*

* How is prejudice of this sort accounted for in a predestinarian? "Il y a de quoi parler beaucoup." I wonder no one capable of the investigation has explained to us the cause of the very opposite and palpable effects of the doctrine of absolute predestination on the Christian and Moslem believers in it.

But if a man should come upon a hungry or enraged tiger, or intrude too abruptly even upon a well-disposed one, as Mr. Nym says, "things must be as they may,—there must be conclusions!" I look on their pat as I do on a flash of lightning—both as things that may kill accidentally, and that will kill effectually; but I never saw reason to expect that either would kill me. In the jungles I have frequented for years, tigers' foot-prints were visible at the tanks and along the sandy beds they choose as paths. We have traced them around the circuit of our tent pegs after a night's rain; have had cattle killed in open day within two hundred yards of our tent, and at night had sheep carried off from beside it. We have beaten for them through and through their haunts, have tumbled over the bones in their *salles à manger*, and slapped off a pistol into the bush through which they have vanished, but never have I had what I call a fair full view of one of them. Most of my friends were more fortunate, but in no one instance did the tiger show any wish to attack them. How many thousand British officers have shot through these jungles, and how small is the chapter of accidents occurring in them!* I should as soon think of arming myself against sharks and alligators when I bathe in the surf, or in a river, as of carrying a ball in my gun when I wished to fire shot in a jungle, under the idea of its diminishing my danger. If a man wants to kill the beasts, he should think of nothing else; if he does not go prepared to do so, he had better let them alone. A circumstance which was current conversation when I was in India will illustrate this, though I dare say it will be read with the same incredulity with which I listened to it. "An officer came suddenly upon a bear, and fired a charge of shot at him: this salute proving most unacceptable to Bruin, he turned outrageously upon the gentleman, who fled before him (in his haste throwing down his gun with its undischarged barrel,) till a re-entering angle of the rocks obliged him to face his pursuer. This he did in so energetic a manner, clenching his fists, grinning, and advancing towards him, threatening, cursing, swearing, and gesticulating so extravagantly, that the bear, after looking at first astonished, then aghast, scuttled away (as Mr. Addison expresses it) with a rapidity only exceeded by that with which his triumphant antagonist scudded in the opposite direction." I once heard of a doctor who met his death from being clawed by one of these animals he had wounded, but it was believed he died the victim of his own mal-treatment rather than the bear's. I

* I was once traversing a rock with some friends looking for two tigers, which one of them had seen there, when a poor old female devotee, who had fixed her dwelling in this perilous neighbourhood, came up and informed us they had gone into a jungle that was near, about an hour before. It is a devotional practice common in India, to fix on a habitation near the lairs of tigers, leaving to chance the time at which the victim may be carried off. This woman was a picture of squalid self-satisfied wretchedness—her hair was matted to her feet, and her haggard features seemed to speak of famine. I should have said she had weaned herself from all interest with the world, had not her errand, when we met her, showed the mother even in the superstitious enthusiast. She was looking for her truant boy, whose shock head, popped up above a ledge of rock, had just been levelled at by one of us. A person who does not like to look along a barrel pointed at him should be careful how he breaks abruptly through a bush when he sports in company. In the jungle we level mechanically at every sound.

think the story went that he applied precipitate to his head, and induced mortification. We were more lucky. I do not recollect when we could have thought ourselves in danger, unless we chose to do so once when, as we lay within a bush, a large snake dashed in, (I suppose pursuing or pursued,) and in a moment was erect between our three faces, which were not a yard apart. To spring to our arms, cock both barrels, and level at the spot, was the business of a moment, but in this moment the snake was gone. We laughed heartily at the wild looks of each other.

It flatters our self-love to see what we think a weakness in ourselves common to those we respect, and we respect them the more, (and *par parenthèse* ourselves,) that it does not make them dare the less. An odd coincidence connected with a snake occurred one day when a friend and myself were stretched on a boat-cloak under a mango tree. Amongst other abuse of India we remarked, "Why at this moment some brute of a snake may be close to us;" and on looking up we saw a long and beautiful green one gliding from branch to branch above our heads—a charge of shot whistled about him in one moment, and in the next a ball cut him in two, and the two divisions dropped upon the boat-cloak. Our most unquestionable dangers were from the night air. We often bivouacked under bushes, with one as sentry, to try for hogs and tigers, and not unfrequently sat up in trees, or among the rocks, to get a shot at them. But one gentleman proposed a flask of brandy; another, where there was cover, insisted on a segar; and in fact our night-shooting degenerated into little less than drinking and smoking in solemn silence in a tree, instead of performing that ceremony noisily under canvass. These affairs ended one night, when a sheep was picketed where a cheeta was said to walk, and the two of us who were nearest were told he was there. The moon was rather clouded, and, as I looked, I whispered to my comrade, "Why I don't even see the sheep."—"Hush!" he replied, hastily and emphatically: "there, d—n it! see the beast stalking along there."—"Where?" I asked, all anxiety.—"There—don't you see him just at the edge of the moonlight?"—"I do, I do," I murmured, as I levelled—and pulling the trigger, fired.—"Why what the devil!" he roared out, "you've shot the sheep!"—It was but too true; the poor old ram, of which I never thought he could have spoken with such mysterious solemnity, was shot through the heart. This put an end to our sociable lucubrations, but I persisted in this night-work, and to tell the truth I preferred to be alone. I loved that loneliness of earth which at once overawes and elevates our minds; and a rock that looked upon some moon-lit lake, or that showed me a sunset casting the gorgeous glow of the Western heaven on the woods, the waters, and the craggy mountains, was to me as sure a spot for a preaching as a field of battle to Blackadder. I confess that on the battle-fields I have trod, I should have been glad to persuade myself that Heaven had thought as little of me as I had done of it during their procedures; but in these sublime and beautiful scenes, where the weakness, deceit, and wickedness of the world are from before us, and we stand in singleness and nakedness of heart before the boundless and mysterious veil of God's eternal temple, it hardly requires enthusiasm to fancy one's-self nearer a communion with the Deity, and to conjure up

the fearful yet pleasing persuasion that our Maker is looking on and listening to his creature. A man must do his duty among his fellows—but he will do well to go into solitude to think of it. Whether these solitudes have done much for my morals is not for me to say, but I know I have to thank them for much happiness; and amongst the days that live as oases in the desert retrospect my memory shows me, few are clearer than those in which I have gazed from the cliffs, or wandered through the glades of these majestic woods. I know what they have cost me—but at this very moment, when I feel but too palpably the decay of my memory, my sensibility and imagination dulled, and my feelings blunted, and know how much of these and other ills I may attribute to my residence in this climate, I do not regret one hour of it that was passed in them. I think with affectionate regret of the bright beams of the East, and the land they beautify, in a home where long absence has almost given the freshness of novelty to the cherished objects of my recollection. I sleep in England or in France, but I dream of the “strife-breeding clime of the Deckan.”*

All who know how power itself palled upon the devil Sakhar, and that he threw Solomon's talisman into the Lake Tiberias, with every prospect to himself of being soon thrown after it, will not think it strange that we looked to our return to the cantonment with something approaching to pleasure. We had duties to bring up, and however little we admired too rigid an attention to minutiae, which seemed to us distinct from the essential properties of soldiership, we knew they were necessary to its service, and had no wish to be considered wanting even in them. These recreations sent us back to our business with freshly excited energy and interest. It was, however, melancholy to see the dreary look of our trees as the last tent fell, and we were mounting to depart. Nor was our own appearance altogether so fascinating as it had been. “Our gayness and our gilt were all besmirched;” our horses showed their work, and their furniture was cracked, cut, and soiled; our beards were of patriarchal proportions; our cheeks like roses, or red cabbages; and while few were without stripes of diacolon on various solutions of continuity effected by thorns, date spikes, or tumbles, there was usually some one unfortunate who could parade an anomalous bump about his cranium, which it would have puzzled Dr. Gall himself to have classified. As we passed through the village, we received numerous salams as payment in full for sundry doses of salts which we had administered to the incurables of the community. The natives cannot be convinced that all Europeans are not knowing in Galenicals, though I have seen some practice at their expense, that ought to have made this palpable; and one of our party fostered this idea by giving them harmless doses, and would reprove us with his “No, don't laugh, imagination does a deal,” as we smiled at the mysterious gravity with which he detailed the manner in which the dissolution of a pinch of Glauber was to be effected.† But there were

* So called from its beauty and riches by the Mahometan historians.

† He was, at least, less dangerous than their own faculty. One of these pointed out some ground near Akowlah, covered with plants, and exclaimed to me—“Plenty of physic there, Sir!” “Yes, Malown,” I said, “but what's it good for?”—

some well-armed, fine-looking men in the village, whom the various moral lessons they had received had not tutored into civility. They stood erect as we passed, and answered to our inquiry, that they were going to Hyderabad to seek service. One would sympathize with the sad but unsubdued expression which characterized the countenances of some of these fellows, did we not know that their quarrel with us was a personal, not a patriotic one—"for why? because the good old rule sufficed them." Every native soldier is a petty tyrant; and assuredly, if ever war were what my uncle Toby defines it to be, "the getting together of quiet and harmless people with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds," it is here.* These men certainly withheld the show of respect; but once only in my long acquaintance with them did I find them, as I have heard they are inclined, to insult us foreigners, and this once was when our fame was getting dim in native eyes by the protracted length of the Burmese war, and our hesitation about Bhurtpore. I was dozing under a tree, waiting for a brother sportsman, and being suddenly roused by an unusual noise, saw two of these swordsmen flourishing their drawn weapons, and advancing with loud cries to within a dozen paces of me. I jumped up and cocked both barrels of my rifle, the clearness of whose click induced one fellow to sheathe his weapon and walk away; but the other, cutting a most ungraceful sort of *entrechat*, made four points at right angles with each other, and declaring we Feringees could only fight with guns, flourished his sword and followed his friend. I could have shot these fellows, and felt some inclination to do so; but they seemed banged (*Anglicè*, drunk), and I did not like the responsibility of taking their lives, unless they forced me. The absence of my friend was lucky for them, for his coolness was six years younger than mine. Even in Hyderabad, where we are said to be especially liable to insult, and through which our troops are not allowed to pass, I have rode repeatedly through the streets, when the rising of the river obliged me to do so, and never found the dignity of his Majesty's officer trenched upon, beyond being especially recommended to the Devil, when I had

"Any body sick, Sir, I give—then I know!" was his reply. I regretted this poor fellow, though I believe half his acquaintance was saved by it, when, a few months after, he fell a victim either to his own experiments or those of some more orthodox practitioner.

* I am no subject of John Company's, and I owe him no gratitude; but reading what I have read, and seeing what I have seen, I cry "God save King John!" and only wish his alliance was as great a good as his government. The subsidiary system is a grand political measure, but it secures the impunity of the extravagant and irrational villanies of Asiatic despotisms. The Company, in their own territory, give security of person and property to the helpless and peaceable millions, who look up to them for protection; and when these millions are capable of enjoying a nobler blessing, like most other people, they will be very apt to take it. But a high degree of sense and courage is indispensable to freemen. Until reason or enthusiasm of some sort elevates the majority of a nation to prefer death to disgrace, they are sure to be slaves; and until to this is superadded common sense, and confidence in themselves to see through the dazzling but treacherous pretensions of individual ambition, they are most likely to be so. The Hindoos are far from possessing the most vulgar of these essentials, and it is useless to speculate how far the nature of their climate and of their organization seems likely to preclude their eventual attainment of the more intellectual ones.

no fanams to reward the disgusting devotion of a naked and bedaubed Fackeer, and having once rather too pointed an allusion made to me by a ragged and enraged little gentleman:—he was struggling with a bigger boy, and appeared to have had very much the worst of it, when the passing of my horse obliged them to separate; and the urchin raising his head and seeing me, exclaimed triumphantly and bitterly to his antagonist, “Ah! look, there’s your father!” and seemed in the happiness of the hit to find a full and sufficing solace for the threshing he had received. Little occurred to divert us on our return. Our ride was too long to admit of many digressions for sport, and the heavy masses of clouds that came rolling up from the westward, hanging like reflectors in the air, both in the heat they caused and the storm they threatened, held out inducement to us to hurry onward. A halt of an hour, in a tope, sufficed for the demolition of the beer and biscuits that awaited us, as well as for the discussion of a few segars, which our pistols and our shirts (for rag was indispensable, and our handkerchiefs were silk,) enabled us to light. After smashing the bottles with our last bullets, and tightening the girths, we mounted and pushed on, followed by our horsekeepers, who kept up with our trot. We passed nothing remarkable, but a man at the penance of five fires, four of which were at the corners of the brick stage on which he sat, with the sun for the fifth.* It darkened so rapidly as we neared home, that we found ourselves off that very equivocal concern called the road in India, and wandered about the plain till the flash of the eight o’clock gun showed us the direction; and the seconds we had counted (it was a habit we had) before its report, gave us some idea of the distance of the cantonment. —“Come, we’re all right,” exclaimed a voice, and as it continued, “a summer’s night in greenwood spent, were but to-morrow’s merriment,” we felt assured it was so; for never was this well-known expression of its owner’s resignation heard, but when all chance of the necessity of its practical application was over. We soon reached the road, and galloped on it till we pulled up amongst our friends, secure of a hearty welcome from all and each, and from none more than one grave but good-natured fellow, who reprobated *in toto* the absurdity of our conduct in “riding about, roasting ourselves alive, and breaking our collar-bones, contrary to the advice of every body.”

* The torrid zone, with its enervating and maddening heat and terrific phenomena, is the genial clime of superstition. But I question if the most unhappy follies I have seen exhibited to propitiate Heaven shocked me more than to hear “I’d sooner have a guinea than a one-pound note”—“Calder fair,” and other airs of a less ambiguous character, accompanying the movements of the native Christians of our force, when, according to a rather loosely-worded order, “they had leave to beat drums, and carry about their idols for three days.”

A DREAM FROM THE ANTIPODES.

—'s Town, New Settlement, Feb. 26, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have all my life been, as you know, an inveterate dreamer; not a superstitious believer in their import, but an involuntary victim to their influence: those thick-coming fancies of the night being, for some reason or other, more strongly impressed on the waking recollection of the morning with me than with most men. Whether this arises from the strength of my imagination, or the weakness of my digestion, I am at a loss to decide; but I should think a substantial indulgence in pickled salmon for supper, had as much to do with it as the immaterial ebullition of my prophetic spirit. But as you have often on this subject both laughed with me and at me, I must give you an account of a dream I had last night, which, in spite of its absurd contradictions and ridiculous improbabilities, is in all its parts as strongly impressed on my memory this morning, as if it had been made up of recorded and acknowledged facts.

It was a hot summer's night, one of the most oppressive even of this sultry season, the beginning of February. I had supped satisfactorily off a delicate kangaroo; and had been tossing and tumbling about restlessly for an hour or two after going to bed, when, just as I felt that sort of swimming confusion in my head, which gave me hopes of sleep, it crossed my mind, amid a jumble of bush-rangers, second crops, packets due, and back settlements, that this must be about the night of the meeting of Parliament in England. I was then too far gone to dwell very rationally on this idea, for at first I thought I felt the military Minister jumping up and down on my chest, like a kangaroo. It must have been my own antipodean situation which suggested the next image, for I fancied that he then determined to throw a somerset, turn topsy-turvy, and appear before Parliament standing on his head, and that he insisted on several of his colleagues (all, I thought, of the Anti-Catholic division) doing the same.

The first to whom he suggested it, was the leader of the House of Commons, who, with a self-satisfied smirk, immediately turned over and stood on his head, in doing which his orange hair, of the colour of which he had previously been very proud, was much stained and disfigured by the dirt in which he deposited it. The next to whom he made the proposal was the Lord Chancellor, who said that he had no difficulty in turning over and over again, as often as was wished, but he objected to remaining permanently in that attitude, as it would discompose the dignity of his official wig; but he was reminded that the official wig would be a very comfortable cushion for him whilst standing on his head, and that if he remained as he now was, the same official wig might get kicked off by some of his colleagues, in their efforts to maintain their places in their new position. The Bishops at first complained loudly, that, if they attempted this new manœuvre, their robes would take a very indecorous and unseemly sit; but it was suggested, that, if they stood by each other, they might, by huddling close together, keep each other's petticoats in proper order; and, as it was added that they would, as a reward, be allowed, by changing amongst each other, advantageous opportunities for refitting, a bunch of them in consequence attempted it. Several others, whose faces I did not recollect

as Ministers, though I remembered them on parade, at the word of command "grounded heads" as they would "arms," though they did not seem afterwards to "stand at ease." Very many others (some of whom surprised me much) turned over with most military subordination.

But the physical absurdity of the first part of my dream was nothing to the moral contradictions and discrepancies which followed.

I fancied the D— of W—— meant to carry the Catholic Question, at which you may imagine, however little prepared for it by his past conduct, I was highly delighted. But with that singular disability which one has when asleep to see any thing in a straightforward point of view, I thought he first wrote a letter—you will suppose, perhaps, like his predecessor Pitt, to the King, to explain—perhaps, as has sometimes been proposed, to the Pope, to make a bargain—or to the head of the English Church, to propitiate it. No; of all people in the world, to an Irish Catholic Archbishop! You will then say, of course he was so determined that the thing should be done, that he wished at once to announce himself, and to secure without delay the tranquillity of Ireland, by letting her know that her just claims would be granted. Not at all (what nonsense one does dream!) I thought that this letter was calculated to create a directly contrary opinion, and therefore, if it had been written, it could only have been to humbug and render ridiculous a worthy old man, to whom he need not have written at all; but as one could not imagine such an intention, it must, if written, have left an impression that he himself had only subsequently, at the eleventh hour, by the force of circumstances, and upon a choice of difficulties, been driven into that great measure, of which the intentional execution would deserve so much credit. If I had been speculating with my senses about me, instead of vaguely dreaming, the next step, I should have thought, would have been to rally round him those whose concurrence would give credit to his proceedings; above all, to secure the cordial co-operation of that distinguished individual, the then Lord-Lieutenant, his own former companion in arms, whose liberal and candid mind had, like his own, adopted upon conviction, and in opposition to former prejudices, his amended opinion on this question: instead of which, I actually imagined that he wrote to this person in the style a country squire would to the bailiff on his estate; at last, too, directing his butler to discharge him! An idea this, the most improbable of all; as people must at once have attributed such an act to mean jealousy of so eminent a partner in the great deed, or have adopted this as a proof in confirmation that, up to the last moment, he was in his own course tossed about by indecision, and only drifted by accident.

I then thought that the bill was at length brought into the House of Commons by that very person who, on one of the last nights before I came out here, I recollect, I heard (when in the gallery with you) declare to the late Mr. Canning, that this was his only difference of opinion with him, and that, but for this insuperable objection, he would have served with him or under him. I remember being then so convinced by the plausibility of his manner, that I said to myself, "All the conspirators, save only he, did what they did in envy of great Cæsar, &c." And yet I now saw him in my dream, in the same Pharisaical tone, with the same uplifted palms pressed together, pleading, as reasons for his conversion, "the influence of the priests, the power of the Associa-

tion, the events of the general election,"—all arguments in full force when I heard him make that *real speech*.

But the most absurd contradiction was, that though, with that insight into motives which one assumes in sleep, I thought all admitted that O'Connell had, in a great measure, forced them into their present course, yet that those who on that account paid tardy and unwilling homage at the shrine of reason and of justice, still proposed to continue on that one marked individual the exclusion which they no longer dared to inflict on seven millions of his countrymen! Strange as it would seem, that those who still dreaded distant danger from concession, and yielded only on the balance of expediency, and from the desire of tranquillity, should, whilst they removed the defence, continue the grievance; foster disturbance where danger could not be pretended; and after having at length killed this many-headed monster of a question, instead of burying it decently, should allow its gigantic ghost to stalk a troubled spirit over still distracted Ireland.

I take it, after shaping these strange phantoms in the earlier part of the night, that I slept more quietly for some time, of which I had a sort of half-consciousness, for I thought I peeped into the House of Commons, and then they were as quietly digesting the Catholic Question as I was my kangaroo, for they were all asleep likewise. Once I thought a gentleman, on what used to be the Opposition side of the House, got up, and in a whisper, as if afraid of disturbing any one, offered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer an account of some millions to explain; to which the Right Hon.^d Gentleman only replied that it was all right, for that he had just *cast his eye* over it—a physical facility to do which is supposed his qualification for the office which he holds. Another time, I thought I saw a middle-aged man, with a *scarlet* face and portly person, take the opportunity of both parties being asleep, to slip silently across from his seat on the Opposition side to the Treasury Bench, of which change of place no one seemed to take the slightest notice.

Towards morning I dreamed (and it was the pleasantest moment of my dream,) that I listened in the House of Lords, on a subject affecting the national honour, to one, the charms of whose eloquence are not more enhanced by the energy of his manner and the enthusiasm of his fine open countenance, than by the conviction that every word is dictated by feelings of the purest patriotism, and an active spirit of universal benevolence. Whilst listening to him, I watched the staff which surrounded the Field-marshal, and fancied I saw in the midst of many generals one who had been amongst the oldest private and political friends of him who was speaking, and a devoted follower of his illustrious uncle; and I thought to myself, "If that is really you, I am sure you would sacrifice a whole year of place to be allowed just now to give vent to one heartfelt cheer." I fancied, in the confusion, that the defence of Don Miguel was attempted by a dark, solemn man, whom I did not recollect as a minister, and who looked, as well as spoke, more like a Portuguese than an Englishman.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;" I thought I saw our military Minister, with a valet-de-chambre's jacket and apron over his uniform, dressing Don Miguel in royal robes. When the toilet was finished, he offered his Majesty what at first appeared a folded pocket-

handkerchief, but which, on opening, turned out to be the British flag, in which Miguel first blew his nose, and then spit upon it; at which such a deafening shout of indignation arose, that the Duke opened his mouth and looked astonished; Miguel ran away and dropped his crown, and I awoke.

Before the many, many months are over which must elapse ere this reaches England, events will have happened probably directly the reverse of this unlikely dream of your sincere friend,

MORPHEUS.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS, NO. XIX.

San Paolo fuori le mure.

“O Paule! ad quid erectum tenes ensem? non vides quàm abominosè jacet disrupta Ecclesia tua, et quàm negligenter providetur ei.”—*Ludov. Monach. Cassinat. MS. Ined. Vat.*

SOME days had now passed since I had visited any of the Churches of the City. I had intended to have taken them all, in their order: St. Peter occupies, of course, the first rank, but there are several competitors for secondary honours. The four “Basilicæ” * might each confer a distinction on any of the first-rate capitals of Europe; here “elles font foule.”

I got into my caritelle at an early hour, and soon reached the Porta Ostiensis, or di San Paolo. I had formerly advanced as far as this gate in my visit to the Sepulchre of the Scipios. From this entrance you pass at once into utter desolation. The Campagna spreads before you. It is the monotony of perfect waste—a misty sun above, in the midst of a sky of sirocco-looking dusky blue, and a parched or fenny earth around. The track of fire and ruin which the Saracens left behind them seems scarcely to have been obliterated.† The road leads through a narrow hollow, scooped out not so much by the corrosion of torrents, or the slow progress of civilization, as by the accumulation of ruins crumbling over ruins, from tomb and villa upon either side. The skeletons of sepulchres, worn by the air as by the ebb and flow of waters, stand up on the green ridges which crown the tufo: the weeds and red-flowering shrubs peeping through their deep rents, and sometimes cleaving the marble inscriptions by the subtle and sure strength of vegetation, give memorials of the work of destruction which for centuries has been going on below. The pavement (the ancient Appian) appears in patches here and there through the dust, or is heard creaking under the deep-loaded wains of the Campagna husbandman, as you proceed along. The reeds which bordered the

* There are only four churches in the city to which such title properly appertains. Even Donati gives no good reason for this privilege,—how it originated, or how it afterwards extended to the seven. In general, the name is applied to the “Palais de Justice,” or Court-house of a city, amongst the Greeks: a relic of the kingly government, confounded with the judicial. Vitruvius (l. 6, c. 8,) applies it to private houses; the fact was, in his time the houses of the richer Patricians rivalled in splendour and extent the public tribunals. Baronius (Annal. c. 57, p. 1,) speaks of a senator converting his house to a “Basilica.” St. Felix is said to have founded a Basilica, and in the reign of Pope Cornelius there were no less than forty in the city. (Optatus.) Ecclesia, however, was the familiar term; for a considerable time, it was the only one used by the Romans: the word Basilica fell into disuse.

† The Saracens were frequent visitors. They had already been familiarized to the soil of Sicily and Naples. The proscriptions of Sylla, the absorbing luxury of the Emperors, the emigrations to Constantinople, the “New Rome,” the Saracens and Vandals following on the heel of all these revolutions, and the Pope shrinking from every spot where the Saracens had trod, all contributed to complete the desolation of a region once inhabited by twenty various tribes, and more thickly studded with towns than it afterwards was with villas.

road stood still—not a voice was heard—the Contadino passed by with his mantle wrapped up over his mouth, to keep out the pestilential exhalations of these deserts, with a suspicious glance, but without a single word. A small oratory, with its whitening frescoes peeling off in flakes, on the grass-grown sill,—a cavern hewn with a hasty hand from the peperino,—the unwindowed halls of an ancient villa, were all that could remind the traveller of humanity. In about thirty minutes after leaving the gate, I found myself in face of the “Basilica of San Paolo.”

The ancient road passes by the ancient entrance. It opens into the tribune of the Church. The modern conducts to the opposite side, or to the vestibule. A small grass platform, enclosed with dead walls, spreads immediately before it. The store-looking Basilica—as on this side it truly is—has been lately restored to its Benedictine proprietors. It does not appear to have much profited by the restoration. In the portico I found an old grey horse that had intruded from his paddock into the sanctuary: there was no one to drive him away. The façade is low and meagre, and, with the exception of its mosaics and its great bronze gates, has no appearance of antiquity. Its yellow and white modern decorations* recall nothing. The architecture is indifferent, and hardly excites remark. The mosaic, which appears above the low terrace and balustrade of the portico, is the work of Pietro Cavallini, executed by the order of Clement VI. With all the staring defects of this period of the arts, it is more than ordinarily free from the thinness and dryness of the early mechanists. It has suffered much in many places, particularly in the head of the apostles, from lightning; marks of similar injury are observable in the semi-gothic campanile or belfry near. The back-ground, which is all gold, after the usual etiquette of these royal presents, has been most affected. The sacristan, thinking he had interpreted my thought, looked up, shook his head, and observed, with a complaining smile, that there was no money, “non c’è denaro.” In the portico, on the right as you enter, is a large sarcophagus, which derives all its interest from the explanation it furnishes of a very disputed question of ancient art. One of its extremities presents, in the midst of abundance of the usual accompaniments, genii, flowers, &c. executed in the coarsest style, a figure in the precise attitude of the “Arotino” of Florence,† waiting the orders of Apollo for the flaying of Marsyas. The principal inscription implies its having once been converted to the use of a certain “Pier Leoni Conte Aventino”—(he was father of the Anti-pope); and another immediately behind intimates the restoration and preservation of the monument by some descendant of the family so late as 1674.

But the most remarkable monuments here are the famous bronze doors. They are lofty and massive—storied to excess and “sgraffiato,” instead of being sculptured in relief like those of St. Peter’s. On one of the valves the inscriptions are for the most part Latin, on the other Greek. The style of

* These modern improvements are “munificentia Benedicti XIII.” and worthy of his degenerate age.

† The “Arotino” is the safest name, says Lanzi, and avoids all disputes (*Dissertaz della Galleria di Fir. par 2. c. 14.*) But this is leaving the knot both uncut and untied. Leonardo Agostini (*Gronov. Thes. Ant. Græc. t. 2. lib. 86.*) was the first to hint a doubt against the received absurdity of calling it the “Barber of Julius Cæsar.” The hint was improved by Fea (*Notes to Winklemann, tome 2. p. 314, and Mon. Ined. No. 42, by Visconti, M. P. C. t. 5. p. 6, &c.*) But the connection with the fable of Marsyas is now placed beyond doubt. When seen in conjunction with the Marsyas in the Gallery of Florence, it is easily explained. That figure is almost precisely the same as what we meet on the present monument. See also the medals published by Pellerin in 3 P of his *Raccolta Tav. 132, n. 7*, the medal of Antoninus Pius, struck at Alexandria in Egypt, &c. &c. The character of the head is Scythian, and there is a remarkable coincidence between it and that of the Cossack of the Don (see Blumenbach’s *Observations, &c.*) It is as strongly and characteristically marked, as the head of the gladiator, though of a very different structure and expression. The type of the gladiator is also barbarian, but Gaulish.

the letters, the orthography, the use and application of the accents, is strictly Romaic. The subjects chiefly refer to the exploits and sufferings of St. Paul, of St. John, and of other saints. The titles written over each, the flatness and rigidity of delineation, the absence of profile (the reverse of the commencement of the art), the upright rectangular position of the figure, show corruption and degradation, and belong strictly to the *εσθλοὶ ῥωμαῖοι*. Two inscriptions, among many others, hold forth, that Pantaleone Castelli, a Roman consul, as Martinelli says, had them executed to the glory of the Apostles. These inscriptions are of the rudest and most irregular kind, and in general of that pierced or dotted character, which was in frequent use in Asiatic Greece, and a specimen of which may be seen on the vase or urn of Mithridates in the Capitol.*

The entrance is distinguished by a few indifferent verses, which designate the objects and names of the several builders. You then pass the low arched vestibule, and are, without farther preface, in the church. It is strange, vast, full of hideous defect; glaring incoherency; but, with all this, it is impossible not to feel its first aspect highly impressive. The interior is composed of a nave, double aisles, and transept—all that can be expected from the effect of pillar and colonnade is fully produced; but the form, (Basilical,) a defect hardly obviated even in Greek temples, much more than the motley assemblage which composes it, retrenches much from this character of nobleness and simplicity. An open gallery above, frequent in the classic Basilicæ, corrected in a great degree this defect, and proportioned more equally the incumbent weight. Here the space and apparent mass is much too great, and the roof lies heavily, and even appears to bend in the middle. This optic illusion can only be remedied by a slight arch;—and then the distance is already too great for the supporting pillars. The pillars themselves form rather a grove than colonnade; the eye cannot get at them with ease, and, when seen, you lose the third and fourth row considerably too much. They are, besides, far too various in their orders, diameters, modules, pedestals, and capitals, and give the impression of the vilest of all compilations. The period at which they were gathered together is very easily discovered. It was an age of scrap and plunder, and misapplication, and poverty; creation and originality were no longer known. Yet, with all this, they are a lesson from which the modern architect may profit. With every vice and corruption, the magic of a well-continued perspective is not lost. The richness of these and other marbles have excited the lavish eulogies of Ficoroni, who

* Sismondi says the outline was framed by silver:—"Les Portes de St. Paul ne sont pas sculptées en relief, mais seulement gravées, et les lignes qui forment le contour des figures sont garnies." (p. 178. v. 4. *Republiques d'Italie*.) It appeared to me of a sort of mixture of silver and lead. But the whole of the passage is a series of mistakes. In comparing them to the gates of Andrea Pisano at Florence, he observes, "C'est un rapprochement curieux, que de les comparer aux portes de la basilique de St. Paul fuor di mura, ouvrage informe au regne du grand Theodose, entrepris par les premiers sculpteurs de l'univers, sous la direction du plus puissant monarque de la Chretienté, dans un tems où les artistes avaient de toutes parts sous les yeux les inimitables modèles de l'antiquité; mais où la despotisme seule avait suffi pour faire reculer la civilization, et pour étouffer toute espèce de génie." The error has obviously arisen from confounding the execution of the gates with the enlargement of the church by Theodosius, in 386—see note, p. 178 (1); but it is singular that if he had ever visited the Basilica (and Sismondi has been at Rome), he should so easily have passed over the very decisive evidence, in the way of manner and inscription, upon the gates themselves. The inscriptions state, very distinctly, that they were executed in the city of Constantinople, and presented to the apostle in the year 1070. The Consul who presented them was a certain Pantaleon, a Greek name, and not a Venetian, as Hobhouse supposes. (*Illustrations of Childe Harold*—see *Nicephorus*.) This mis-statement is the more material, as upon it is attempted to be founded an interesting theory in the history of the art.

has been as minute as a Roman Scarpellaro in his catalogue.* The beechen roof, now destroyed, was lauded formerly for its mechanism; but compared to that of Westminster Hall, it was an abominable disfigurement, indicating nothing so much as penury and malaria. The great mosaic of the principal arch is coarse and crowded; the pavement is peculiarly neglected, and almost in fragments. Benedict XIV. should have extended his restorations to the floor. The absence of side altars improves the general simplicity; it is only at the Tribune they commence. The *throni subditi* of these Catholic sacella, or side chapels, are almost as destructive of harmony, and subjection of principals to accessories, as the pews which break up our finest Protestant cathedrals. The open character of the Tribune partakes strongly of the modern Greek form, and shows how ancient is the presumed modern corruption. The lowness of the arch, the fulness of the absis, the isolation of the high altar, are finely basilical. The granite columns, which support this portion of the building, have all the sober magnificence which is conferred by great mass and peculiar depth of colour. The transept is short and plain, and in poor keeping with the rest of the church. Cavallini has been here again, with his mosaics, over the high altar. He has given us also some of his decorations in the miraculous cross of St. Bridget.† The "Confessio," as it is called, is of the same semi-gothic character observable in St. John of Lateran. It is what the Italians call Tudesque, but which they neither like nor understand. The style, after all, is mongrel—the crude attempts of the North engrafted upon the corruptions of the South.

The paintings are generally very indifferent, and all from secondary masters: Lanfranco (they have taken the pains to copy him), Ghezzi, Gentileschi, Muziani, vie with each other in mediocrity. On the walls of the church are the huge frescoes of Cavallini, so faded as to allow no judgment to be formed of his skies, and hardly of his compositions. But much the more important portion of the paintings are the series of the Papal portraits. They have been published at various times, and in various forms. The very eager-

* "Questa Basilica fabbricata da Constantino Magno per la ricchezza e la magnificenza delle colonne, e delle tavole di porfiro, supera ogn'altro non sol di Roma ma d'ogni parte del mondo." Ficoroni counts thirty columns of porphyry at the side altars, four at the high altar; forty of pavonazzo, in the nave; forty of Parian; eight of red granite; two of marmo solino, &c."—*Vestigia di Roma*, l. v. c. xxii.

† Pietro Cavallini is supposed to have been one of the first disciples of Giotto. Padre della Valle, however, finding that Cavallini was contemporary with Giotto, imagines him to have been the *élève* of the Cosimati, who flourished in 1290, at Rome. In that year, Adeodato di Cosimo Cosimati worked in the choir of Santa Maria Maggiore (Lanzi, vol. i. p. 6, ed. 1817), and several others of the same name; and, as far as I could judge from actual observation of the same school, were employed in the magnificent Duomo of Orvieto. All these, how rude they may be, are preferable to the Greek artists of the same period, who worked in the San Marco of Venice, (Valle prefaz. al Vasari, p. 61.) Indeed, the Roman school, from the frequency perhaps of ancient fragments, and the numbers of churches and Basilicæ in being so early as the tenth and eleventh centuries, seem early to have acquired a supremacy in mosaics, which they have retained ever since. The ease of manner observed by Della Valle is derivable, perhaps, from the exercise of fresco-painting; for even the smaller paintings of the Byzantine school are far superior to the attempts of the Pisans and Florentines of the same date. Cavallini was both a fresco-painter and a mosaicist, and not only has given his mosaics a good deal of the freedom of painting, but has carried also into his paintings much of the brilliancy and richness of the former art. In his great fresco at Assisi, especially, Lanzi remarks, what indeed must have struck every one, the predominance and brilliant preservation of his "Oriental sapphire skies."—Vol. ii. p. 14. and vol. i. p. 6. I do not know whether his epitaph alludes to this:—

"Quantum Romanæ Petrus decus addidit urbi,
Pictura tantum dat decus ipse polo." ✱

He died in 1344, aged seventy-five, and lies interred at St. Paul's.

ness with which it has been supported, has thrown some doubt on their authenticity. There are three series of these portraits, from St. Peter downwards. The *first* is painted in a certain number of ovals, over the cornice in the southern part of the church. The *second* is on the cornice of the opposite side, towards the north: the *third* is below the cornice, and between the capitals of the pillars in the nave of the church. The epoch of this "third" series is well known. Nicholas III. who had been abbot of the monastery in 1277, retaining, as was frequently the case, in his elevation, a predilection for the scenes of his earlier and humbler life, amongst other improvements, had this series executed, to the number of forty-eight. The "second" is of uncertain date; but, in all probability, belongs to an early period in the middle ages, and evinces, by the exceeding rudeness, but still more by a certain air of life and truth, though the work of an unskilful hand, a better claim to note. The chronology, too, has been singularly confused. The same Pope, Eusebius for instance, has been twice repeated; and several Anti-popes as well as Popes, introduced into the companionship of the successors of St. Peter, who probably never existed; amongst others, a certain Paulinus, whose name is not to be found in the usual Papal catalogues. The "first series" terminated with Innocent I. but was continued subsequently for eight or ten ovals more, on which were painted several other new portraits, by the rude artist who executed the second.* In both series, the name of the Pope is accompanied with the date of his reign. The authors who have given us portraits of the Popes, such as Platina, Papbrock, and others, have noticed the series only of Nicholas III. without a single comment on the others. In fact, it was the nearest, and most immediately subject to their observation. Bianchini, as far as I can recollect, was the first to make use of the first and third series, in his very valuable edition of Anastasius; but not having at the time all the facilities which were requisite for accurately examining the letters, he has fallen into occasional mistakes. Whilst Benedict XIV. was engaged in repairing the church, he attended very particularly to these paintings, and not only had them fully restored, but from the best sources of Pontifical chronology had the series continued down to our own days. Marangoni seized the opportunity, and gave the public a work of very considerable interest on the entire collection.

"The Cross of St. Bridget," which is shown here, is the chief attraction to Italian visitors. Some of its panegyrists tell another story, which is not less miraculous than the received legend, and has the additional defect of being, like the descent of the Holy Ghost at Florence, or of the Holy Fire at Jerusalem, annual. On the northern side of the transept is a singular candelabrum. It has all the elaborate corruption of the Byzantine arts of the twelfth century. I saw one, nearly of the same period and style, but of somewhat more entangled workmanship, in the Royal Chapel of San Pietro at Palermo. I do not know how it is, but these adulterations, bad as they unquestionably are, when taken in conjunction with the accompaniments, are not quite so much amiss. They fall in well with the cumbrous and gloomy gorgeousness of the blue and gold mosaics—the grim and lowering saints—the mysterious solemnity of the processions—the rich mingled marbles of the pavement. The pure and light would be here almost a flaw—"O tu severi rebus—quocunque gaudes nomine."†

* The portraits of the Popes to the time of Innocent I. are supposed to have been executed by order of Innocent I. The same Pontiff had a similar series painted in the church of San Cecilia in Transtevere, which were subsequently restored by S. Paschal. They were removed, together with an immense number of frescoes of the Old and New Testament, and several subjects illustrative of the history of the Saints, in the time of Marangoni.—*Delle Cose Gentilesche*, &c. cap. lx.

† The last work of eminence on the Basilica of Rome—Guttensohn's and Knapp's publication—gives the following proportions:—

	ft.	in.
Whole length from gate of entrance to the Confession	286	8½
From Confession to Chord of Absis	77	3

Adjoining the church are the "ancient Cloisters." They are in a far more corrupt taste than even the Basilica. They have the same compilation-look about the stunted pillars and twisted capitals; they are grafted, and shaven, and forced into every contortion, not unlike those fragments, sometimes of gold, sometimes of bad, out of which was built, about the same period, their own Italian language. They are of all idioms, and without the restraint or direction of a grammar. Yet there is a very imposing melancholy about this building, ruins on ruins; it shows how even decay is not safe from abuse and interpolation. The walls are almost sheeted with Christian inscriptions—a strange harvest, picked up from the catacombs near, or shovelled in by the labourer of the Campagna at his usual winter work. Every day adds a something—a name, a date, a letter, of various interest and merit. They are the memorials of the oppressed, and their sufferings. The records and trophies of their oppressors moulder by their side. This occurs at every step at Rome. The lesson preaches better than a Bossuet or a Massillon. But who, nation or individual, is there here to read it?

At a small distance from the Basilica (*ad aquas Salvias*) is another Church, but far inferior in size and magnificence, to the same Apostle. It is said to have been erected in commemoration of the event, on the very spot where the apostle was decollated. The head, when violently separated from the body, is observed to preserve a sort of nervous movement, and to bound for a considerable time afterwards. The three bounds which St. Paul's head is said to have performed, have imprinted their memory in the three fountains at no great distance from the place. The consecration to a saint immediately following the desecration of a building formerly consecrated to a god, was frequent at Rome. A picture, a statue, was enough often to create a tradition. The sacred fountains, the *ayinmata* of the ancients, have been turned, not into other fountains, but placed under other patronage; and the spring still flows with as much briskness under the new name as under the old. The Nympha of the Mamertine prison is not without companions at Rome. The paintings are not remarkable. There is the admirable Guido, and nothing more.

The history of this celebrated edifice is highly interesting. The first foundation is ascribed to Constantine, in 324—I think, gratuitously. The age of Constantine was, no doubt, the age of compilation; and the triumphal arch which bears his name (a cento from the ruined or plundered arch of Trajan) would certainly go far to justify these imaginings; but it is to be remarked that the proportions of this arch are of the first merit, and intimate no sort of ignorance of the best principles of the art. The same observation may apply to the present building; but there is great difficulty in accounting for the extreme bad taste of the colonnades. The spoliation of the Monument of Hadrian would have been too daring even for the semi-Pagan; nor does any evidence offer that Constantine made the attempt, or resided sufficiently long at Rome, or that during his residence he was sufficiently Christian to do it. The Basilicæ which he did found, were also of a different description; and if the Temple of Peace is to be given to him, pursuant to a late adjudication of the antiquaries, it will not tend to confirm much his authority to this. The whole of his history is grossly infected with legend: the false donation, the early conversion, the very doubtful causes which produced it, throw scarcely less slurs upon his character than upon his architecture. It is not impossible that the spot was traced out during the reign of Constantine, and a small chapel erected to mark the site of the future Basilica. In the same way the absent Pope Pius VII. has been said to have cleared away the rubbish from the Co-

	ft.	in.
From Chord of Absis to extreme point of arch	40	
Breadth of Nave between the columns	80	9½
Intercolumniations between first and second row of columns	33	
Between the second row and wall	30	4½

The *Rheinfuss* is somewhat shorter than the *Pied de Paris*, and approximates to the English foot.—*Denkmale der Christenen Religion oder Sammlung der Ältesten Christlichen Kirchen; oder Basiliken Roms. In Rom. 1822. Liv. i.*

loosum and the Arch of Severus, (see the inscriptions,) and the exile Louis XVIII. to have erected the Colonne Napoleon, in I know not what year of his foreign reign.

The true creator of the church appears to have been Theodosius the elder. Coming down to his reign, we tread at last on certain ground. We have inscription and date before us. I ascribe to him the collecting of the pillars, their bad collocation, &c. A similar service was performed about the same time for St. Peter's. Many of the buildings of the same reign evinced an equally depraved taste. The Theodosian pillar at Constantinople is very little better than the expiring effort of the art. Then followed Honorius and Arcadius—Placidia was his sister; Eudoxia, daughter of Eudisius, and wife of Valentinian; the Popes Leo III., Stephen VI., Honorius III., Eugenius IV., Clement VI., and Clement VIII., rivalled each other in their attention and solicitude for the improvement and embellishment of the sacred edifice.* The Saracens, at the outset, spared, or are said to have done so. They are known now and then to have taken it into their head to venerate a Catholic saint, as St. George in Palestine, &c. But the plunder here was great and tempting, and plunderers who come so far for plunder, were not likely to go back without the spoil. But malaria seems to have been a far more potent enemy than the Saracen. It is true, indeed, we find in the old chronicles a Pope retiring to this very neighbourhood, during the summer, in order to enjoy the cool air—a singular choice;—but it is also to be remembered that “he died there.” The building stands in a very low situation, close to the river, and subject, of course, to frequent inundations. The sallow light green soil, rank with reeds and osiers—the swampish and oppressive atmosphere—the leaden sky—all seem burthened with mephitism. One by one, the Cenobites dwarfed, and pined, and died away; the annual pestilence gathered them up, and soon left but a single mourner over the ruins. He, too, at last fled; the church was surrendered to the seasons. The crumbling and destruction went on unquestioned and unchecked—the feudal wars completed the desolation. The religious who actually inhabit St. Paul's, are of the order of St. Benedict, or Mount Cassino, and form the original convent of Santa Justina; they were placed here by Angelotti, Cardinal of St. Mark, in the year 1425. under the pontificate of the Colonna Pope Martin V. The account of their first settlement is given in great detail in the inedited MS. of the Benedictine Lodovicus. The church was then in a state nearly approaching to absolute ruin, “*mirabiliter destituta* ;” the greater portion of the roof had fallen in, and the interior was exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather—shepherds and Contadini used it for a stable. The neighbouring cloister was in a still more miserable condition, so covered with filth that the roof was scarcely discoverable. The sudden appearance of a stranger in the garb of a pilgrim, and the rebuke of which the sentence at the head of this paper is an extract, made a strong impression on the Cardinal Angelotti, then at mass in a remote part of the edifice. He arose, hurried out, made an immediate representation to the Pope, and roused his alarms at the apprehended indignation of the Apostle. A consistory was instantly held, and the Cardinal of Sienna, afterwards Eugenius IV., in compliance with their decision, wrote to the Abbot of Santa Justina. The Abbot, with eighteen of

* “*Teodosius cepit, perfecit Onorius arcam*”—“*Doctoris mundi, sacratam corpori Paulei*,” is one of these inscriptions. Round the arch we meet

“*Placidie pia mens decus homine paterni*
Gaudet Pontificis studio splendere Leonis.”

The Codex Vaticanus is more ample and minute. Besides the repairs of the church, many of its internal ornaments are ascribed to the above-mentioned Popes. “*Symmachus Confessionem picturâ ornavit, necnon Cameram et Matroneum fecit, et supra Confessionem imaginem argenteam cum Salvatore et duodecim Apostolis posuit.*” The steps before the Atrium, the water, the baths, the place for the poor, were executed by Hormisdas, Sergius, Gregorius II. and III. &c.

his monks, obeyed the summons of the Pontiff, and took formal possession of the Convent on the vigil of the Conversion of the Apostle, in the year already mentioned. From that period down to the visitation of the French Revolution, the successors of the same colony have continued the undisputed proprietors of the holy ground. During the interregnum, or absence of the Pope, St. Paul's shared the same fate with many others of the ecclesiastical edifices at Rome. The building, taken from men who could alone be interested in its repair, suffered very considerably, and was gradually returning to the same destitute state in which it had been found three centuries before by the monks of Santa Justina. Pope Pius VII. a Benedictine himself, showed no small anxiety on his return for the ancient glory of this once celebrated Basilica. The monks seconded his intentions, and had advanced far in their improvements, when a fatal accident again interrupted them. On the 23d of July, 1823, a sudden fire, occasioned by the negligence of a workman employed in repairing the roof of the building, broke out.* The lateness of the hour, the want of fire-engines, the distance from the river, the dryness of the wood, and the great heat of the summer, rendered every hope and effort vain. The roof was entirely consumed, and a considerable number of the fine marble pillars reduced to ashes, or so calcined as to be rendered no longer serviceable. A subscription has since been opened, and large donations received. It will not require any very considerable sum to place the building in the same dilapidated and injured state in which it lately stood; but it is to be presumed that the Pope and architect who undertake to restore it, will profit by the opportunity which has been afforded them, and give something to posterity not altogether unworthy of the companion of St. Peter, and the pious glories of the capital of the Christian world.

The state of the Church of St. Paul at this moment is one of very peculiar melancholy. Of its magnificent columns not quite one third remain. For the present it is consigned over to the pencil of the artist and the meditations of the philosopher. The conflagration was regarded as an evil augury at Rome: it foreboded in that city of conflagrations the coming of great events; and the sudden death of the Pontiff, which followed a little after, seemed only in part to have filled up the measure. Leo XII. was not distinguished by the fine Roman passion for the arts; but he bestowed a portion of the little he possessed upon its restoration. Carrara columns, equalling in proportion and beauty the ancient supporters, have been put in requisition; and when the subscription coffers are full, St. Paul, it is to be hoped, will once more rise up in renewed and increased splendour from his ashes. But the antiquary, the worshipper of the august past, will still regret the alteration. The visible shadow of the departed centuries will have passed away. It will be a holiday lightsome kind of building, such as an American citizen need not have quitted Washington or New York to see and admire. The St. Paul of Honorius and Eudocia is gone for ever! We shall have a brilliant nineteenth-century-looking St. Paul in its stead.

I left these gloomy and solemn-sounding porticoes, after lounging about a considerable time, (thank God, unassisted by a Cicerone,) with regret. I saw, during the two or three hours I spent there, but two or three tenants

* Under Paschal II. it met with a similar misfortune, and was nearly reduced to a heap of ruins. In the last conflagration, perhaps the most serious loss sustained were the bronze gates. The metal of which they were formed has furnished out many a shop in Rome. Crosses and small rings were fashioned for the use of the pious or the curious, of what fragments could be rescued from the ruin, and for a time sold at a considerable price, but the demand increased the supply, and in a few weeks the market became altogether overstocked. It is singular that in the confusion none of the relics were carried off; such depredations were not unfrequent in Italy; and in St. Paul's, the bones of 10,000 holy martyrs are supposed to lie entombed. St. Paul himself was buried, according to the tradition, by his disciple Timotheus, in the field of a certain Lucina, a noble matron, which was afterwards consecrated with the neighbouring cemetery, by Pope Silvester, in 324.

of the sickly abode. The malaria seemed to have got into their heart. They breathed melancholy—they looked death. Despondency sate in their very smiles. They talked to us. They spoke of their brethren who were ere long to come from other convents to join them. But before they could arrive, how many more were to fall victims to the same overpowering cause! The malaria formed the burthen of their entire conversation. Their whole life seemed to consist in trying how they might best defend themselves against an enemy, who, defeated a thousand times, must at last succeed in overwhelming them.

I saw none but these two monks, an old horse, and one or two labourers sauntering home from their daily work into the city, (for no one sleeps in the Campagna who can avoid it,) on the once crowded way to Ostia. I entered the gate of San Paolo at seven o'clock. All was still and desert. I had come from a cemetery; I seemed to be re-entering one.

A LITTLE METAPHYSICS.

“ Ah ! reprit-il, espèce est assez rare,
De vrais penseurs la nature est avare.” CHARLES POUGENS.

OH! by Jove, it is very true; but don't be alarmed, Mr. Editor. I don't mean to awaken the children, nor to frighten the “New Monthly” from its propriety; but a little metaphysics we must have, for this once, if you please. Gay they shall be, if it is possible; popular, if any thing reasonable can be so; and intelligible into the bargain, if it be only for the sake of novelty. None of your transcendentials for me, your crabbed, mystic, muddy cantism; no, nor even the gentle, insinuating, question-begging metaphysics of the Scotch school; but plain, homespun, brick and mortar ware, such as can be comprehended without more expense of intellect than might go to crack a walnut. Moreover, to set your mind at perfect ease, my metaphysics are not liable to be suspected of being suspicious. They are loyal and orthodox, and have “no offence in them.” The bench of Bishops might read them with complacency; and not even the Lord Chamberlain's deputy dream of censuring them. (Apropos to the Lord Chamberlain's deputy; put it down in your note-book, that licence “comes of” licentious, and not licentious of licence, as grammarians have foolishly taught.)

This is a long preambular apology; but bear with me, I beseech you. I speak not vauntingly, but from an humble sense of the difficulties with which the subject is surrounded. It is strange that all the world should feel such a dislike to the very name of metaphysics; for, at bottom, they are harmless things, in spite of their hard name, and afford an innocent recreation to a vast number of persons, who, having taken it into their heads to think that they are thinking, would be very badly off if they were not provided with a theme free from all chance of convincing them of their mistake. How can metaphysics be dangerous, when the fathers of the church, and school divines, were such desperate metaphysicians? Besides, was not ideology the *bête noire* of Bonaparte? and was not Bonaparte a monster, the beast of the Revelations, and the leviathan? (Pray, what is a leviathan?) Then, as for their dulness, I assure you they are better than their reputation, and not half such a bore as the uninitiated imagine. Is it the sour aspect of certain blue-stocking female professors that frightens you? I have seen exceedingly rosy lips and ivory teeth open to give vent to the

most recondite propositions. What, indeed, is love itself, divine sentimental love, but the quintessence of metaphysics? We have fallen upon evil days; the world is too much of Polonius's opinion; nothing serious goes down with it, but Methodism. The plain, wholesome, beef and pudding reading of our ancestors is too heavy for the delicate stomachs of the present day. Three consecutive sentences pall the appetite; and any thing more logical than Hood's "Whims and Oddities" gives the headache. To be sure, most people have enough of serious affairs of their own on their hands,—their wives, or their debts, or their scapegrace sons, to bother them,—without puzzling their brains with philosophy. It is not so surprising that persons who require only to be amused, should dislike being lectured; but I am astonished at the patience with which they swallow the infinite deal of heavy, lumpy stuff, which passes current in the Row for light reading; novels without plot, character, or lively dialogue; self-styled poems; voyages and travels, that are mere chronicles of dates and places; memoirs of blockheads, (the memoirs of a coxcomb may amuse); *réchauffés* of jest-books; and publications of all sorts written without an object, and like Peter Pindar's razors, made only to sell. I have considered this matter somewhat deeply, and I heartily beseech the reader to take it on my word, that literary compositions are, *cæteris paribus*, entertaining in proportion as they have something to tell; and that dulness lies much more in the author than the theme. It has been well said that easy reading is not easy writing; and certainly there is nothing so easy as to write to all eternity, "eating, and drinking, and sleeping hours excepted," (as Touchstone has it,) in the most approved style of fashionable literature. True light reading teems with thought as well as mirth; and we never shake our sides so heartily as when there is something positive in the joke. I appeal to the pleasure which every one feels, be he as trifling and insipid a reader as the author he approves, when, by some strange accident he pitches upon a stray touch of truth and nature, or just reflection, or a happy inference, in a novel of high life, or in a volume of frippery miscellanies. For my own part, I would rather read Aristotle and Plato from beginning to end, or study Euclid without the diagrams, or swallow a whole number of the "Quarterly" fasting, than wade through a single duodecimo of pure frivolity. It is worse than passing a night in a crowded rout with no other human intercourse than "How dreadfully hot it is!" or, "Are you going on to Lady Mary's?" Why else is it that so many authors of the first vogue, who cannot be grave, make up for the deficiency by being prosy? Why does the author of Tremaine fill his pages with politics, religion, and metaphysics, but because such matters are a relief to the wearisome toil of light reading? We who write must know something of every thing that is printed; and I look as anxiously for the avatar of a solid book on art or science, to relieve the tedium of the enforced perusal of tales and sketches, and aristocratic drawing-room literature, as a Swedenborgian does for the Millennium. By heaven! the Advertising Supplement to the "Times" newspaper is whipped cream to the "Vivian Grey" school, or the fourth-rate imitators of Sir Walter Scott, and the lackadaisicalities of the Lady Bettys and Lord Charleses.

But to return to my metaphysics, for which this dissertation on light literature is but an *avant-courier*, to make way handsomely, and be-

speaking a good reception: I do not know any branch of inquiry that teems with so much curiosity and amusement, or that is more calculated to "elevate and surprise." How delightful is the inquiry after things not to be discovered, which leaves every man at liberty to maintain his own opinions, secure from the chances of refutation! How ennobling and intellectual to speculate on the modes and attributes of beings whose existence is only known to us by inference! What an infinite distance do such researches place between their followers and the dry analyzers of every-day matters-of-fact, and of tangible interests! If novels are swallowed, rather than perused, for their invention, metaphysics abound in fiction beyond the wildest fancies of romance. If poets are almost deified for their sublimity, Bishop Berkeley, or the new French school of Cousinists soar far beyond the highest flights of a Goethe, or the proudest eagle of the Westmoreland Parnassus. Then Lazzarillo de Tormes and Gil Blas are infinitely below the genuine metaphysicians in that most fashionable of all things, mystification. Metaphysics are the levers which move the political and fashionable world; and Breslaw, Jonas, and the Emperor of all the Conjurors, have nothing in slight of hand so calculated to cheat the eye and confound the understanding, as a single page of cant.

Into this course of speculation I was thrown the other morning, while considering the properties and bearings of the possessive pronoun, which plays so large a part in the world's game, which is so frequently in every man's mouth, and so much more frequently in every man's heart, and of which, notwithstanding, so few persons duly appreciate the meaning. Most people, it is true, imagine that they have a tolerable idea of the relation expressed by this emphatic monosyllable. The organ of appropriation seems to be pretty strongly developed in the cranium of all civilized Europeans, and they are very much accustomed to refer all things to the considerations it suggests. But in this fact lies the proof of the universal ignorance which prevails on the point. Men are the slaves of their animal instincts, and plunge into false calculations and mischievous mistakes at every turn, for want of a little metaphysics to help them out of their scrapes, by enabling them to set a due value, and no more than a due value, on this one word.

Simple as the signification of the pronoun "my" may appear, it varies in intensity in almost every instance in which it is used. When I speak, for instance, of my head, and of my hat, it is very obvious that these particulars are mine in two very distinct senses; and that none but a madman would attach the same importance and consequence to the relation implied by the particle in both cases. When a man speaks of "my purse," and "my honour," his conduct at once shows that the pronoun assumes a very different modification of meaning. There are instances in which the possessive appears to merge completely into the personal; while there are others in which the personality seems wholly to escape. My soul and my brains are equally *maxima pars mei*, and cannot be separated from their subject without a complete destruction of its identity. My leg, or my place under Government, though more capable of a mental abstraction, without the annihilation of all idea of personality, are not to be disjoined, in fact, without a most painful and revolting process; whereas my slipper and my integrity are most loosely attached to the person of the speaker, and the one slips on and off with as little detriment to the individuality as the other. My wife, accord-

ing to the church text, is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone; yet the practice of the world shows that this homosarkic identity is very easily dissolved, and that one half of the compound may thrive the better for being disengaged from the other. Few men, indeed, affect to attach any very close personality to this relation, except when before a special jury, on their road to Doctors' Commons; and then they strive to make the twelve good men and true believe that a wife is more a part of a man's self than his skin, and that a solution of continuity is in both cases alike painful and distressing: but who would part with his skin for even twice ten thousand pounds damages, and sixpence costs?

To imagine, therefore, that the possessive pronoun always means the same thing, is to be a dupe to the mechanism of language. The same particle which expresses a man's relation to whatever is most closely incorporated with his being (his life, his soul, his self,) denotes also his connexion with a number of insignificant particulars; but to conclude from this fact, that they all stand to him in the same nearness and dear-ness, would be the grossest of all fallacies. Every thing in society depends upon the due consideration of this particular, and on the just and proper employment of this one little word. If the world is so full of mishaps and misadventures, it is very principally because ninety-nine people out of every hundred are guilty of the most absurd errors in ninety-nine out of every hundred instances of its application. There is a class of persons, for instance, of whom it is proverbially said that all their geese are swans; with whom it suffices that any thing should be theirs, in the loosest sense of the word, to involve it in the whole intensity of their personality, and to raise it at once in their esteem and their affections to a perfect level with their own heart's blood. This false calculation renders them always ridiculous, often unjust, not unfrequently miserable, and every now and then a confounded bore. The English, as a nation, are desperately given to this mistake. All true-born Britons are irrecoverably convinced that their political constitution is not only the finest and the best that ever was heard of, but the very type and abstract of all theoretic perfection. Though totally unable to define it, to determine when or how it began, or in what it consists, or to appreciate its merit in any other way than by the one cuckoo-phrase that it works well, they are always ready to knock down the wretch who should presume "to hint a fault, or hesitate dislike," and to explode like detonating powder, should a neighbour venture to look it too fully in the face. Although it is changing some hundreds of times every session of Parliament, and is daily and hourly altered by the decisions of judges, it is still in their imaginations ever the same perfection, in each of its successive stages, for the time being; under Alfred as under William the Conqueror, under Harry the Eighth and George the Fourth, in 1688 and 1829. Now the error, to say the least of it, is very funny; but when it plunged the nation into two bloody, unjust, and unnecessary wars,—with the French for not adopting the constitution, and with the Americans for presuming to improve on it,—most people would say that it was very atrocious. In the same spirit, the English climate is the best climate, the people the most religious, the soldiers the bravest, the clergy the most meek and pious, and the women the chastest creatures that ever detested the sight of man; and all this because they belong to the country that belongs to the opinant. Just so, to compare great things with small, the lovers of a fine horse

though eternally buying and selling, chopping and changing, always imagine the horse of the day to be the very best beast that ever was strode.

The giving an undue value to the possessive pronoun, is a mighty troublesome error in parents. There are few persons, of the male sex at least, who do not most potently believe that children are, in the abstract, great nuisances. There is scarcely a bachelor in existence who does not heartily wish the whole *genus infantile* strangled, as often as the course of his digestion is impeded by the introduction of the "young folks" along with the dessert. Yet the moment any of these descendants of Herod commit matrimony, and become parents themselves, they incontinently imagine that their children must be an exception to the general rule; that their prattle is no interruption to conversation; that their voracity does not disgust; and that their romping and violence neither spoils female dress, nor wears the patience of the guests of all denominations. It is the same intense feeling of personality and proprietorship in their children, that leads parents into false calculations concerning the faculties, attainments, and prospects of their offspring, which, by pushing them beyond the natural sphere of their exertions, prepares for them a futurity of such bitter disappointment. How many a predestined Archbishop of Canterbury, or Lord Chancellor, pining in the penury of a country curacy, or dragging an empty bag through Westminster Hall, sighs for the substantial comforts of the back-parlour behind the parental shop, and curses the day when he was elevated to the barren honours of professional life. The varieties of absurdity which are falsely attributed to parental fondness, but which arise from this extension of identity, are almost innumerable. Selfishness assumes so many disguises, and mimics so many virtues, that the most penetrating moralist is liable to frequent mistake. Another instance of error respecting the possessive pronoun exists in the weakness of domestic servants, who derive a gratification from the wealth and ostentation of their masters, and who talk of our people, our carriage, our races, &c. as if all these things were their own. In this they are by no means singular; the honest John Bulls of all classes take a similar pride in the luxury and extravagance of their rulers; in the victorious pursuit of unnecessary and unjust wars; in the grandeur of the East India Company; nay, in the immensity of the National Debt itself. A still more grievous and intolerable mistake is that which confounds duties and dependencies with rights and privileges, through the instrumentality of this equivocal particle. Thus a member of Parliament talks of "my seat," and "my constituents," and a peer of "my boroughs," with an intensity of possessive signification by no means warranted by the relation which the language ought to imply. So likewise all aristocrats speak of their country, brewers of their publicans, and official personages of their places; and so diplomatists use the phrase of "the King my master," as denoting something personal and incorporated with themselves, or at least, as existing solely for their advantage and gratification.

Our sensations indeed are personal, so is our time; next to these, there is nothing more strictly personal than liberty, which is but the power of employing time to the best advantage, and of seeking pleasurable sensations in the direction which promises them in the greatest abundance. The slave having no property in his own person, he has nothing that he can call his own but his sorrows. All

unnecessary restraints imposed on the individual by society, are so many direct attacks on the plenitude of his existence. Liberty, says Montesquieu, is life; and tyranny is just so much worse than murder, as in depriving the victim of his functions, it does not take from him the liability to suffer. Here, however, the instinct of possession is wholly at fault. The majority of mankind are very little interested in the preservation of what is so large a portion of themselves, but are ready to sacrifice it for the most paltry considerations. Liberty, my dear and most thinking fellow-countrymen, is not only the power of disposing of our actions, but the control over labour realized and fructified. Liberty is money. In all attacks on the subject, his strong-box is the immediate object of pursuit. Uncontrollable and impatient as is the lust of rule, no one would take the trouble to tyrannize over his species, if the substantial fruits of despotism were not at hand to reward him for the labour. With all his avarice and cunning, therefore, no one makes a worse bargain than the paltry scoundrel who sells his country for gold. It is like seeking a quick circulation of capital by selling under prime cost; and worse than a crime, it is a downright fault. If I were a popular candidate at an election, I would have no other banner or watch-word, than the simple appeal of "Look to your pockets."

If mankind attach too little personality to their liberties, the same cannot be said of their opinions, in which they place the whole weight of their *amour propre*. The coolest arguers are disposed to defend their notions with more acrimony than a mere zeal for truth should properly inspire; and, in general, the harder the disputant is pressed, the more he defends himself with a desperate and determined obstinacy. This practice, though tolerably irrational, is not so unnatural. An idea is an idea; and whether it be derived from sensation, reflection, or mere hearsay, it occupies the same space in the imagination. It requires a long experience to detect the difference in the force of evidence; and as most persons are rather satisfied, than otherwise, with their own intellectual faculties, it is not so surprising that they should resent a denial of consequences as a sort of personal affront. In this, however, there is a very gross confusion of identity. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand, in which we are fighting for what we take to be our own opinions, we have really no opinion at all on the subject, but are merely repeating the opinions of others. The larger part of our self-styled opinions are but unexamined propositions, derived from the world; the common property of our age and country, of our parents and instructors, or, most likely, of that venerable lady, our old nurse. Ask your friend the Curate, by what process of ratiocination he discovered the innate decency of a bishop's wig, or the piety of being stupid on a Sunday? It is a hundred to one that he can give no better reason for his conviction than authority. Ask the Equity Lawyer why he believes in the perfection of the Court of Chancery, and most assuredly he will not produce you a chain of inductive reasoning. Old Admiral Benbow might defend his creed that one Englishman can beat four Frenchmen by an appeal to the victorious career of his professional life; but, if he is honest, he will acknowledge that he was not a week in the service before his faith in the dogma was irrevocably fixed. Of the great mass of Europeans, who believe that the world is spherical, that it turns on its own axis, and revolves annually round the sun, how

few can give a good account of the faith that is in them. Of the thousands who believe in the infallibility of Kean, how few are capable of understanding any part he acts, except it be that of Harlequin. Now that such people should mistake their opinions for part and parcel of themselves, and be impertinently rude to whoever presumes to differ but by a hair's breadth from the standard of their convictions, is eminently absurd; that they should revile, calumniate, and persecute, whatever they may think of the matter, is wholly inexcusable.

How far a man's clothes are or are not a part of himself, is more than I would take on myself to decide, without farther inquiry; though I lean altogether to the affirmative. The inhabitants of the South-sea Islands were astonished and alarmed when they first saw the Europeans strip. Yet they would have been much more so, could they have entered into the notions prevalent in the civilized world on the subject of a wardrobe; could they have understood how much virtue lies inherent in a superfine broad cloth, how much respectability in a gilt button, how much sense in the tie of a cravat, how much amiability in the cut of a sleeve, how much merit of every sort in a Stultz and a Hoby. There are who pretend, and that with some plausibility, that these things are but typical; that taste in dress is but the outward and visible sign of the frequentation of good company; and that propriety of exterior is but evidence of a general sense of the fitness of things. Yet if this were really the case, if there were nothing intrinsic in the relation of the clothes to the wearer, how could a good coat at once render a pickpocket respectable; or a clean shirt pass current, as it does, with police magistrates for a clean conscience. In England, a handsome *toggery* is a better defensive armour, than "helm and hauberk's twisted mail." While the seams are perfect, and the elbows do not appear through the cloth, the law cannot penetrate it. A gentleman, (that is to say, a man who can pay his tailor's bill,) is above suspicion; and benefit of clergy is nothing to the privilege and virtue of a handsome exterior. That the skin is nearer than the shirt, is a most false and mistaken idea. The smoothest skin in Christendom would not weigh with a jury like a cambric ruffle; and moreover, there is not a poor devil in town striving to keep up appearances in spite of fortune, who would not far rather tear his flesh than his unmentionables; which can only arise from their being so much more important a part of himself. But if a man's clothes enter into his personality, with the women they are all in all. In mere point of mensuration, a woman's head bears no notable proportion to her hat; her arms are nothing to her sleeves, her body to her furbelows, or her natural contour to the more exuberant outline of her multifarious padding. What, in one word, is the most gigantic woman to the boundless dimensions of her complicated attire? Two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff, a needle in a pottle of hay, or one honest man in a corporation or a joint-stock company. The clothes, the clothes are the substantive; and the woman who wears them at best a mere adjunct appended to help the sense, and more commonly an idle expletive that detracts from the signification rather than adds to its weight and dignity. There are few bridegrooms in the present day who, on their first *tête-à-tête* with the milliner's lay figures they marry, would not be tempted to betray their astonishment and disappointment, by the somewhat impolite exclamation of "Is that all!"

As to titles and dignities I should be ashamed to say a word. Every body knows that they are not only integral parts of the person, but its most distinctive attributes. When Earl Grey said he would stand or fall by his order, it was as if he had said, he would stand or fall by himself. Take a noble lord, and, if the process be possible, abstract him mentally from his titles and privileges, and offer the two lots separately for sale in the market, who would not buy the latter if they could? who would, in most cases, even bid for the first? It is the title that is asked everywhere to dinner; it is the title receives all the bows and prostrations, that gets the nomination to so many places, that commands the regiments and ships-of-war, and "robs the Exchequer with unwashed hands." The man who owns it, may be what he can, an honest man, or a scoundrel, a mushroom or an Howard, a scholar or a brute, a wit or a blockhead, *c'est égal*. Proud, haughty, high-daring, free England, is not this true to the letter?

By this time it is hoped that the reader begins to feel the value of a little metaphysics, and no longer suspects me of a *mauvaise plaisanterie* in introducing them into the New Monthly Magazine. By this time it is hoped that he begins to suspect the advantage of understanding the value of words, even the most frequently in his mouth; of not mistaking accidents for essentials, and contingents for inseparables; and of correcting his logic by the world, and adjusting his experience by his logic.

M.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.*

THERE'S a queen from the grave upon Portugal's throne,
And the courtiers are kneeling by,

But she sits not there in her greatness alone,

He who loved her when living is nigh;

He who cherish'd her dead in his memory's core

Has torn her away from Corruption's embrace,

The lord of her bosom, who lives to deplore

The wreck of the love that earth cannot restore,

Has bade her ascend to her place.

Santa Clara is silent, its long aisles are still

As the notes of a perish'd song,

Scarce a breathing is heard or a whispering

In the noble attendant throng;

There she sits by her lord in the ruin of death—

Those are dark hollows now that bright orbs did once fill,

'Tis a dank skull now, where the rose's wreath

Once twined round the fresher brow beneath,

O'er the cheek that was fresher still.

The purple laid close to her mouldering frame,

Each shrunk bony lineament shows,

While the fleshless hand bent with an idle aim

In its grasp would the sceptre enclose.

* The coronation of the body of the murdered Inez de Castro, after it had been six years interred, took place in the church of Santa Clara, at Coimbra, in presence of her husband Don Pedro, her two sons, and the whole Court, after which it was re-interred in the church of Alcobaça, and a splendid monument erected over it. Mr. Alaric Watts lately revived the tale, as a preface to "Don Pedro's Revenge," in the Literary Souvenir.

Oh, awful for all is the ghastly sight,
 Where it sits in its state, that unearthly thing—
 A festering decay in the noonday light,
 All left of the beauty that was once so bright,
 The dust so beloved by a king!

And calm stands the crown on that motionless brow—
 That brow once so dazzling fair,
 While the rot of the charnel is busy now
 Where the chambers of reason were;
 Though a relic of ashes, that sainted one,
 Pedro loves her still, as when beauty shed
 O'er expression's power a more magic tone,
 For though lingering years of his sorrow have flown,
 He can think of no bride but the dead.

In their homage bend low the courtiers there;
 Her sons kiss the skeleton hand—
 'The all that remains of the hand so fair
 Of their mother the pride of that land.
 O Death, is it thus thou dost change what we prize,
 The things we so love and delight in below?
 Is the beauty so frail we idolatrize,
 That it is but a lure in an angel's disguise
 To lead us more surely to woe?

By his grave-queen, and crown'd, on his golden throne
 In silence Don Pedro sits,
 But thought is not silent, time buried and gone
 With its scenes o'er his memory flits:
 Of Inez he thinks, what she was, what she is,
 In the arms of the worm, and so dear to his heart!
 Then he looks on her gaunt wither'd frame till his eyes
 Are suffused from his bosom's agonies,
 And the weight on his crushing heart.

"In death, as in life, thou shalt reign with me,
 Oh, Inez, my martyred love!
 Thy cause I avenge, and my subjects see
 How my faith to thy dust I prove;
 A glorious tomb I will over thee raise,
 Once gentlest, and fondest, and truest, and best,
 And the lay of the minstrel shall sound in thy praise—
 Thou shalt live in the history of far distant days
 The injured, the pitied, the blest!

"Go, liegemen, a sepulchre make for your queen,
 Of marble, and pearl, and gold,
 Old Alcobaca's high walls between—
 Our royal command is told!"
 Mournful and slow in their jewell'd array,
 The courtiers pass from the royal room,
 And the king in a grief that no time can allay,
 The companion of death, lingers out the sad day
 On his throne with his queen from the tomb!

THE WEST INDIA INTEREST.

IN proceeding with the consideration of the present state of the West India interest, it is necessary to understand distinctly the true meaning of the term. If by that interest is meant all the parties who palm themselves upon it, and wish the world to believe that they are essential to its existence, then we are ready to admit that embarrassments surround it which it would be difficult to overcome; but if the question be considered upon its true ground, and the real interest of these Colonies regarded, without reference to extraneous objects, the subject will be materially simplified. In pursuing this course, it may be desirable to take a short review of past circumstances, and particularly to refer to the arguments used five or six years since, when the alterations in the duties on sugar, and negro-emancipation, were brought under the consideration of the Legislature. The individuals connected with the East India interest at that time contended, that by admitting their sugars, a vast impetus would be given to the trade of that country and England, by enabling the natives to take in exchange our manufactures, and that the inhabitants of Great Britain would thereby be enabled to obtain sugar at 2*d.* instead of 4*d.* per lb. The West Indians, on the other hand, contended that such an alteration would be the ruin of their Colonies, as they and their slave population could not furnish sugar upon such cheap terms, notwithstanding their proximity, as the East India cultivators. This admission on the part of the West Indians, that the free-labourers of the East can produce sugar cheaper than the slave population of the Islands, must tend to remove doubts upon that branch of the subject of negro amelioration that the public, as purchasers, are interested in. The voyage to and from India is double the voyage to and from the West Indies, of itself a tolerable advantage; but still the West Indians cannot bear up against East India competition, which fact is of itself strong evidence of the unsoundness of their system. They cannot contend with the sugar-growers of the East, because a large proportion of the estates in the Islands are in the hands of parties who are obliged, from circumstances, to submit to the most grinding terms to enable them to carry on the cultivation of those estates; for they neither possess the capital nor skill to do it themselves. At the time we are alluding to, it was declared that an alteration in the sugar duties would ruin the West India interest; and that interest is now equally claiming the public attention by reason of the extreme depression that it is labouring under, in consequence, as it unhesitatingly declares, of the continual tampering with the colonial system by the Ministers. Our present object shall be to inquire whether the existing condition of the Islands does not rather originate in circumstances over which the Ministers have no control, and which must inevitably lead to depression, than in any official tampering with the colonial system. We believe that the interest under our notice is considerably embarrassed, but it does not follow from thence that a single pound less of sugar or coffee is grown in the West Indies, or that those articles cannot be cultivated there so as to produce a fair profit to the proprietor of an estate free from those inordinate expenses that are now deemed part and parcel of West India transactions, and which, in fact, are essential to individuals purchasing estates in the Islands without the means of paying for them. To understand this, it may be necessary to inquire into the present state of the colonies, the situation of a great proportion of persons who possess estates in them, and the mode by which they have become possessors. An individual, probably without any property, bargains for an estate in Jamaica, for instance, for which he stipulates to pay 50, 60, or even 100,000*l.* in seven or ten years, by instalments. The arrangement being completed, to enable him to carry on the cultivation of his purchase, pay the instalments, &c. it is absolutely necessary that he should put himself and his estate into the hands of a merchant resident in this country, who engages to advance money to a

certain extent, and in return, he stipulates that he shall have the produce of the said estate for sale, the furnishing of supplies, the carriage of all articles connected with the estate in his own vessels, and various other stipulations. The commission, with other advantages that attach to the London merchant, together with the interest of money on his purchase, amounting in all, probably, to ten or twelve per cent. on the capital advanced to him, come out of the pocket of the planter. Besides this charge, he has to pay an attorney a per centage for managing his estate in Jamaica, for he, forsooth, lives in England; to enable him to do which, as he has become a great West India proprietor, he must be allowed a certain sum out of his estate, say 1500*l.* or 2000*l.* a-year, although it probably is not paying a single shilling beyond the enormous expenses that it is saddled with. Thus he proceeds, not calculating upon the produce of his estate, but upon the magnitude of his purchase, not a pound of which probably has been accomplished with his own money. The improvident purchaser thus mortgages his property, or rather that which he calls his property, to bear six per cent. Jamaica interest to the very letter, in addition to which he has five or six per cent. commission to pay to the London merchant, two-and-a-half per cent. to the attorney in Jamaica, and the same sum will be required for the maintenance of the self-styled owner here in London. If prices should be high, these extravagant charges may be met; but the moment a decline in the value of produce takes place, then the fearful result to the purchaser is apparent. Besides these immoderate disadvantages that the planter labours under who is thus situated without capital, his mortgagee in London is a ship-owner, and must have full freights from his own consignments. To make profit, he must ship the herrings, negro-clothing, salt, implements of husbandry, &c. for the estate that he has lent his money upon, from London instead of from Liverpool, Glasgow, Dundee, or any other port direct. The mortgagee is probably a large holder of dock-shares, and of-course is an advocate for high dock-rates rather than low ones. He is an underwriter, and very naturally prefers high premiums to low ones. As regards premiums, there is a singular instance of the pertinacity with which London mercantile houses, acting as agents to West India planters, cling to war profits. When the premium of insurance was eight guineas, which was the rate before the peace, ten shillings per cent. commission was paid on the insurance to the merchant in London. Since the peace, the rate of insurance has fallen to twenty shillings; and yet upon this comparatively trifling premium the half per cent. commission to the London merchant is still charged, and which, in point of fact, forms half the amount of the premium. That which was a small commission upon eight guineas, becomes exorbitant upon twenty shillings, but it is still retained. We merely notice this fact as a proof of the disinclination of those who set themselves up as the West India interest, to give up an iota of their profits. Under such circumstances it behoves the public calmly to look at their own benefit that has been so long neglected, and the real benefit of the Islands. When the evil hour arrives, and sugar, molasses, rum, and coffee, fall so as not to leave a pound to pay the etceteras that a West India proprietor without capital must provide for, the improvident purchaser and the relentless mortgagee have the boldness to come forward and say, that unless the Government of the country will persist in preserving this monstrous system of extortion, the Colonies must inevitably be ruined. To enter into the variety of details that the efforts of the West Indians include, and which they have been anxiously struggling for, ever since the excitement of the war was over, would carry us beyond the limits that we can assign to this article; but we may confidently, we think, appeal to the most casual observer of the question as to the anxiety of this interest to enhance the price of its produce upon the public. That it has fallen upon evil days for the success of such an effort, is not the fault of those who have made it. They have been persevering to the last, and are now loudly declaiming against every legislative measure that has been adopted with respect to the Colonies, and are as apparently blind to the real circumstances

that have mainly contributed to produce the present distress as if they were not in existence. We hear a great deal of the ruin of the West India interest, as if the Islands, with all their varied relations, consisted in an improvident purchaser, without capital, of an estate, and a London merchant, who has grown rich out of a system of pawnbroking. That the one finds himself without means, and the other deprived of the enormous profits that he has been accustomed to derive from his connexion with the Islands, is not surprising, when circumstances alter, and every artificial system is shaken to its centre. That the men-of-straw purchasers are and will be ruined, that is, in a worse plight than when they commenced their improvident career, inasmuch as they have made debts instead of money, we readily admit; that their agents in England are shorn of their profits is also evident; but we deny that the Colonies will be ruined; and to prove this, let the sketch be finished. The estate of the individual who has purchased upon borrowed capital is brought to the hammer and sold, when money can no longer be raised upon it, and it will not meet the current expenses that of necessity, under such circumstances, come against it. Instead of realising 50, 60, or 100,000*l.* according to its size, and the several circumstances connected with it, it produces probably 25, 30, or 50,000*l.*; and instead of being bought by a man living in England, who is perhaps not worth a shilling, it is bought by a resident in Jamaica, who, in the first place, pays for it with his own money, and in the next place, farms it himself. The man-of-straw must live in England in an expensive style; the man of capital lives in Jamaica respectably, and strictly in accordance with his station, but no wasteful expenditure marks his progress in society. He is not in the situation of a well-known character in this town, who upon being remonstrated with by his friends for the number of his speculations, many of which turned out very inauspiciously, answered them by declaring, "I must have an income of 3000*l.* a-year, I must keep a carriage for my wife, I must give dinners, I must keep a good house and establishment." He went on, however, until he was relieved of these necessities; and so it is with the West India proprietor who purchases an estate with borrowed money, and who fancies that he has nothing more to do in the matter himself than to get a good house at the west end of the town, and all its concomitants. To enable him to keep up this mode of living, he must have a certain annual sum,—and so he may, as long as he can raise the needful upon his purchase; but when the process of borrowing has failed, he is quite astonished that he can go on no longer, and attributes his misfortune to any cause rather than the right one. With him the Government and the Legislature are only to blame—they have produced his ruin. High interest for money borrowed, commission to London agents, the same to a Jamaica attorney, heavy dock dues, freights, and premiums, together with a large annual expenditure for himself, all coming out of the estate, have no connexion with his embarrassments, according to his view of the matter. The resident in Jamaica, by paying for his estate when he buys it, is an independent man, and has favours to ask of no one; and instead of being ground down by a mortgagee in England, he can have his business done at half the expense that the mortgager of an estate is liable to. Instead of being compelled to ship his sugars at the highest rate of freight, he is at liberty to make the best bargain he can with ships, the captains of which are looking out for freight. Instead of sending his negro supplies from London, he can send them direct from Liverpool, Glasgow, or Dundee; and instead of paying a manager for superintending his estate in Jamaica, he manages it himself, thereby saving the commission paid to the manager, and the expense of living in London, besides the estate gaining the advantage of the master's eye in its superintendence rather than that of an attorney. The produce of his estate he can dispose of to whom he chooses: he is under no restrictions to send to a merchant here; but England being his best and regular market, it in all likelihood finds its way to this country: but if the planter perceives that he can sell his sugar in the Island, to those who are inclined to buy upon speculation, he can do the business of the merchant as

well as the farmer, and dispose of his produce at home. If it come to England, he can bargain for his premiums of insurance to be effected upon the lowest terms, and the vessel having his produce on board, in addition to other advantages we have enumerated as attaching to a planter who is independent of a London agent, can enter the docks that charge the lightest rate of dues. No self-interest interferes with him; he is at full liberty to make the best bargain the times will allow him in buying and selling, and in every particular connected with these transactions and the general management of his property. We have here endeavoured to give some idea of the difference between a mere adventurer who purchases an estate in the West Indies, the real proprietor of which is a London merchant, and the *bonâ-fide* planter; who buys one with his own money, and manages it with his own practical judgment and activity, free from enthrallment; and can any one be prepared to say, after this statement, which is by no means overcharged, as every unbiassed person thoroughly understanding the state of the Colonies will admit, that the West India interest is to be regarded as a ruined one, because these excrescences upon it, in the shape of London merchants and speculating purchasers, are not prospering as they did under the artificial advantages of war? Because an estate will not bear extortionate demands that are wrung from an individual who nominally possesses it, without money and without judgment, does it follow that the same estate will not do well under different management, freed from such demands, and under the superintending eye of an owner, himself a practical man, who deems it more to his advantage to live at his pen in Jamaica, and overlook his property, than in a mansion at the west end of London, and lounge in Regent-street? We never shrink from the declaration that the national relations are fast finding their level; and this state of things we sincerely believe will be for the ultimate advantage of all classes of society. The West India planter must put his shoulder to the wheel as well as the rest of mankind. If he is to be a planter, he must be so in good earnest, and not expect to thrive by borrowing money of London merchants, and time of a Jamaica attorney. If a person has not money, he has no right to think of becoming a West India planter; if he has money, and lays it out in colonial property, either himself or some of his family ought to determine upon making that property available by affording it active superintendence. These are not days for half measures: money is not now to be made by wishing for it. It is by toil, industry, and activity, that, in the present day, a competence is to be obtained; and this is the very circumstance that goes against the grain with monopolists and persons who, during the war, were basking in the sunshine of the preference that was granted to them. If men without a shilling could purchase West India estates, and make profits out of them during the war, notwithstanding the various drawbacks they were subjected to, they cannot do so now, and it is for the public good that they should not. An independent and active man of business as a planter, a real *bonâ-fide* West India proprietor, is enabled now to get handsome profits out of his estate, notwithstanding all the croaking that we hear. We are speaking, of course, of the ordinary run of estates; for there are bad ones in the Islands that can scarcely be made available under any circumstances, as there is bad land in England. We speak of the general state of the Islands, not of particular instances.

We have still left a variety of topics connected with the important subject at the head of this article untouched, which we may probably on some future occasion advert to, as circumstances arise which will have a tendency to attract the public attention to it, as undoubtedly they must, and that too at no distant period. For the present our object is answered, which was to disabuse the country regarding the depression that is said to exist in this leading branch of the national concerns, by laying open the system that has mainly contributed to cause its depression, and to show that, however much embarrassed, interlopers upon it may be, the West India interest is not in a permanently distressed situation. The artificial course has been proceeded upon as far as it can be extended; but the sound course which has all along

been trodden by many is still open, and it is only in *that* a favourable result can be found. This interest, like every other, will have its days of casual prosperity and adversity; but we maintain that the trunk is sound, and will continue so unless the designs of self-interested persons obtain a degree of attention of which they are utterly undeserving. The country has been inundated with publications in periodical, as well as other works, upon the hardships experienced by the West India interest, their losses and ruin, but none of them, at least that we have seen, ever venture fairly into the subject, and for this plain reason, because the claims of the particular parties whose cause they advocate, cannot stand the test of investigation. However these writers may endeavour to mystify the question, the real aim of those they support is to induce Government to afford them such protection and advantage, as a return for money sunk, or as a redemption of a pledge formerly given, or whatever else it may be termed by them, as will compel the community, whose interest in the eyes of monopolists is always as a feather in the scale, compared with their own, to buy sugar and coffee at a price that will enable a proprietor of estates in the West Indies to pay about fifteen per cent. upon his purchase money, before he can put a shilling profit into his own pocket.

Certain assertions are at times put forth with so much confidence, and positions, however erroneous, so boldly maintained, that they have been often received as truisms; and that has been precisely the case with the complaints of certain parties connected with the West Indies, who have endeavoured so entirely to identify themselves with these Colonies, as to make the country believe that, because they were under difficulties, the Islands were in a state of ruin. Because their day of meretricious prosperity is gone by, it does not follow, we are most happy to say, that the British possessions, in the affairs of which they have been long concerned, must go to decay: on the contrary, we believe that there is a wide field open for British enterprise, capital, and industry in those possessions, as well as for deliberate counsel and enlightened measures regarding them; the very essence of which is a comprehensive review of all the circumstances that have reference to them without receiving a bias from any particular quarter, however plausible may be the arguments that issue from it. The national circumstances have now reached that point at which the public good must in truth and reality be uppermost in the minds of statesmen; no side-wind policy will avail. The condition of this empire, and the state of the world generally, has thrown her upon her own resources to struggle against the competition, and, in some instances, misplaced jealousy of other powers. Artificial systems must now be thrown overboard, Great Britain cannot be encumbered with them. In breaking them down, many individual hardships may accrue, and partial injury be experienced. Many parties who have occupied themselves and their capital in pursuits which, from their long continuance, have been considered as permanent, may be inconvenienced by having occasion to deviate from their course; but this circumstance must not stand in the way of the general good. Ministers, we should imagine, are prepared for all the clamour that can be brought against them by interested parties, and there is no doubt of the strong confidence that the people entertain in the statesman now at the head of the Government, as possessing the ability to devise, the integrity to recommend, and the firmness of purpose to carry any measure into effect for the benefit of the country.

LONDONIANA.

Localities and Characters.

In touching upon a few of the interesting localities of the metropolis, we do not mean to refer to those which other pens have made common, but only to notice such as may just occur to our memory in a desultory way. They are rather our *own* localities than those of the great body of the inhabitants of London, and have been fixed upon our attention by personal observation during a residence of some part of life among them. In youth, for example, we were fond of tracing Johnson and Boswell to the Mitre Tavern, still in existence, with the Doctor's head in plaster ornamenting the coffee-room. This place has been frequently commented upon by periodical writers; but there is another which has never, that we recollect, been noticed: it is at no great distance from the Mitre, on the other side of the street.

It was about the year 1805 that we were first ushered into the dining-house called the Cheshire-Cheese, in Wine-office-court. It is known that Johnson once lodged in this court, and bought an enormous cudgel while there, to resist a threatened attack from Macpherson, the author, or editor, of *Ossian's Poems*. At the time we first knew the place (for its visitors and keepers are long since changed for the third or fourth time,) many came there who remembered Johnson and Goldsmith spending their evenings in the coffee-room: old half-pay officers, staid tradesmen of the neighbourhood, and the like, formed the principal portion of the company; though now bank-clerks and smirking drapers occupy their seats, and they, most of them, have passed to that sojourn whence traveller returns not. Within the walls of this humble house, many men of considerable note in their day ate, drank, and conversed in pleasant company together, relaxing the elastic mind from its forced state of seriousness and study, mingling "Attic taste with wine." It is reported of Milton, that he used to give up a day occasionally to mirth and wine, and the enjoyment and society of learned friends, and then return with new zest to his studies; and many men of talent formerly thought it not unwise to follow his example.

Though somewhat low in the scale of dinner precedence in "these degenerate days," this house has claims to be venerated by posterity even with the London Tavern, where the snubbed and carbuncled noses of aldermen imbibe the colour of the ruby from old Port and East India particular; and the green fat of the turtle, moistened with cold punch, lights up faces that remain "everlasting bonfires;" or with the luxurious Long's, haunt of dandy puppyism and fashionable heartlessness, famed for Regent's punch, and other enervating potations; or Brunet's, where *sauce Robert* delights the foreign visitants to the British metropolis, humbly reminding them of Very or Beauvilliers, omnipotent in cookery. Still is the Cheshire famed for steaks, and chops, and wine, that hold a respectable rank in the bibacious scale among the sons of the quill, who issue from the bullion-vaults of Threadneedle-street at the hour of five; or the student of small means, who crosses to dine from the dingy squares and nooks of the Temple, where Law sits eternally brooding on her throne of sophistry, planning vengeance for crime and entanglements for the unwary, gulping down ancient absurdities, and balancing

the warm blood of life, her usurped property, against a yard of broad-cloth or forty-shillings'-worth of man-millinery.

Few in this vast city know the alley in Fleet-street which leads to the saw-dusted floor and shining tables; those tables of mahogany, parted by green-curtained seats, and bound with copper rims to turn the edge of the knife which might perchance assail them during a warm debate; John Bull having a propensity to commit such mutilations in the "torrent, tempest, and whirlwind" of argument. Thousands have never seen the homely clock that ticks over the chimney, nor the capacious, hospitable-looking fire-place under, both as they stood half a century ago, when Fleet-street was the emporium of literary talent, and every coffee-house was distinguished by some character of note who was regarded as the oracle of the company.

In those times, the sons of literature were a more jovial race than at present, and felt, from a similarity of pursuits, a more kindly affection towards each other: now, they are a scattered brood, not often forming a society of themselves; but this perhaps contributes to their freedom of thought and action, their former gregariousness having aided in keeping up a spirit of humiliation. Patronage was then in vogue, and the great in rank were looked up to as the guardians of the flock.

The older visitors of the house were fond of sitting in particular corners, always came at a certain hour, and were as well known to other visitants as the waiters themselves. Courtesy ever made way for the fixtures of the olden time, and he who had knowingly occupied one of their favourite seats, immediately resigned it on their entrance.

Among these was old Colonel L—e, in person short and thick-set. He often sacrificed copiously to the jolly god, in his box behind the door; he was a great smoker, and had numbered between seventy and eighty years. Early in the evening he was punctually at his post; he called for his pipe and his "go of rack," according to his diurnal custom; and surveying first the persons at his own table, and then those in other parts of the room, he commonly sat a few minutes in silence, as if waiting the stimulating effect of the tobacco to wind up his conversational powers, or perhaps he was bringing out defined images from the dim reminiscences which floated in his sensorium. If a stranger were near, he commonly addressed him with all an old soldier's freedom, on some familiar topic which little needed the formalities of a set introduction; but soon changed the subject, and commenced fighting "his battles o'er again." He talked much of Minden, and the campaigns of 1758 and 59. He boasted of having carried the colours of the 20th regiment, that bore the brunt of the day there, and mainly contributed to obtain a "glorious victory," as Southey, in his days of uncourtliness, called that of Blenheim. But though thus fond of showing "how fields were won," he was equally delighted with recounting his acquaintance with more peaceful subjects. He had known Johnson and Goldsmith, together with the list of worthies who honoured Fleet-street by making it their abode between thirty and forty years before, and were at that time visitants of the house. "At this very table," said he, speaking of that which is situated on the right-hand behind the door, "Johnson used always to sit when he came here, and Goldsmith also. I knew them well. Johnson overawed us all, and every one became silent

when he spoke." The Colonel observed of Goldsmith, "That no one would have thought much of him from his company, though he had a great name in the world."

The Colonel also knew something of Churchill, described him as by no means prepossessing in person, and one of the last who could have been supposed capable of writing as he wrote. The Colonel, in his old age, imagined he too had a taste for poetry, and boasted of Goldsmith's having asserted (perhaps jokingly) that he possessed a talent for writing verse. This idea working in his mind for years, had induced him to print, in his old age, what he called, to the best of my recollection, "A Continuation of the Deserted Village." He always brought a copy with him of an evening, and was fond of referring to it, and passing it round for the company to look at—a weakness pardonable in a garrulous old man. On revisiting the house, for old acquaintance sake, after an absence of some years from London, I missed him from his accustomed place, which I observed to be occupied by a stranger. On inquiry, I found that he was departed to where human vanity and human wisdom are upon a level, and where man is alike deaf to the voice of literary and military ambition.

A number of peculiar characters unknown to fame, and not like Colonel L——, interested in war or literature, I also remembered, whom I saw no more. Mr. ——, "a fellow of infinite jest," considering his age, but of that cast of character for which London is remarkable. He had accumulated thousands in business, about five hundred yards distant, and came every evening to spend a few pence before bed-time. An occasional walk farther into the city had been the utmost extent of his excursions for forty years, save when, on a fine Sunday, he ventured as far as Islington or Hackney; but this to him was a journey, and supplied a topic of conversation for the rest of the week. Uneducated, but having plain tradesmanlike sense, voluble, full of low wit, parsimonious, and vain of his wealth, he was still not unamusing. He was very proud of his honours as a Common Councilman, and was an oracle on civic affairs. He almost knew by heart the Lord Mayors from Whittington to Curtis, lamented the dissolution of the Trained-bands, and verily believed the Lord Mayor's chain to be the most enviable dignity on earth. He descanted much on the Riots of 1780, and looked upon them as of as much consequence to England as the Catiline conspiracy was to Rome. He often described the conflagration of Newgate, and praised the valour of the volunteers in Broadstreet, as unsurpassed in the annals of ancient or modern cities. He knew Wilkes in the days of his glory, and had given Beckford a vote for the mayoralty. His very faith was tinged with the hue of citizenship, and he believed all who resided out of the bills of mortality to be little better than "the wicked." He had also disappeared, in the midst of his calculations, at an advanced age, while talking of a retirement upon his fortune. Dr. ——, the incomprehensible, the inscrutable Dr. ——, was another visitant. In person, he was formed between what we may imagine of Dominie Sampson and Don Quixote, having the Calvinistic scholarship and square-toes of the one, with the sinewy leanness and long face of the other; indeed, as Burns says, his nose and chin threatened ither." His atrabilarious countenance must have been

most appalling to his patients, for he might have seemed to personify the king of terrors himself by no great stretch of fancy. His dark eyes had a slow, stop-watch kind of motion; he even winked them far more deliberately than the most deliberate of other men; his pace was funereal, and, if naked, he would have been the counterpart of Mister Justice Shallow—"for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife." On entering, he uniformly singled out a particular peg on which to hang his large-brimmed hat; and if he found it occupied, he would remove the intruder, and take possession of his favourite, heedless of giving offence. He had deeply studied the mysteries of his profession, and had imbibed a notion that most diseases were the effects of mental impressions, acting upon organical formation:—hence, he oftener occupied himself with examining the causes, than studying the cure of disorders. His heart was generous and kind, and he seemed to have little regard for money. His virtues lay so deep under a heap of reverse appearances, rough manners, and apparent surliness of temper, that many gave him no credit for possessing any. He was a great enemy to administering too much medicine to his patients; whence it is probable that the havoc he made among the lives of his fellow-creatures was much less than that committed by his brethren of Warwick College in general, with whom he was always at variance. He treated the Brunonian theory with great contempt, and ranked some noted names in the medical world little above Sangrado in nosological science. He often asserted that merit in a physician had little to do with the extent of his practice. A hypochondriacal virgin of fifty-five in the circles of fashion, or a scrofulous peer, whose hereditary blood was unimpeachable, he insisted were the best projectors of a medical tyro into the orbit of fashionable practice. There the credit of curing a disease that never existed, often, he asserted, make a man's fortune.

Perhaps there was something sarcastic in such remarks, but they had a large portion of truth. The Doctor was also a great political disputant, and foiled many an antagonist, solely by the deliberate coolness of his replies, and the use of monosyllables, thrown into the debate at his adversary's weak-points with admirable tact.

I will mention but one more, the Rev. Mr. —, whose dapper roundness of paunch and oiliness of composition were not sufficient to neutralise the acerbity of his temper. On one subject alone he was always good-humoured; and that subject was cookery. He came frequently to enjoy his beefsteak, with a bottle of sauce of his own composition in his pocket. His appetite was not aldermanic, but dainty, that is, it regarded quantity less than quality; hence he was rather an epicure than a gourmand. He would dilate with placid self-satisfaction, for an hour, upon mingling sauces, and preparing made-dishes. It was positively an enjoyment to see him get ready for eating: his preparation was infinite—the first taste, the smack of the tongue, the attitude, the sensual delight he seemed to experience, struck every beholder, and suspended the knife and fork of the most hungry. His own eyes were fixed all the time upon the gravy, and the morsel he was just bathing in it, while his lips unconsciously smiled in joyous expectation of the approaching regalement. A significant look would

sometimes appear in the faces of the company at what was styled "the parson's feeding," but they were unobserved by him in the earnestness with which he exercised his favourite vocation.

There were other elderly characters, of whom I might make mention, that figured at the same place of entertainment, not one of whom I recognised again after an absence of twenty years, when old associations induced me to visit it for the last time. New faces filled every box—a fresh generation appeared, which seemed to have pushed the former "from their seats." As in human life, the revolvment of a little time effects great changes; so, from being the haunt of the Johnsons and Goldsmiths, and those who remained of that day, the dining-room was become, even to me, the resort of unknown men, who dreamed not of Johnson, but of the Three per Cents. India Bonds, and engrossed parchments.

Notwithstanding the pleasures derived from retrospective glances, the mass of mankind seldom look that way, being occupied with the cares of existence, and without leisure to dwell upon the straight-forward realities of life. The truth of this is more evident in the metropolis than in the country, where every noted spot or castellated ruin has its current legend. What place is more remarkable for historical event, the sufferings of human nature, and the crimes of rulers, than the "Towers of Julius," as Gray styles them. In London, the artisan performs his daily task on the very threshold of departed regality; as in Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate, for example, or in some other spot once renowned, wholly unconscious of the time-hallowed locality where he is pursuing his avocation. So much of forgetfulness is there in these respects in London, that even the self-important cicerone, who extorts his beggarly fee for exhibiting our public buildings, scarcely ever details the real facts connected with them. In the Tower of London there are a thousand recollections of events generally painful, but all interesting, which seem by most people entirely forgotten. There, not only virtue and heroism, but female innocence and beauty, have been offered up a hecatomb to the base passions of ferocious despotism. There, the patriot with a brow of indignant virtue, and a mind flaming with holy zeal for the welfare of his fellow man, has smiled under the axe, and put the seal of blood to the testament of his principles. There, the faithful and upright minister has found his prison and his grave from the sceptred and ungrateful hand, too forgivingly saluted when raised to strike the annihilating blow;* and there, too, the "diadem-encircled brow" has one moment stood exalted in the pride and entire plenitude of power, and the next sunk under the arm of the assassin. But there are recollections of a livelier kind attached to the Tower; a long race of our princes kept court there, and among them our Fifth Harry and Third Edward. Within its walls those two scourges of France "welcomed shout and revelry," and fair dames distributed prizes to the victors at the tournament, when mailed heroes

"Drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd,"
and the proud crusader

"Le casque sur le front, et le croix sur le sein,"

* Read the fate of Cromwell Earl of Essex, in Hume.

reined in his stately courser, and dismounted to bend the knee to beauty. Thus the union of grandeur and misery, of the palace and the dungeon, of all the extremes of human existence, have contributed to make the Tower a place of durable remembrance. Diverging from Tower-street a little to the left, on entering upon Tower-hill, is the spot where the scaffold formerly stood, near the south-western angle of the iron palisades enclosing the plantation. From an accurate map of the Tower and its precincts during the reign of Elizabeth, the houses on the side of Barking Church occupy precisely the same frontage they did then, and it is pretty easy to discover its exact site. These scaffold-posts were fixtures in the ground, the planks that covered them only being removed after an execution. They remained there until the Revolution, and consisted of four upright pieces of wood at right angles, having two shorter posts on the western side, which latter most probably supported the steps—those steps, to ascend which, Sir Thomas More asked assistance of the Lieutenant of the Tower, saying, "Friend, help me up, and when I come down again let me shift for myself," and to the executioner, that "he would get little credit by beheading him, his neck was so short." There fell also his friend Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who lingered a year in the Tower, deprived even of necessary clothing, for refusing to acknowledge that monster of crime, Henry, to be God's vicerent upon earth. On that place, now trod over by thousands daily, unconscious of its former use, most state criminals of rank put to death in public suffered, from 1367 to the Revolution of 1688; while some, known to be objects of the most particular regard of the people, were executed within the Tower. On a better order of things being introduced, and an impartial system of justice, it was still used as a place of execution for state criminals till 1745, when the Scottish lords were executed there. Since that year a different punishment, and views more consistent with humanity, have caused these melancholy exhibitions to be changed both in mode and situation. There died Cromwell Earl of Essex without having had a trial, Lord Guildford Dudley, the virtuous Earl of Surrey, one of our early poets, the politic Strafford, and the energetic Sir Harry Vane, whose last address to the people being feared, was drowned by the noise of drums, placed round the scaffold for that purpose: and there fell the patriotic and heroic Sydney,* whose unjust attainder was afterwards reversed. The innocent and venerable Countess of Salisbury, the last of the line of the Plantagenets, also, who ran round the scaffold, and refused to lay her head on the block without a trial, her gray locks hanging over her shoulders, till, after many fruitless blows aimed at her neck by the executioner, the race that had swayed the sceptre of England for three hundred years, was extinguished by a successful stroke. There poor Anna Boleyn smiled at the shortness of her neck for the headsman's purpose. One might fill a volume with the mournful list of names belonging to England's best blood that

* What noble scenes for history-painting may be drawn from our annals. Where is a more noble and inspiring subject for the pencil than Sydney baring his arm to the flagitious Jeffries on being condemned, and desiring him to feel whether his pulse beat quicker than his own; an incident not surpassed in greatness of effect by any Roman action.

died there. Instead of enumerating others, it may be best to follow the path over which their ~~heads~~ trunks were conveyed back to their former place of captivity. There is something very imposing in the massy buildings of the Tower gates and their quadruple guards, on passing under the low, heavy, Gothic portals which lead to it, and which have conducted so many, as Shakspeare has it,

“To make a bloody supper in the Tower.”

Dungeons and bastiles, inquisition and torture, rush upon the mind, and one thinks of the English Lord Chancellor, who, flaming hot in his zeal for the name of ~~mis~~ religion, like later Lord Chancellors, insisted that the Lieutenant of the Tower should tighten the rack yet more on which the tender limbs of the beautiful Anne Askew were agonizing, and on the Lieutenant's refusal to do so, actually doing it himself!

Now, indeed, most of these unpleasant ideas are dissipated. Within the fourth gate, either after passing the Bloody Tower and coming into the open space before the Lieutenant's house, with the great White Tower in front, or after passing the Record, and other Government offices in modern taste, bustle and business alone prevail. The space between the gates and the moat, however, is sufficiently gloomy, and has struck chill upon the heart of many an unhappy state prisoner as he was conducted across its narrow road. About the entrance little that is modern is seen, and it is here that the mind becomes impressed with the aspect of the place to a degree of melancholy. The black dilapidated bye-ward tower, and the drawbridge; the antique-looking yeomen at the gate; the Bloody Tower, as it is called, (though no one can tell why, unless it was from Sir J. Overbury having perished there;) the portcullis yet remaining, which points down its sharp terminations, threatening the assailant, and the gates of oak, studded with iron and crumbling to decay, are yet perfect enough to show the precautions, (now so futile,) by which, in former times, they sought to render their fortresses impregnable. The last time the portcullis was lowered was under the administration of the pusillanimous Lord Sidmouth, when Thistlewood was imprisoned there. A little higher up, and on the other side, is the gate under which prisoners were conveyed by water to their dungeons immediately from the river. It was on that gate that the heads of persons put to death were exhibited on stakes after pickling, to preserve them as long as possible from the action of the weather, according to the barbarous and ridiculous manners of the times. It was under that gate Queen Elizabeth entered a prisoner, and while entering exclaimed, “Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed on these stairs, and before God I speak it.”

One of the most painfully interesting sights in the fortress is the room in what is called the Beauchamp Tower, where many illustrious prisoners were confined, and the sad inscriptions it contained on the walls. Many of these, alterations and time have obliterated. “Jane,” supposed to be Jane Grey, was once visible, but destroyed in altering a window. “John Dudley” was over the fire-place, one of Guildford Dudley's brothers. Numerous scrawls still remain visible. Who can enter the White Tower, and see the small space where the illustrious Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for ten years, and where he

wrote his *History of the World*, and not feel the force of recollections, melancholy and touching. Essex, Russell, Sydney, Bacon, and numberless other great names are connected with the Tower.

The Kings of England formerly passed some days in it after their accession, for it was once not less celebrated for revel than for crime, for fête and splendour than for tragic horror. In the Tower were imprisoned at one time the Kings of France and Scotland. There, after the battle of Hexham, Harry was imprisoned, and there he ultimately died, in 1471. The list of its illustrious prisoners would fill a volume.

In the Chapel are interred many of the sufferers from regal vengeance ; among them Anna Boleyn, whose beautiful eyes, as she turned them on the executioner, so affected him, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem to strike the fatal blow. Her body was flung into an old arrow-case, and interred, while her execrable husband awaited impatiently at Richmond the sound of the guns that told him of her execution. The appeal of Anna Boleyn to Heaven, on her being sentenced to die, is one of the most beautiful on record. "O Father! O Creator! thou who art the way, the truth, and the life, thou knowest that I have not deserved this death!"

The statements made by those who show the Tower are scarcely any of them correct, and the stranger will do well to make himself master of that very excellent *History of the Tower*, written by Mr. Bayley, of the Record Office. A few judicious notes from that work will enable him to form a true estimate of all that is interesting there, scarcely any of the portion most interesting in an historical view being shown to strangers by the hired guides to this great national curiosity. Dr. Meyrick has been employed by the Duke of Wellington to arrange the armour according to its real age, a most judicious step, which no one was so capable of undertaking as that learned antiquary. The old Spanish armoury, hardly deserving the name, as holding little genuine of what it is said to contain, is a fine object in the gloom of approaching evening, in the hour that is so friendly to the contemplation of all objects of antiquity.

Another of the fine old localities of London is the neighbourhood of the church of St. Saviour, Southwark ; this is one of the noblest and largest churches in London, and when the new London Bridge is finished, might be made a noble object from the approach on the Borough side. It is a positive disgrace if it be suffered to remain in its present dilapidated state by the parishioners. The massy spaciousness of the structure, and the solidity of its walls, strike the stranger who first beholds it with admiration. In this church lies old Gower the poet, and there are several very curious relics of the olden time scattered about within its walls. Its date is believed to be anterior to London Bridge. All the ground along the river near it towards Blackfriars' Bridge is filled with remains celebrated in the annals of the church, and, what is singular, also of the theatre.

It was no great way off that the Globe Theatre once stood, where Shakspeare trod the stage. Nor must the venerable Bridge of London be forgotten, which will soon disappear for ever, and which, however much deplored by the lovers of antiquity, is little to be lamented on the score of beauty or utility ; its history involving battles, fires, tournaments, and what not. The reflection that for so many ages

it stood the only connection between the two shores, gives its present mutilated form no small degree of interest. It is probable that the view from above the centre arch of the new bridge will be much finer than that from the old, the elevation being greater. The scene from the old bridge is nevertheless unique, and though that from the other bridges may be nobler, there is not one of them half as novel or picturesque. It is a fine spot to linger about at an early hour, before the busy crowds throng its pavements, and noise and bustle distract the attention. A gate on the Southwark side formerly defended the bridge, and it was generally well serrated with human heads, if old pictures are to be credited. The beholder of it now can hardly believe that a double row of houses stood on this bridge about fourscore years ago, and that a narrow passage in the centre was the only thoroughfare for passengers. In one of the arches was a chapel, in which several persons were interred. It would seem as if the narrow minds of our fathers governed their dwellings, space is so little visible in the old erections in this country, except in those of the church, which in past days engrossed all that that was worth having, and to aggrandize itself pinched every thing else in the nation.

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. V.

*The Table d'Hôte—The Place of Dreams—St. Radigonde—
The Curiosities—The Bottle of Sautern.*

“ If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.”

Retaliation.

THE table d'hôte of the Boule d'Or was like an olla podrida. There was a little of every thing; all the odd ends and scraps of society hashed up in one dish. Next to me, on the left, was an old noble, grand cordon of one of the orders of merit, who had come to put his son to the college at La Flèche. He had seen much of the world, had been an emigrant and a wanderer. There were the traces of many sorrows, dangers, and cares on his countenance; but if ever the heart finds an interpreter in the eye, his had not been hardened by the trials of life. He had that sort of urbanity in his face which, probably, in youth had been accompanied by a gayer and a quicker spirit, though years had left nothing but the calm placidity of demeanour, which, if it does not spring from benevolence, at least appears to do so.

On my other hand was a young travelling linen-draper, a good example of French education. He had been brought up at a college, but that had not spoiled him for trade; he would talk with equal learning of Horace and cambric, and spoke as scientifically of the measurement of angles as the measuring of ribbons. He had scraps of Latin and samples of cloth, and added, moreover, a political system, which certainly was of his own manufacture. Near my friend sat a very elegant old man, with a long-waisted Windsor grey coat and ruffles, in the mode of 1700, to his shirt, which peeped timidly out from under the cuffs of his coat, like a poor *ci-devant* ashamed to show himself amongst the upstarts of fashion. They were kept in countenance, however, by a powdered wig, with two long rows of curls on each side,

and a tapering pigtail, that, like a ship furrowing its way through the sea, marked his coat with a white track all down the centre of his back. Towards the end of the meal, a priest, newly arrived, came in with his servant, and they both sat down to table together. Each was as dirty as can well be imagined; but the master was, in this respect, pre-eminent. Nature had given him a round, fat, copper-coloured face, which had evidently little acquaintance with soap and water; and his black rugged beard apparently went from Sunday to Sunday without the touch of innovating steel. His hands, that probably Heaven had designed for pig-driving, were now as dirty as if they still followed that employment; and these he thrust unmannerly into the dish, without vouchsafing a word or a look to those around him.

It is the poetry of life to see a man superior to his station, and rising above his fate; but it is distressing to find the station thus degraded by the man. However, he and his servant sat together, and talked together, and ate together; and most probably the servant would have been very ill pleased if he had dined on meaner fare than his master. A Frenchman of this class can live upon any thing. If he cannot get better, a galette and butter-milk, or soupe maigre and a beurrée, will content him; but, if they be within reach, two services and a dessert are not at all too much for him. An Englishman of the same rank never aspires to more than a piece of meat and a mug of ale, but he must have that, or he cries starvation.

The French have a kind of irritable jealousy towards the English, which sometimes makes them forget their general politeness. Give them but a civil word, make the least advance, and they receive you with open arms; but show them that cold reserve with which an Englishman generally treats all strangers, and every Frenchman's hand is on his sword.

I believe we had been rather silent during dinner, but the young traveller on my right soon commenced snarling about the English. He began about manufactures, as something in his own line, saying that we pretended to rival the French, but if we lowered our duties, we should soon find how far we were surpassed by the taste and elegance of French productions. The *emigré* on my right said that he was not quite convinced of that. "The superiority of our machines, the industry of our population, and the vastness of our resources," he said, "gave us infinite advantages over every competitor; and he was afraid that France would be obliged to call forth all her energies before she could equal us, without thinking of going beyond."

The gentleman in the ruffles observed mildly, that England must have a most unproductive climate. He had lived long, he said, upon the coast of Brittany, and remarked constant boat-loads of fruit, vegetables, and eggs, embarked for England. The fruit and vegetables he could understand, for that entirely depended upon the atmosphere, but he could not imagine why we had no eggs. I replied, that it was, probably, because our hens, being naturally of colder constitutions than the French fowls, had a greater penchant for celibacy.

"The truth is," said the old nobleman, "that those who have never been in England, do not know what England is. Her productions are perfectly capable of supplying her population; but her immense wealth giving her the means of excess, she is not content with what she abso-

lutely wants, but drains other countries of their necessities to furnish her with luxuries, and the ~~first~~ check throws the burden on the lower orders."

"True," said the young traveller; "England is glad enough to drain other countries; and without doubt, she now only proposes to open her ports, to overburthen us with her useless gold in exchange for our substantial commodities. England talks of her liberal policy, but it is her own interest only she consults, and would gladly ruin the world to enrich herself with its spoils."

There was something very warm came rising into my cheek, but the old emigrant made a slight inclination, as much as to say, let me answer him; so I said nothing. "You are wrong, Sir," replied he to the young man; "you are wrong and unjust. At a period, too unhappy to France for a Frenchman willingly to recall, did England take any unhandsome advantage of her position? Who would have refused her if she had demanded ten times what she required? And since then, of what has she defrauded the nations? of what has she robbed the world? Her only object has been to guard and protect her commerce, which is her existence; and this she has scarcely done as much as her able policy and successful arms gave the title to expect, and the power to exact. So much for her Government; now for her people. No one shall say one word against them before me. When I was an exile and a wanderer, without a country, and without a friend, the English received me, protected me, supported me; the nation gave me the means of existence; and individuals made that existence happy. France is the country of my youth and my love; in my young days I drew my sword for her, but never unsheathed it against her. France shall have my bones when I die, and my affection while I live; but England shall ever have my gratitude, and Englishmen my esteem."

He spoke, and the fire that had animated him passed away, and left his countenance as mild and tranquil as it had been before.

I suppose that all human beings feel alike on these points, but certainly when the sun shines I am materially happier; his brightness seems to penetrate into the heart, and to make it expand like a flower.

The first decidedly fine weather we had had since our arrival in France began at Le Mans, and during our journey towards Tours, through a country that became richer and more rich as we advanced, scarcely a cloud overshadowed the sky, except occasionally one of those light summer vapours that, skimming along over the landscape, gave a partial shadow as it passed, enough to vary, but not darken the scene.

At Chateau du Loir we began to meet with the abundance of Touraine. Fine peaches at six for four sous, and delicious pears at a price still lower, with grapes for a penny the cluster, all began to show that we progressed in a land of summer. It was here, too, that the first vineyards began to make their appearance, climbing up the sides of the hills on each side of the road, and giving a luxuriant colouring to the view, though not indeed offering half the picturesque beauties which are attributed to them by imagination.

Tours—I know not why, but it excited in my mind a sensation of melancholy. When I visited it before, was at the time of the unhappy

and ill-contrived revolt of Berton at Saumur; and returning with a party of the troops that had been sent to disperse his undisciplined forces, we spent several very agreeable days in the ancient capital of the Lyonnaise. In general, we are fond of fixing upon some spot for building our castles in the air, and Tours and the Loire had yielded me many a foundation for those unsubstantial structures, which, as they always do, had crumbled away, and left me nothing but the ruins behind.

Tours is one of those places which has many recollections attached to it, especially since the wizard of the North has raised again the fallen walls of Plessis les Tours, and conjured up the King of the people, Louis the Eleventh, the effects of whose hatred to the nobility were felt even in the eighteenth century. But his mulberry-trees are no more, and all that he did for the commerce of his favourite city is equally fallen to nothing. The Abbey, too, of St. Martin, whose abbots were once kings of France, is almost entirely destroyed. There are but two of the old towers standing, though at so great a distance from each other as to show the enormous extent of the ancient building. The beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées owed her birth to Tours: unlike Agnes Sorrel, her best quality was her beauty, and for *that* her countrywomen are still deservedly famed.

In many respects, it is a magnificent town. The Rue Royale, the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and a fine bridge over the river, are the first objects the eye falls upon in entering the city; but, before all, is the Loire itself, flowing on in calm majesty through the richest part of one of the most fertile countries in the world. Its banks are covered with all Nature's choicest gifts; and, as if feeling the loveliness of the scene, the stream seems to linger amidst the beauty that surrounds it. Long, long ago, it was the song of the Troubadours. The Langue d'oc and the Langue d'oïl took its waters for a boundary, and many noble deeds have rendered it famous in history. It is to Tours, also, that France owes the first of her efforts in literature.

It was fair-time at Poitiers, and twelve o'clock at night, so that we had some difficulty in getting beds; but going into the kitchen, by dint of a little love and a great deal of civility, I prevailed upon the chambermaid to give us two, which had been reserved for a couple of gentlemen expected from Tours.

When I returned to the hall, I found my friend with two Frenchmen. Now, under all circumstances, an Englishman generally keeps the distance of two yards between him and a stranger; but as I go through the world precisely as I do through a menagerie, to see all the strange beasts that are in it, I approximate myself, in general, to those whom Heaven throws in my way as near as I can, without risking to catch the plague. The two Frenchmen were waiting for supper, and so were we; therefore, without more ado, we all sat down together, and as I much wished to find out the famous field of Poitiers, I soon began asking a great many questions. But they knew nothing about it. They had never heard of it, and they had lived in the neighbourhood for years; so that they were sure the battle I spoke of could not have happened in their day. "Most probably not," said I. "It must have been before the Revolution," said the other Frenchman, who was a good fat, sub-

stantial farmer, come into the town to buy and sell at the fair. "But, as Monsieur was fond of curious things," he added, "he ought by all means to see the church of St. Radigonde, where the mark of our Saviour's foot was still to be seen;" and he set to tell me how it happened, and all about it. His story was somewhat after his own fashion, it is true, but it is not a whit the worse for that.

"St. Radigonde," he said, "was a Catholic, and the sister of Clovis, who was father to Henri Quatre."—"I thought that they were more distantly related," said I; but he stuck to his biography, and continued. "Well, Clovis was a very warlike monarch, as well as his son, and being engaged in a most tremendous battle, he sent to his sister to desire her prayers, which she very readily granted him, and while thus piously engaged, our Saviour appeared to her, and promised her the victory for her brother, leaving the mark of his foot in the marble. Clovis triumphed over his enemies, and so great was his gratitude for this manifest interference of Heaven in his favour, that he instantly became a sincere Catholic. For you know," said the narrator, "that before that time he was a Protestant!"

"I have heard," replied I, "that he was a Pagan."

"A Pagan or a Protestant," said he, "it is all the same thing."

I am as fond of seeing curiosities as any other grown child that ever existed, and as my companion was of the same mind as myself, the first thing we did the morning after our arrival at Poitiers, was to visit the ruins of the Amphitheatre, which are very little worth seeing, except to those who love ruins for their own sake. The arena is filled up with garden; and though the whole site is perfectly well marked out, but little of the walls exist at present. It was the son of the proprietor who showed us over the spot. He might be an idiot, or he might not, but he gave us no information, and kept grinning at us, and listening to our foreign dialect with evident marks of horror and astonishment. On our departure, he followed us into the street, and still kept staring in our faces, till my friend appealed to my better knowledge of France, to ascertain what he wanted. I answered, "A franc." My companion was incredulous, but I put my hand in my pocket, and drawing one out I begged the young gentleman to give it to "La domestique." He took it immediately with great satisfaction, and whether the servant ever received it or no, is between her young master and herself.

We went to the church of St. Radigonde. It is really singular to observe how prone the human mind is to lend itself to every sort of absurdity. We are made of odd clay certainly, of so soft a temper in our youth, that it takes the first form it happens to find, and then hardening there, would sooner break than quit it. There were a dozen old women at the church-door, who make a livelihood by fixing themselves in the suite of St. Radigonde, and we were instantly assailed by "La bonne St. Radigonde prie pour vous," together with much counting of rosaries, and all the rest of Catholic begging. On entering the church we soon found an iron grating, with a fine figure of the Saint, dressed in a blue cloak, powdered with *fleurs de lis*, not at all unlike one of the figures placed at the head of a ship. There, too, was what they are pleased to call the foot-mark of our Saviour, covered with some bars of iron, and an inscription above to give authenticity to the falsehood.

Round about it were scattered several pieces of money, from a sous to a franc, which my companion, in his fisherman's slang, termed ground-bait.

Farther on is the tomb of the saint, with a silver lamp ever burning, the gift of Anne of Austria, in gratitude for the restored health of Louis XIV. after his illness at Metz, which the queen attributed entirely to St. Radigonde. In imitation of this royal credulity, multitudes of persons afflicted with various maladies have hung up at the shrine little effigies of the affected parts, modelled in wax, so that there are enough of waxen legs and arms to furnish the largest doll-shop in Europe. Passing through a low arch, we descended by a few steps to the sort of vault in which lies the stone coffin supposed to contain the body of St. Radigonde: this the pious take care to adorn with large tapers, much to the gratification of the priests and the wax-chandlers.

We were tired with our ramble, for besides the Amphitheatre and St. Radigonde, we had been to the cathedral and the promenades, and had walked for two or three miles along the road towards Paris, to see the beautiful rocky scenery which flanks the entrance to the town, and which we had passed the night before by moonlight. Finding that we could actually get no dinner at the inn, (they were all so occupied with the people of the fair,) we strolled out to a restaurateur's in the neighbourhood, before the door of whose house a woman, with a voice like a stentor, and a face like Baron G——, was singing the acts of our Saviour, in a sort of little booth covered all over with gospel pictures, which the man who played the accompaniment pointed out with his fiddlestick, one by one, as she came to them in her song.

We went into the restaurant, and notwithstanding the multitude of the fair, met with a very good dinner, composed of Heaven knows what. It is of no use to inquire into these things; the best way is not to ask about them.

After dinner we ordered a bottle of Sautern, which was marked in the carte at two francs ten sous. It was in a kind of despair that we did it, for the red wine was worth nothing. It came—people may talk of Hocheim, and Burgundy, and Hermitage, and all the wines that ever the Rhone or the Rhine produced, but never was their wine like that one bottle of Sautern. It poured out as clear as the stream of hope ere it has been muddied by disappointment, and it was as soft and generous as early joy ere youth finds out its fallacy. We drank it slowly, and lingered over the last glass as if we had a presentiment that we should never meet with any thing like it again. When it was done, quite done, we ordered another bottle. But no—it was not the same wine. We sent it away and had another—in vain;—and another—there was no more of it to be had.

It was like one of those days of pure unsophisticated happiness, that sometimes break in upon life, and leave nothing to be desired; that come unexpectedly, last their own brief space, like things apart, and are remembered for ever.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, NO. II.

DEAR D,—Your objection is just ; I have proceeded a little too fast. I ought certainly to have given you some account of the first impression I received of New York ; one never, indeed, contemplates a second view, even of the most striking sight, with the same degree of excitement as a first. However, to atone for the omission, I will now endeavour to give in this letter my general recollection of several visits to the city—a pleasing task, which reminds me of many kind friends and the obligations of much hospitality.

After leaving the ———, I had been put on shore at Utrecht, on Long Island, and approached New York by Brooklyn, from the heights of which the town, on the opposite side of the Sound, or East River, as it is commonly called, presents a gay and superb appearance, crowned with a coronal of many elegant steeples. Along the wharfs lofty stacks of vast warehouses bespeak high ideas of its mercantile opulence. The vessels which lined the quays, both in number and importance, surpassed my expectations.

The distant view of New York, almost free from smoke, is singularly bright and lively ; in some respects it refreshed my recollection of the sea-bound cities of the Mediterranean, but with more variety of colour, and less ornamented architecture. The lower parts of the interior, next to the warehouses, resemble Liverpool ; but the boast of the city is Broadway, a street that, for extent and beauty, the Trongate of Glasgow, which it somewhat resembles in general effect, alone excels. The style of the Trongate is, if the expression may be used, of a more massy and magnificent character, but there is a lightness in that of Broadway which most people will prefer. Those who compare the latter with Oxford-street, in London, do it injustice ; for, although the shops in Oxford-street display a richer show of merchandize, the buildings are neither of equal consequence or magnitude. Regent-street in London is of course always excepted from comparisons of this kind.

New York, however, is not distinguished for edificial ornaments. The only building in the whole town which claims or attracts any degree of admiration is the City Hall, a vast pile, constructed of coarse white marble, and resembling in the features of its architecture the Stadt-house of Amsterdam, in Holland ; but if my recollection serves, it is lower by a floor. The interior is elegantly fitted up ; the council-chamber, adorned with portraits of officers who have rendered service to the Republic, is a noble apartment ; no corporation in Europe is, indeed, so splendidly accommodated as that of New York.

Some of the churches may be entitled to the appellation of handsome ; but a defect in the proportions of those which exhibit porticoes is destructive of the dignity they ought, in propriety, to have possessed. The pillars are too far apart ; and I think, in some instances, also too slender.

The portico of the Bowery Theatre is immeasurably the finest *morceau* of architecture in the city. It resembles that of Covent-Garden, but seems to be nobler and greater ; and yet I am not sure if, in point of dimensions, it is larger, or so large as that of Covent-Garden. The only objection to it—and my objection is stronger against the London theatre—is the unfitness. In both cases, the style and order are of the

gravest Templar character, more appropriate to the tribunals of criminal justice, than to the haunts of Cytherea and the Muses. It is astonishing, after all which has been lectured on the proprieties of architecture; that such inappropriate fabrics should still be raised. I do not, however, find so much fault with the American artists as with our own. The arts here are less understood in principle than with us—a fine thing is deemed fine, without relation to its fitness; and we have no superiority to boast of, while two such insults to the taste of the age exist in London as the exteriors of Covent-Garden and the India House. Is there no chance in the march of intellect that the sublimated vulgar will destroy them?

The chief architectural beauties of New York, as of every other town after all, not of the first class, are the private houses. The very best here do not exceed the second, or rather the third, order of London residences; but they are quite equal to the first either of Glasgow or of Liverpool, the proper standards of comparison with a city so similarly commercial. The only thing I object to in them, is the showiness of the furniture; it appears more for ornament than use; it lacks the simplicity and quietness of domestic householdry. I would almost suspect that the public rooms, except on rare occasions, are only used for morning visitors, not as family apartments: wherever this is the case, there will always be something dressed and ceremonious about the house, deteriorating the comfort that might otherwise be enjoyed.

In their hospitality, the richer class of the citizens of New York (especially those who, with a judicious fastidiousness, do not allow the legal equality of civil rights, with only equal fortune, to be sufficient to supersede the superiority of education and intelligence,) study refinement and liberality. Accordingly, in every particular, their tables are served in the very best style and taste. It may be that the sideboards are less set out with ornamental plate, and the wines are less numerous and *recherché*; but there must be a great deal of affectation in the guests from your side of the Atlantic, who would pretend to deny the epithets of elegance and delicacy to the entertainments. I am persuaded, few of the commercial visitors from Great Britain to New York see such entertainments at home, and few are now admitted to them. The presumptuous dogmatism with which these gentry, some years ago, were in the practice of criticising the hospitality of the Americans, has had the effect of producing a more chary diffidence in admitting them to the freedom they were formerly allowed.

On my second visit to the city, Mr. P. W——, then the Mayor, did me the honour to call on me, and to invite me to his house: an incident I shall ever esteem felicitous, as it opened to me a society, both for general talent and intellectual intelligence, of a superior kind, and enabled me to form, if I may use the freedom to say so, a friendship with a gentleman of uncommon urbanity of manners and delicacy of taste. To my excellent friend Dr. W—— I was no less indebted: I felt towards him, from the first moment of introduction, as if we had been formerly acquainted in another sphere of being. But to every stranger who has the good fortune to be made known to him, his attentions are unbounded; and his circumstances happily enable him to gratify his hospitable inclinations with no ordinary elegance. I had the pleasure, at

his house, to be introduced to Mr. Clay, the late Secretary of State for the United States, a plain, intelligent, Presbyterian-looking personage, with an occasional pleasing intellectual smile, that softened the habitual hardness of an address more official than natural. But I must not attempt to describe in this manner the different gentlemen with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted ; it is a freedom that may be taken only with public characters.

There are several things in the first impression of New York which ought to be mentioned : amongst these, the dull complexion and expressionless physiognomy of the common people. Whether their sal-low hue and the languor of their looks, so strikingly different from the fresh and ruddy animation of the English, are the effects of a local climate, and of influences peculiar to the situation of the city, I shall not undertake to determine ; but unquestionably both the figure and countenance of the Americans improve as you proceed into the interior.

A.

LINES ON THE DEPARTURE
 OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.
 BY T. CAMPBELL.

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band,
 With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand,
 Like children parting from a mother, shed
 Tears for the home that could not yield them bread ;
 Grief mark'd each face receding from the view,
 'Twas grief to nature honourably true.
 And long, poor wand'ers o'er th' ecliptic deep,
 The song that names but home shall bid you weep ;
 Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
 In that far world, and miss the stars ye love ;
 Oft, when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
 Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
 And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
 Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
 Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain ;
 For has the heart no interest yet as bland
 As that which binds us to our native land ?
 The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,
 To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,
 Undamp'd by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
 Or servile misery knit those smiling brows :
 The pride to rear an independent shed,
 And give the lips we love unborrow'd bread ;
 To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
 In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
 To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
 And call the blooming landscape all our own,
 Our children's heritage, in prospect long.
 These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
 That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
 To realms where foreign constellations shine ;

Where streams from undiscover'd fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole.
And what though doom'd to shores so far apart
From England's home, that ev'n the home-sick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recross'd,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost:
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
The grey-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of Acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange-grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails;
Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
His honest arm's own subjugated soil;
And summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,
'That when his bones shall here repose in peace,
'The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room,
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness ev'n benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine!
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb!
Land of the free! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by charter'd priesthoods unaccurst;
Of navies, hoisting their emblazon'd flags,
Where shipless seas now wash unbeacon'd crags;
Of hosts review'd in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennon'd trumpets breathing native airs,—
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire:—
Our very speech, methinks, in after time,
Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime;
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise. }

Untrack'd in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that midst thy roofs shall shine;
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high, }
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye, }

With colonnaded aisles in long array,
 And windows that enrich the flood of day
 O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
 And niched statues breathing golden air.
 Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy swell,
 Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell;
 But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
 And organs blow their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,
 How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll!
 Ev'n should some wayward hour the settler's mind
 Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,
 Yet not a pang that England's name imparts,
 Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts;
 Bound to that native world by nature's bond,
 Full little shall their wishes-rove beyond
 Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
 Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their dreams.
 How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
 Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
 And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords,
 As aught that's named in song to us affords!
 Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
 Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
 Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
 Or twin'd his tame young kangaroo with flowers.
 But more magnetic yet to memory
 Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
 The bower of love, where first his bosom burn'd,
 And smiling passion saw its smile return'd.

Go forth and prosper then, emprizing band:
 May He, who in the hollow of his hand
 The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
 Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!

THE METROPOLIS IN DANGER.

It is astonishing to think of the insensibility of people in general to the most extreme cases of distress, except when accident draws their particular attention to them!

We were ourselves sitting, on a fine evening in June, gazing with our accustomed placidity on the golden clouds which adorned the western sky, and reflecting with much complacency on the general state of this great city, of which the sun had just taken his leave for the night. As we watched the mysterious process by which a very well-dressed person was evoking flame from the successive gas-lamps of the long line which we command a view of, our thoughts were full of London, of its elegance, its gaiety, its intelligence, its comfort, its immense population; and we were endeavouring to comprehend the means by which a daily supply of food was quietly and regularly conveyed to a million and a half of people, when our reflections were painfully attracted to another point of view; indeed, to a lamentable state of things in general, and to a sense of intolerable calamity, in particular, of most of the residents of

the English metropolis. This was effected by a very interesting publication we at that moment received, with a lion and unicorn at the top of it, on the subject of a Royal Filter for Cisterns, of which one George Robins, not apparently a member of the Royal Society, is the avowed author; a man who evidently feels a painful sense of the distress under which his fellow-citizens are labouring, and is anxious to put an end to what threatens, if unchecked, to put an end to them.

In fact, now we think of it, we had observed a general face of affliction in the streets, and in the parks; a kind of sentimental sorrow mingling with the smiles of social meetings, and giving a more than usually interesting appearance to the fashionable world. The very people in the pit at the Adelphi, when they laughed convulsively at Mr. Mathews, looked as if they had previously been in tears; and as they had cried till they laughed, so many of them, we perceived, laughed till they cried. More than all, we had noticed among those "who slay in chariots," the physicians and surgeons of this town, a peculiar gravity, a tender melancholy, which we had at first hastily ascribed to the general healthiness of the season; and it was in the course of our reflection upon these things that we were led to pass in review all the circumstances in the condition of the giddy crowd below our windows, from which train of thought we were aroused by the Royal Filter.

The clever little work before us begins by stating, very truly, that the health and comfort of every family are intimately "bound up" with the supply of pure and wholesome water; and very reasonable surprise is expressed, that a fact so important should have passed without any notice until about fifteen months ago, when people became convinced, by an eloquent treatise, entitled "*The Dolphin*," (we are ashamed to confess we never saw it,) that water was actually supplied to them, in this very town, in a polluted and unwholesome condition! It is curious to see how ignorant people may be of their own sufferings. Here were, as we have said, more than a million of people, all of whom could read and write, most of whom could cast accounts, many of whom had even read the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, and all of whom, or nearly all, had two eyes wherewith to see, a tongue wherewith to taste, and a nose for the main purpose of smelling, yet literally beholding and drinking a water for years and years, from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood; from manhood to decrepitude, boiled in a morning and evening, unboiled at noon, or later, as might be, fancying all the time that it was a bright, clear, and good water, until "*The Dolphin*" (how we regret that no copy was sent with the author's respectful compliments,)—until "*The Dolphin*," we say, convinced all these people that they were, with eyes and mouth open, but blinded understandings, daily swallowing such a combination of filth and horror as all the words in Johnson's *Dictionary* would fail to do justice to, and productive of dyspepsia, consumption, ill-temper, small-pox, and a long train of evils, including loss of appetite and hair, and premature old age; a water, in fact, so destructive, that there had been nothing so well calculated to destroy the human race, and put an end to the Emigration Committee, since the waters of the general deluge!

But truth is always unwelcome. The author of "*The Dolphin*" was threatened with prosecution. He appealed to the general voice. A

public meeting was held at the West-end; Parliament was petitioned; the whole country awakened; and a Royal commission (hence the lion and unicorn) appointed to find better water. By these Commissioners a Report has been published, which the author before us (Robins) states to be a document of as great importance as was ever laid before the public. It is a report of one hundred and fifty folio pages, and contains, we are assured, a set of statements so staggering, that "all of them will be read with interest, and some with sensations bordering upon horror." This is really, then, a very shocking business.

Let us see what is said. Nobody can expect us to read a report of a hundred and fifty folio pages at this season of the year; but the work on our table presents us with some very lively extracts. We turn then to Robins. First, we very properly mean to notice what is said by the President of the College of Physicians, who is also physician to the King, and appears as a witness against the vagrant water of the Thames; far different from that lovely stream which erst the poets sung of! then a river of life and beauty, glancing through the richest valley in the world! now a river of darkness and death; "sad Acheron, of sorrow, dark and deep;" flowing in sullen majesty through a population on either bank waiting to be devoured! We are not exaggerating: Sir H. H—— "pronounces the water sent to his house to be a filthy fluid, with which he is disgusted." It was even said, but we believe it is incorrect, that Sir H—— had given up practice, and left town, after solemnly performing his last duty to the King, by trying to persuade his Majesty to pull down St. James's, and to blow up Buckingham palace, dome and all, and have the royal towers of Windsor removed into Warwickshire. It was evidently impossible to bear up against such a body of water as came to Sir H——'s house; and, although it is well known that he is one of the kindest and best of physicians, it must have rendered the ordinary duties of life burthensome, and public avocations odious. We look back upon the cheerfulness with which he went through the latter with astonishment, "whilst all the while" his domestic cisterns ran liquid filth. Little did we think, that when we heard him so agreeably illustrate the madman of Horace, ("Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,") that there was so little cause for speaking of London water as another ancient, Pindar surely, spoke of water in general, in that admirable commencing line, which has so puzzled the translators; that line, which an English translator has rendered, "Water the first of elements we hold," but which a French author has expressed, "C'est une excellente chose que l'eau."

Then we have another physician, Dr. H——, who has actually retired from practice; and who says, from his seclusion, that the decayed vegetable matters in the Thames water produce faulty digestion and impurity of blood, "of which the inhabitants of the metropolis are constantly complaining." Really this is still more wonderful! Here are we dining out not unfrequently, say about six days in seven, and if the people whom we meet have a bad digestion, they are surely unconcerned enough about it. Soup, turbot, patties, chicken and tongue, mutton or venison, pastry and trifle, all are trifles to them. Wines innumerable and unpronounceable, besides dessert, they make nothing of. Nor do they vehemently object to supper. So much for faulty digestion! Then, as to impurity of blood, blind and ignorant must we have been in rides

and walks, in parks and gardens, to have seen no outward signs of it; not even at the Horticultural, where the heavens smiled not, but rather wept at the prospect of the calamities which now occupy our reluctant pen. "Ah!" as our good friend M. de Pourceaugnac says, "que c'est une excellente chose que de savoir les choses!"

Mr. K——, a surgeon, says every meal is injurious to thousands. Surely the faculty have very little reason to complain of that. But levity is misplaced here, for it is plain that the people of London are dying fast. How can it be otherwise? think of the *sewers*, (we regret the unavoidable necessity of alluding to this subject,) the hundred and forty-five sewers, equal to the hundred and fifty pages of the Water Report: think of the refuse of the streaming gas—of the off-scourings of lead—of the refuse of soap, and colour, and every kind of deadly drug: think only of the numberless unconscious kittens daily consigned to this oblivious water; and all those "unutterable things," as Dr. J—— says in his evidence, reeking, floating, bubbling, oozing, melting; things rank, things sour, things bitter, things oily, things acrid and poisonous; with now and then a dash of suicide—for it is well known, that when the nights are dark, hardly a week passes without some unfortunate girl springing over the parapet of the bridges amid the unavailing screams of watchmen. The only wonder is, that the Thames—*Father Thames*, as he has been called, and who, like Saturn, seems inclined to devour his children—should have been allowed to conduct itself through London in such an indecorous way for such a length of time; and all the time, too, every man and woman dyspeptic, taking dinner pills, daily becoming more bilious, and deaths frightfully increasing.

Why, Dr. J—— himself, we see, was actually obliged to leave Spring Gardens on this very account; giving up a very advantageous lease, and leaving a comfortable residence in that rural part of the town to be demolished by the rats. It was impossible for him to remain; he states that he had "a pain after taking his breakfast," every morning, as sure as the morning came. No sooner had he taken his tea or coffee, no matter which, with a little dry toast, and perhaps an egg, or a small portion of broiled salmon, or fried bacon, which the faculty, after some thousands of years' *tinkering* of the human body, (as Mr. Colton was pleased to call it,) have discovered to be the sovereignest thing on earth against indigestion,—than there came on a prevailing pain in all the regions of the bowels; first slight, a kind of pleasing colic, hardly interrupting the perusal of "The Times" newspaper; then more serious, and inconsistent with study; and at last perfectly frightful. This was entirely caused by the turbulent water of the Thames; and we are assured that the good Doctor (for whom we have a great regard, having once consulted him ourselves—a case of morbid sensibility, &c.) has exceedingly improved in health and looks since his removal. He still hints that several young ladies have "bowel complaints" from the same cause. We are very sorry to hear it; for neither beauty, nor delicacy, nor wit, nor the utmost art in devising albums, and finding out charades, or acting them, nay, not even music and drawing, can make any young lady interesting in our imagination, who has a real, true, substantial pain in the bowels every day of her life in London. We quite agree with Dr. J——, that "a time

must come, when the people will open their eyes to this scene of corruption, veiled and concealed as it is by iron tubes and stone pavements."

Dr. K—— says, "That he *saw* (fancy that!) the foul and black stream from the Ranelagh sewer, passing between the Company's steam-engine and the Dolphin, loaded with no small portion of undivided, floating filth——." We must refer for the remainder of the sentence to Robins, p. 3; the stomach cannot dwell on these reflections with composure.

Dr. S——, a physician to Chelsea Hospital—near to which Dr. K—— saw what we have just mentioned—Dr. S—— says, "The tide stirs up the mass of impurity (produced by all that is corruptible in the animal and vegetable world, together with the noxious filth of gas and other manufactories,) that constantly flows into the Thames from Battersea down to Gravesend."—Robins, p. 4. There is something grand in the idea of this stirring-up, this mighty turbulence and conceit of the tide, and of all the animal and vegetable world between Battersea Bridge and the Three Tuns at Gravesend; but the mind, absorbed in the immensity of the danger, refuses to be romantic. Dr. S——, it appears, fled from Hanover-square, as Dr. J—— from Spring-gardens, both being literally washed out.

Another highly-respectable physician, Dr. P——, well known as the author of an excellent book upon diet, is equally distressed. He even goes so far as to say that the water positively *stinks!* He does not say merely that it is rather unpleasant—that it is disagreeable—that it is offensive—that it is "rather high," but plain out, that it stinks. "The Company (some most unreasonable company surely) send in mud with the water, and then complain that the cisterns are not kept clean." We never heard of such impudence. Nay, Dr. P—— goes on to affirm, that he "cannot find terms sufficiently expressive of the awful effects it may be likely to produce upon the health, and even lives, of the inhabitants of the metropolis." And we learn (Robins, p. 4,) that in the last edition of his work, he goes still farther, and asserts, "that if a remedy be not applied to the evil, the ravages of some epidemic may be fairly anticipated." This is quite enough for us. No more contributions will flow from our pen; no more magazines will enliven and enlighten the first day of the month. Every periodical will become an obituary. No wonder town is emptying so fast. There they fly, at this moment, for their lives, with horses four, and postilions in nervous haste—that stout lady and gentleman, all those seven children peeping out of the coach-window, the footman and the lady's-maid in the blue spencer and green veil—there they go; they have drunk of the waters of bitterness; they have had pains in the bowels; they have been to Battersea, and they fly lest they should die! We will not be long after them; our part is taken, and our place too, in the Edinburgh mail; we will leave this city of the watery plague, and refuge take where no water is, but most excellent whisky. From thence, about two years hence, we may return, and write reflections in a solitary valley where was once the famous city of London. We shall sit and muse by the side of a stream, which was once the ditch of Fleet, or perchance the sewer of Chelsea: there, amidst ruins, we shall behold but one solitary figure—a female wildly clad, her garments flickering in the breeze, and her looks unearthly; some ancient woman, who, when the city was in its pride, was accustomed to sell gin

to the sailors at Blackwall, and who kept them in spirits until the gin became too largely diluted.

Yet may we not have been too easily frightened? Are the doctors to be believed? Alas! another page of Robins settles that matter for ever! Here we see, page the 5th, Mr. Mills, "the engineer," deposes that the Thames is the common sewer of London; that it receives the contents of all the other sewers; forty-six on the south side, and ninety-nine on the north side; and ninety-nine and forty-six make one hundred and forty-five, so all the witnesses agree: there is no hope for us.

Listen to Mr. Goodhugh, "the fishmonger." "Put," says Mr. Goodhugh, "fresh fish into the water of the Thames, and in six hours they die:" and they not only die, which is bad enough for them, but they turn a yellow colour, which is worse for us. They are disgusted into a fit of the jaundice, and so die. Then, Mr. Butcher,—not a butcher, but a very humane "fish-salesman,"—says, "he has known three-parts of a cargo of eels to die by the gas-water passing the vessel." The eels cannot stand it. His evidence is corroborated by the melancholy master of a Dutch skipper, who says that the eels become affected with low spirits as soon as they reach the Thames water; change countenance, that is to say colour, become spotted like snakes, and quit this world of frying and stewing in numbers without number: at least, out of twenty-six-thousand pounds of eels, (it is not the etiquette to mention the eels individually, but as collected into pounds—twenty-six-thousand pounds,) only nine thousand pounds survived the shock; or, in the master's words, translated from the Dutch,* were "marketed *alive*." The rest, we hope and trust, were not marketed at all.

So it seems that physicians, young ladies, the heads of families, and the heads and tails of the finny inhabitants of the deep, are equally affected. Neither fish nor flesh can escape; and there is much reason to fear that the fish do not get out of life before they suffer some of those peculiar twinges in the bowels which have made a desert place of the Spring Gardens. To conclude, another captain says, if the water gets worse, (we do not see how the deuce it can,) "they must give up the business." So that we shall not only be half-poisoned in a few months, but have no fish to eat; and all the people employed in the fish trade will flock in fearful multitudes to the shore, and overstock the different professions, mingling their wonted cries with the din of Westminster Hall, or disturbing the repose of the College of Physicians itself.

"Such is the picture, the faithful and frightful picture, of the condition of the water of the Thames, as supplied by the Companies to their customers."—Robins, page 5.

Is there no remedy? we are asked on all sides. There is a remedy. In heaven's name what is it? Our friends flock about us as if we were of the faculty of physic, and the remedy, the remedy, resounds from many lips. Is it that we can roll back the black and fatal stream of the Thames, and by sacrificing Chelsea, and a few other places of no consequence, save London? Can the sewers be annihilated, or the river dried up? Or shall Alderman Atkins and the Corporation of London be petitioned to set the Thames on fire? By no means. None of these things are required. The people of Chelsea may sleep on dry land, and the sewers flow on for ever, and the Corporation be spared the exertion of talent implied in the supposed combustion of the water,

and all may be well. The remedy is simple, and consists of "a general system of filtration; a system not limited to the fifty-three thousand families daily drinking the filthy fluid of which we have been speaking, but extending itself to the hundred and seventy-six thousand tenants of the New River and other Companies, consuming the twenty-nine millions of gallons daily supplied to the metropolis." It belongs to the subject to observe, that this is "as clear as mud" to all who have any head for figures. Here, then, is a remedy for you; a ray of hope illuminating the valley of the angel of death. "The Royal Filter for Cisterns will be found superior to all filters hitherto invented." (Robins, page 6.) You suppose, perhaps, that it only keeps back the thicker portions of the fluid, leaving much that is unpleasant to the eye, offensive to the nose, and so forth, or even productive of pains after breakfast. No such thing. Be the water ever so foul, turbid, stagnant, black, heterogeneous, pass it through the Royal Filter, and out it comes "of a crystalline brilliancy." (Robins, p. 6.) You doubt this, perhaps; you suspect that Dr. Robins has an interest in recommending it. But you have no apology for doubting. Go to Long Acre, and ask Mr. Hume,—not Mr. Joseph Hume, but a man who has analyzed water as much as Mr. Joseph has accounts, and been no less successful with this filter in making that clear which was confused and turbid before. Ask him to have the goodness to filter a gallon of water, Imperial measure, before your eyes. Take the most emetic-looking gallon you can find; and when passed through the filter, you will behold it purity itself: no mountain-stream by dreamy poet haunted, or by naiad, ever made a more respectable appearance. Before being filtered, it held nearly fifty grains of solid matter,—(do you suppose we know nothing of chemistry?) most part of it deadly poison to the bowels. Now it has only sixteen grains of solid matter. What can you say to that? You remark, perhaps, with your usual acuteness, that if "sixteen grains" of solid matter are left, the water is not pure. This arises from the little attention you have paid to chemistry. If you attended regularly at the Royal Institution, you would know that all water which has not been distilled, or boiled, or broiled, or bedeviled in some way, contains exactly sixteen grains of solid stuff in every gallon, and is thus actually meat and drink, though not clothing. And this solid stuff is not deleterious, and for that reason the Royal Filter allows it to pass through. Mr. B——, a distinguished surgeon, says, he procured some of the "foulest water his house afforded;" and (that being too agreeable,) mixed it with water pleasantly impregnated with gas from coals; and yet this horrible compound passed rapidly through the major filter, so changed as to make a very reputable presence in a decanter at the dinner-table; and a young gentleman, with rings on his fingers, delicately lifted a beautifully cut tumbler, inverted on it, from its top, poured about half a glass of the water in, and drank it in a very ineffable manner in the face of the whole company; little knowing what tricks had been played with it. So you see your argument about the sixteen grains cuts a very poor figure.

It is evident that there is one branch of this interesting question on which we have not touched. We refer to the possibility of devising remedial means for the fish. But this is too important a subject to be spoken of at the end of a paper.

TRAVELLING MANNERS AND SOCIETY, NO. V.

It is often beautiful to see the spirit of affectation, and the passion for foreign residence, warring constantly and unsuccessfully with habits long acquired and inveterately rooted. In the valley of Hasli was settled for a whole season a small English family, who had come from their residence in one of the midland counties to enjoy the exquisite attractions of Swiss scenery. They could not have selected a finer situation; they had heard so much, in fact, in its praise from travellers of their acquaintance who had returned from their tour, that they had come already decided on their place of residence, and prepared to be delighted with it. They consisted of three persons; the parents, somewhat advanced in life, and an only daughter; then there was their family carriage, and domestics male and female. Expecting to be able to surround themselves with most of the comforts they had enjoyed at home, provision had been made accordingly, and never did the remote and calm valley of Hasli receive more of the resources for this life's consolation than it did on this occasion.

It was not long ere a dwelling was procured, although single travellers having chiefly resided here before, it was not so easy to find a suitable residence for a luxurious family: The floors were uncarpeted, the beds uncurtained; but, as a contrast, the foot almost lost its steady hold on the finely polished and glistening wood-floors; and though Mr. — regretted they had not brought their own feather-beds from Wiltshire with them, the inconvenience was soon in part forgotten, as the fatigue and worry of their excursions made them sleep as soundly as it was possible. The absence of grates could not be felt, as the summer was drawing on when they arrived, so that the darkness and emptiness of the chimneys only offended the eye. Into this abode, then, were conveyed the various articles of comfort that had been transported from their distant home: cordials and pickles of the finest quality, several dozen of excellent old brandy, as they had heard the place was subject to frequent and heavy damps and fogs from the river and numerous waterfalls; flannels, in no small quantity, were not forgotten, and a goodly stock of old Port and Madeira, that had been at least twenty years in the cellar at home. How could ennui or despondency possibly enter a dwelling so provided and fortified? The *sejour* then began under the fairest and most promising auspices, and the exulting family congratulated themselves that the enterprise so long contemplated at their own fireside, had been at last successfully accomplished. Often had they conversed with unwearied interest on the joys of such a tour, and listened to the rich descriptions of those who had just made it; till expectation grew high, and long-confirmed habits and advancing years gave way before the view. Yet, for several summers, something had always prevented their indulging their desire; some obstacle had come in the way: the week of their departure had even once been fixed, but a near relative happening to die in the mean time, had compelled them to defer it. Here, however, at last, they found themselves, after a tedious journey, the inconveniences of which had more than once made them impatiently look to the hour of their arrival. The great contrast between the French cookery, and the living to which the Wiltshire squire and his lady had been so long habituated, was startling at first; the

wines were often, in spite of their approved excellence, too sharp and racy, with few of the mellow and soothing qualities of the fine and aged tenants that his own cellar contained. The novelties of the way scarcely could recompense many of these attendants on a first continental journey; and when the Alps first appeared in view, the rapture of the soldiers of Hannibal at sight of the plains of Italy, or of the forlorn band of buccaneers that first beheld, after long famine and the wilderness, the vast western ocean open at their feet, could scarcely be warmer. The sun was resting in glory on the snowy summits of the noble mountains, and ardently and long did the enraptured family fix their eyes on them, deeming justly that Wiltshire contained nothing so fine, and regretting, in the feeling of the moment, that they had not sooner begun their tour. Slowly rolled the heavy-laden carriage over the Brunig mountain, and descended on the other side still more cautiously and slow; and as the party walked down the winding and romantic descent, at every moment they paused to gaze through the opening foliage at gleams of exquisite scenery far beneath. All was new and delightful; long tall waterfalls slid down the steep face of the dark rocks before them, presenting an astonishing contrast to the short bubbling cascade that had murmured at the foot of their own garden; and the gentle river that had supplied trout and eel in abundance from its clear pebbly stream, bore no comparison with the blue torrent of the Aar, that rushed along at their feet. A long tract of level ground, richly cultivated, now received them, and lasted the whole of the way to the village of Meyringen, where they put up at the inn, and in a few days removed to their own Alpine residence. It stood not far from the church, that lifts its elegant spire above the thick cluster of neat dwellings; a garden stood before the door, kept in the nicest order, and full of flowers and peach-trees, which were now in their fullest blossom. The river ran before the windows, always beautiful and blue; and lower down, a neat bridge led to the opposite bank, on the way to the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood. About half a mile distant, the light spray was seen to rise incessantly from the cataract of the Reichenbach, and to creep up the dark face of the precipice; eternal forests rose above, of pine, and fir, and elm-trees, that had lived on in those summits for a thousand years. With such an assemblage of objects beside and around, what could the eye or heart of man desire more? So thought and felt the wanderers from Wiltshire, and pitied, during the first few weeks, their unhappy fellow-creatures who were confined within the white cliffs of their own isle, and either could not, or would not, ever roam beyond them. They resolved to adopt regular and systematic habits; seeing their time was all at their own disposal, and there were few to visit or disturb them. They rose early, and after a substantial breakfast, sallied forth in search of the picturesque; they had not far to go, having chosen one of the most central and luxuriant spots in Switzerland for fine views and excursions. With a stout staff in his hand, and a substantial morning coat on, with a pair of thick walking-shoes, made for the purpose at home with due foresight, the father walked stoutly on, mastering the inequalities of the way, the brooks, the frequent and rocky ascents, with determined pace. Behind came the wife and daughter, and the footman brought up the rear. When the excursion happened to be somewhat distant, he was

provided with a basket stored with provisions; and then, having gained a platform of verdure that commanded a superb view, or having rambled into a valley hedged in by singular precipices, they would sit down at their ease and make an excellent repast; and while a torrent roared on at their feet, talk of the amazing difference between this and the picnics they used to join in in Wiltshire; how much more of taste, of soul, and of true luxury there was, in thus revelling amidst the splendid solitudes of Nature, than in the gay, bustling, and noisy parties, where there was nothing but each other's faces to see, and each other's conversation to listen to. How rapidly, how beautifully time fled away for many days that were thus passed! Then the evenings in their Swiss dwelling! There was a corridor into which the salon on the second-floor opened; a large, lofty corridor, where chairs and a table were set; and pots full of fragrant flowers stood beside. Here they sat and took their tea, and chatted of present and distant things; of their own quiet and affluent home, the mansion, its gardens and grounds; and of the wonders of the scene before their eyes. They might well be fascinated with it when the last beams of day were cast on the near and distant mountains: the mighty Wetterhorn, mountain of storms, that reared its head into the sky; the rushing of many torrents nearer by; the distant sound of the cataracts—often the cup of tea was suspended in the hand, and paused ere it reached the lips, as every sense was arrested for the moment by this splendid combination of sight and sound. Home faded from their thoughts; the names of absent friends died on their lips; the calm, large grey eyes of the good squire were lighted up with a different feeling from that with which he used to gaze from his drawing-room window on his own rich meadows, or on the quiet flocks of sheep that fed on them.

And could not this state of happy excitement last? Was its fleeting duration to afford another instance of the cheating character of this life's delights, however long expected or fondly built on? Cherished for years in imagination, this scene of romantic retirement might surely have retained its zest for one season. The second month, however, was scarcely begun, ere the feelings of the party began to experience a change, as unexpected as it was unpleasant. The squire was the first to acknowledge some symptoms of weariness; the weather was uniformly lovely; the sky blue and serene; the sun rose and set magnificently as on their first arrival, but his eye roved over them certainly with a faded interest and an enthusiasm on the wane. The truth was, the change of habits was too entire at his age; not a single hour in the day passed the same as for the last twenty years it had used to do. In their own handsome country-house visitors were daily dropping in, of various kinds—fox-hunters, politicians, wealthy farmers; and all the news of the nation, and of the parish, were pleasantly retailed and commented on. But here it was solitude, or little better, as to all society; the daughter was the only one who could speak French, and that not in the most fluent way, so that the good pair were reduced to a state of quiescence, or confusion, somewhat similar to the feelings of those at Babel, when they heard German fiercely jabbered, and French murdered, both by peasantry and bourgeois. More than once had the head of the family, venturing forth alone, missed his way on the mountains, and with great difficulty been enabled to find his road

home after devious wandering ; for though his uttering the name of the village where they lived, which was all he could do, was a sufficient indication, yet his way of pronouncing the word Meyringen was so different from that of the peasantry he met, that they stared at him, and endeavoured in vain to catch the meaning. The curé of the place was almost the only visitor, and he came and sat with them, and they looked at him as he spoke, and then at each other ; and his very bad French Mademoiselle could scarcely understand. Chance travellers there were of various countries, who passed through on their way to scenes farther on, or remained time enough only to visit the neighbouring sights : and to hold communion with Nature (the squire felt acutely) might be delicious for a season, but endured not for ever. His eyes actually ached at last, as he endeavoured to fix them on the lofty mountains and their glittering summits ; and he thought with a sigh of his own long range of waving corn-fields, and flat rich-pasture land, with scarcely an undulation on the surface. There were minor grievances also : the loss of little luxuries, that was felt daily, and preyed on the temper. The cookery was extremely bad ; hares were actually sent to the table by a Goth of a Swiss cook steeped in sour sauce, and covered all over with slices of lemon. The fish, and there was excellent fish in the river, that might almost be caught from the windows, were also rendered so sharp by the ingredients profusely poured on them, that the very flavour was taken away. The meat was not good in general ; the veal was killed at a week old ; the mutton contracted a strong and most disagreeable flavour by being kept in the skin for two days after being killed ; so that the chief, rich, and availing consolation that a thorough Englishman often finds a balance for the bitterest ills—a good dinner—was taken away. Often, as the Wiltshire traveller sipped his Madeira and Port, did he look with an angry and discontented eye on the viands before him, ill-dressed and ill-tasted ; the noble sirloins, and the sightly, tempting legs of mutton, were far away ; and as for poultry, what was called by that name resembled more in aspect and taste, a piece of dried leather, or a starved rabbit, than any thing else. These were petty vexations, it is true ; but when they come every hour before one's eyes, they are enough to disturb the most Platonic temper. The season grew dreadfully hot ; it was the month of July, and in the confined valley the sun's rays seemed to be concentrated, and to dart down pitilessly on the wanderers' heads. The front of the house was open to the hottest aspect of the heavens : in vain, seated in the corridor, they sought a mouthful of fresh air ; driven within the doors of their salon, they closed the shutters, and sought to find the resources within, which without it was vain to seek for. Gazing on the shining wood floor, the empty chimney, the almost curtainless windows, it was vain to fancy the view was as pleasant as a well-furnished, well-aired, cheerful-looking drawing-room in England. The lady then began to feel there was a void, a dreariness in this existence : no more the bell rang clear and animating, announcing the morning call, or the carriage of some neighbouring gossip just driven to the door ; no more the lively evening parties, and the unfailing, though not ruinous, hand at whist. It was strange, they said, when lingering at the dinner-table, that their minds should change so soon ; certainly the place was very lovely, and the scenery beyond all imagination ; still time hung heavy : they could not be always

making excursions; they had been up the long valley of Hasli to see the great fall of the Aar and the Grimsel, and had found their way as far as the Devil's Bridge, and back again, and had explored every vale and several of the great mountains, in the neighbourhood. When the cool of evening came, and it was most welcome, they left their dwelling; crossed the bridge, and proceeded to the noble falls of the Reichenbach, at a short distance. There they seated themselves on a rock, near the rushing of the stream, and found the air delightfully cool. It was the very attitude that Rousseau loved, and in which he is often painted; but neither the squire, nor his lady, nor his daughter, had Rousseau's feelings on the subject of this or any other of the great things of Nature. So they gazed and listened; the squire leaned on the rock, his large staff in his hand, and fixed his eyes on the mighty fall, that descended from its lofty seat as if in scorn of the meaner scene on which it fell, and then bounded onwards from steep to steep, and held its broad course fiercely through the long and rich valley. He grew wearied, however, wearied to excess, when this visit was repeated evening after evening, while the sultry heats lasted; his head ached with the loud, incessant rush of the waters, and his sight was dazzled with the light spray and foam that was flung from them. This could not last; July and August passed, and cooler weather came, and it was resolved they should quit their dwelling in the village, and turn their face once more to their own shores. It were difficult to say whether the feelings of their arrival or departure were most vivid; certain it was they left valley, and river, and mountain, all behind, without a lingering look; and had the penalty of Lot's wife been denounced to the party, it had fallen innocent, since onwards was bent every look, and homewards bounded every heart. And at home, and in Wiltshire they arrived, unscathed by storm or moving accident, satisfied to the full with travelling and all its joys.

There are a few traits of character, however, to be met with among the natives of the land, which display more enthusiasm than was evinced by this party of travellers. Near Locle, in the German part of Switzerland, upon the little river Jaluze, is a singular mill of four stages, the wheels being placed one below the other to receive their motion from the fall of the river, where it forms a cascade in a very narrow ravine; below the last of the wheels the water falls about fifty feet before it reaches the low ground. This mill was the scene of a singular event in 1814, when the Austrian and French troops were dispersed in this part of the country. The proprietor was strongly in the French interest, and commonly had parties of soldiers either at the mill or in the neighbourhood, who effected the destruction of any of the Austrians who unfortunately fell into their power. An officer of the latter country was posted at Locle, where he dwelt in the house of a watchmaker, whose son was frequently employed in showing him the remarkable places in the district, but who had received strict orders not to let him visit the mill, whose singular construction attracted the attention of all strangers; the number of Austrians who had disappeared there, having given rise to the opinion that they had been assassinated. After some time the officer received orders to join his corps, with the detachment under his command: he formed the party into two divisions for the convenience of quartering, and after having accom-

panied one of them a short distance, quitted it with the intention of joining the other. Not being well acquainted with the cross ways, he was soon at a loss; and after wandering some time, he met a man habited as a peasant, to whom he offered a gratuity if he would conduct him as far as the highway. The man consented, and taking the lead, they soon arrived at the mill, where the guide proposed that they should stop and take some refreshment, as he was proprietor of the place. To this the officer agreed, and being glad of an opportunity to inspect the work, of which he had heard much, asked the miller to conduct him. The day having been wet, the latter went to change his clothes, and attend to some other affairs, and in the mean time the officer availed himself of the benefit of the kitchen fire, where he entered into conversation with the miller's daughter, who was much prepossessed by his handsome person and engaging manners. She seemed uneasy on learning his intention of inspecting the mill, and hinted to him that her father being a great friend to the French, was consequently very hostile to his nation; that the place had been fatal to many of his countrymen, and in short, that his life was already menaced. She suggested, with earnestness, that he should make some excuse to depart as quickly as possible. The officer, being well armed, did not pay sufficient attention to her warning, seeing no one in the dwelling but the miller and his daughter; and on the former returning, they descended together. When they arrived at one of the lower wheels, where there was a kind of trap-door, the miller suddenly seized the officer with the intention of plunging him beneath, as he had before done to many Austrians. The latter being on his guard, closed with his enemy, and a struggle ensued; at that moment the daughter, who had followed unperceived, sprang upon them, and the father, finding himself detected, desisted from farther violence, and they re-ascended. Some Austrian soldiers, having been informed by a peasant who had seen the officer in company with the miller, that he was in a place of imminent danger, hastened to his rescue, and arrived just in time to hear the noise of the scuffle. The daughter was the first to ascend, when the soldiers, concluding her to be in league with her father, were on the point of ill-treating her, but their commander instantly protected her, and the generous girl saw her timely interference crowned with all the success she desired. The Austrians had entered but a short time when a party of French soldiers came to the mill, according to their usual custom, and a skirmish took place, at the commencement of which the unfortunate officer received a musket-ball, and fell dead on the spot. The Austrians were on the point of being overpowered, when the young woman who had already acted so devoted a part, knowing that his body would be ill-treated and plundered, dragged it to the lower part of the mill, and precipitated it into the torrent; in doing which her foot slipped, and falling in also, she quickly perished. Many say that in a fit of disappointed or enthusiastic feeling, she threw herself after the body; but there is little doubt that her death was accidental.

O'CONNELL AND SHEIL.

THE names of the celebrated individuals who give a title to this article, have become almost relative and correlative terms, as the grammarian would say, in the English language; the mere mention of one immediately suggests the other, and it would require something more than an Act of Parliament to dissolve this *association*. As a natural consequence of being thus brought together, a comparison of their respective merits has long since been instituted. The joint career of O'Connell and Sheil had, from its commencement, furnished an occasion for this species of criticism, and, as such, has not been overlooked, especially in these stages of it, when the expectation of their being tried in the highest ordeal of talent is most likely, at no very distant period, to be fulfilled. Hitherto, on this subject, opinion has been merely oral; for us it remains to consign it to the less perishable records of the press, nor do we conceive that we shall thereby give rise to any invidious reflections, since, besides the abilities of the learned gentlemen being such as upon examination will not be found to clash, the individuals themselves are, we feel assured, superior to all feelings but those of an honourable emulation. The inquiry, too, is calculated to disabuse the public mind of any misconceptions which it may have entertained of their powers, and may serve to raise from underneath an accumulated mass of misrepresentation their real and genuine merits. In making the following remarks, however, we shall not use the language of advocacy. A true estimate of talent must furnish the gross amount, and exhibit the items both of profit and of loss.

To the subject. Speaking in the general, with respect to capacity, we believe prevalent opinion has allotted to Mr. O'Connell a supremacy, at the same time that the sentiments of a very considerable party are more favourable to the claims of his colleague. Now, we are more disposed to strike a balance between the parties. We think that the talents of both differ more in kind than in degree, and that, on the whole, there does not exist any material disparity. Talent is a very wide word; it comprehends many grades of intellect, from ardent reasoning up to cold calculation. There is nothing which shows so little insight into the structure of the mind, as to pronounce a sentence of general incapacity upon those who fail in any of its departments. The moralist may be totally incompetent as the mathematician—witness Johnson; the best practical statesman may be the most irrational public speaker, and *vice versa*—witness Cromwell and Calonne; and persons who had hitherto stagnated as idiots, may, upon the vibrating chord of intellect being struck, start into life with all the vitality of wisdom—witness Swift. We ask pardon of the reader for making this digression; as it is, however, a sort of preamble illustrative of the statute of comparison which we are about to enact, it will not, perhaps, be deemed altogether superfluous. With respect to the nature of their abilities, as we have just observed, these two gentlemen differ widely from one another, although their pursuits in life are the same, and their temperaments not dissimilar.

Mr. O'Connell has been heretofore presented to us in that sphere of action which was perhaps better calculated than any other to develope to the best advantage his highest powers. As the bold, dauntless, and

talented reformer, he has perhaps but few equals, and is fully deserving of a place beside the great German heretic, astonished as the learned gentleman may be to find himself in such company. The question has been mooted as to who obtained Catholic Emancipation. We think it might as well be asked, as does the worthy in the farce, "Who wrote Shakspeare?" We do not seek to detract from the gracious prudence of Royalty, or from the manly, straight-forward, and statesman-like policy of the "great Duke;" who, though he might not have been enlightened as to the full benefit of the contemplated change, was thoroughly persuaded of its expediency, and whose dignified demeanour throughout was strongly contrasted with the wretched obstinacy of the Eldons and the Winchelseas refusing to yield up the object of their bigotry without tears and uproar; but if we are asked to point out the man who was the originator of that measure, who awakened that "gracious prudence," and created that "persuasive expediency;" who heaved the stone up to the top of the mountain, and held it on the summit, either to be planted there as its proper site, or, if not, to be hurled back again, bearing destruction and desolation, until moral force had fulfilled political right—if we are asked to declare this man, we shall lay our finger on that tall Irishman who is to be seen in the Four Courts robed in the humble folds of a stuff gown, and who is emphatically denominated the "Member for Clare." We think the voice of the empire will, sooner or later, echo this opinion; the voice of posterity already responds by anticipation to the prophetic inspirations of unbiassed minds. These observations bring at once under consideration the most prominent and characteristic of Mr. O'Connell's numerous talents, and that one we would denominate under the general name of "conduct." It was not his energy of declamation, his powers of reasoning, his knowledge of law, that won the day; it was what we call his "conduct," the practical tendency of all his speeches, the business-like measures that he devised and put into execution, the vital principle of action which he infused into all, the machinery of facts, the moral tactics that he brought into play, the strongholds, the redoubts, the fortifications, and the batteries which he erected and planted throughout the land. It was the Corn Exchange meetings, the rent, the order of liberators, the employment of counsel at sessions, the Clare election, and the whole system of "agitation" throughout all its various branches of moral and physical exertion, that accomplished the victory. It was that unquailing and undismayed spirit, that step which never faltered, that erect port which never bent, that skilful, talented, and energetic application of the substantial realities of practical conduct—these drove the vessel on its course. Pitt was an able advocate of emancipation, Grattan spake in its cause with the tongue of the archangel, Canning, Plunkett, Grey, all, all were inspired on the theme; but though the preachers were powerful, "the word" availed not, and its execution was left for an humble apostle of the mission. By O'Connell's conduct it was, that the "question" had been placed in such a situation as that, in a very short period, it must almost involuntarily, and without any extrinsic impulse, have forced itself through all barriers, ay, even though John of Eldon himself should, by some wild whim of fortune, have been jumbled into the Premiership. There it hung on the brink of the precipice, riven from the mass, heaving and

rocking from side to side, ready on the least commotion of the mountains to come down whirling and bounding on the plains beneath, shivering and destroying all that lay in its track. To Mr. O'Connell, then, be imputed that posture of affairs, to him be ascribed the splendid iniquity of that machination. He it is who is the malefactor. Popular odium has long pointed to him as such; as such he is tied at the stake of political animosity; as such he burns in the flames of religious hate. Let nobody, by professing a share in his sins, seek to diminish by dividing with him the punishment and the disgrace: he himself too is content to bear the burden alone; influenced by a strange enthusiasm, he courts condemnation, claims as his right the gorgeous turpitude of the crime, confesses that he has strained every nerve for freedom, and glories in the guilt and in the shame. To the Duke of Wellington, on the other hand, be made a different award. To him be ascribed the praise and the thanksgiving, in that he perceived the impending ruin, in that he took measures to prevent its consummation. To this great man be ascribed the glory, the reputation, and the fame of yielding liberty to a third of this mighty empire, and peace and tranquillity to the whole.

The establishment of the truth of our criticism, which selected Mr. O'Connell's "powers of conduct," not only as the most prominent characteristics of his mind, but also as specimens of a high order of talent, necessarily led to the observations we have just made on the Catholic question. But there are some who, coinciding with us in opinion as far as respects the transaction we allude to, speak disparagingly of his powers, when viewed with reference to a parliamentary career, and conceive that Mr. O'Connell would fail in a British House of Commons. Now, the conclusions of such persons must evidently be built on this supposition, namely, that the details of Catholic affairs were *sui generis*, and had no analogy to those which the general circumstances of society must, in the ordinary course of things, bring under the consideration of public men. But what justifies this supposition? Have the measures of which the legislature takes cognizance no connection with the rights and immunities of the people? Are not all of them susceptible of practical construction, and many of them of that business-like treatment, in the application of which it is agreed on all hands Mr. O'Connell has displayed such considerable talent? It must be recollected, that we are here combating the idea of Mr. O'Connell's failure in the House. The question now is, not whether he will display as much ability as a member of Parliament, as he did when a member of the Association, but whether he will fail or succeed in the former vocation. Farther on we shall not be backward in assigning limitations to his powers, but at no stage of our inquiry can we for a moment concede any thing that would seem to infer a general incompetency, such as that which is here insinuated with respect to his future career. Doubtless there are legislative subjects, in discussing which Mr. O'Connell would appear to considerably less advantage than he would on others, nay, on which he would absolutely fail; but unquestionably this latter could not take place but in comparatively few instances. Does any one imagine that Mr. O'Connell is so wayward and so wrong-headed as that, upon entering the House, he will forthwith betake himself to the consideration of those matters for which he is un-

fitted; that he will immediately set about fathoming the mysteries of foreign relations, or precipitating himself with chivalrous devotion into the abyss of political economy? It is only a miscalculation of Mr. O'Connell's Powers of "conduct" that can give rise to that supposition, and it would be only by acting in conformity with such a supposition that he could exhibit the presumed deficiency, which train of reasoning looks very like what logicians call an argument in a circle. What does he himself profess, in his speech at the last Clare election, that he will devote himself to? Why, to opening close boroughs; to purifying the elective franchise; to furthering the local interests of Clare; to the reduction of ecclesiastical revenues; to reform in Parliament; to reform in law. Whether all these be sound measures, or not, is nothing to the question. They are such as Mr. O'Connell, by his habits, is most competent to; and they are such as have all the essential characteristics which are to be found in the transactions of Catholic affairs. The same indefatigable and active spirit, the same practical wisdom and energy of understanding, which exhibited themselves, and proved adequate in the one, will exhibit and prove themselves adequate in the other; and it is either from an inability to perceive the force of analogy, or from a gratuitous and groundless assumption that Mr. O'Connell will in the House turn his mind to subjects for the discussion of which he is unfitted, that it can be supposed he will fail in his Parliamentary career.

We now turn, for a season, from the "Great Agitator" to his colleague. Laying claim to a more lofty and transcendental order of intellect than his learned compeer is possessed of, Mr. Sheil demands a proportionably higher order of analysis to form an estimate of his powers. As far as our fiat goes, we for the most part acknowledge the claims of Mr. Sheil; at the same time, we think it only fair to give him notice, that we shall have to qualify somewhat this decree when we come to speak less abstractedly. As in Mr. O'Connell's case, so in that of his talented coadjutor, we shall commence by combating the erroneous opinions which are currently held with respect to him. The most prevalent we are aware of is this; that, with a copious imagination, and a large fund of enthusiasm, Mr. Sheil possesses few, if any, of the more solid and essential qualities of intellect: and that, whilst, as a public speaker, he may be capable of creating a temporary excitement, through which the hearer will probably be sensible of a spurious gratification, yet that he is wholly incompetent to ripen into utility, or to mature into any practical advantage, the unwholesome products of his genius. We think this is unsound criticism, and that it originates, as usual, in the superficiality of the analysis on which it is built. The public, from the nature of the circumstances under which he was placed, have experienced Mr. Sheil principally as a declaimer, and some cannot conceive his ever appearing in any other light. Now, we think he is several degrees above this character; and that we can frequently recognise beneath the turbid streams of passion, sarcasm, and irony, which issue from the convulsed lips of the speaker, the clear and steady current of calmer and deeper thought. But when leaving the narrow channels of local interests, he widens, as at Penenden Heath, into extended views, then must all acknowledge the capacity of the orator. We think there is more of the philosophy of eloquence about

Mr. Sheil than is usually suspected. Of a very inflammable temperament like most of his countrymen, embarked in a spirit-stirring cause, his political liberty the prize contended for, it was natural that the dictates of a higher order of reflection should have been laid aside, ere they were matured, for the impulse of his feelings. Placed in the front of the battle, an object of obloquy, contumely, and scorn, the same elements of declamatory strife were consequently elicited from him in return. Here was no time for the diplomacy of warfare, the subtle argument, the unperturbed chain of reasoning, or even the mellowed tone of a qualified emotion,—much less for the suggestions of a tranquil philosophy. The parties engaged hand to hand; burning invectives, red-hot denunciations, were bandied to and fro, and the whole artillery of wrath and indignation brought into action. Mr. Sheil understood the nature of the encounter, or rather he felt it, and acted accordingly. His temperament, no doubt, suggested the quality of his speeches, but his judgment corroborated the choice. The orator who cannot, or will not, vary his powers to the emergency; who supplicates when he should denounce, blesses when he should curse, invokes when he should evoke, is temperate when he should be on fire, reasons when he should rage,—that orator, if he can be called an orator, has learned but half his art, and is ignorant of its most essential rudiments—the book of human nature. The occasions on which Mr. Sheil has hitherto been brought before the public, were such as required a highly-animated and impassioned speaker, and as such he supplied that want. It is inconsequential to say that, therefore, he is inadequate to support any other character in oratory. The notion that a fervid enthusiasm and a strong imagination are incompatible with the highest exercise of the understanding, is now classed amongst the exploded hypotheses of former times; and experience has shown that intellect is inert until impregnated by the fires of the soul. If naturally destitute of these, we in vain, like the sacrilegious pilferer of old, endeavour to filch them from Heaven. Chatham, Grattan, Canning, Plunkett, Grey, Brougham, all possessed and possess these kindling principles, the first two more apparently, as being more frequently engaged in measures which were calculated to fan them into a flame. The absence of passion and enthusiasm on the part of a patriot struggling in the same cause that Mr. Sheil did, would have formed a strong presumption of impotence in his temperament as destitute of these qualities, or misconception in his judgment in coercing them; and on the few occasions on which circumstances required a different “conduct” in his speeches, such as the case of Penenden Heath, we find our opinion of his graver powers fully verified by the chaster, more argumentative, and more philosophic tone, which he then ably and judiciously adopted.—But Mr. Sheil is also accused of being an orator. There is a certain set of persons who cannot imagine any connexion between rationality and eloquence, and who conceive Reason to be an imposter unless she address them in rags. It is only when nakedness reveals infirmity, that the charity of their understandings is excited. The meagre, decrepid, and cadaverous appearance of the suppliant satisfies them that they are not outwitted, and persuades them of the truth of the story. These persons eschew a happy turn of expression as they would the songs of Calypso, and look upon taste as the womb of mendacity. “Touch not the unclean thing,” is an injunc-

tion which seems to weigh heavily on their consciences when they come in contact with such, and they appear uneasy until they can take refuge in every-day wisdom or vapid common-place. With them, a sterility of conception, and a poverty of language, are potent indications of a hale and vigorous intellect, and the unspiritualized productions of what they call common-sense (another word for popular delusion) the most unerring tokens of the same. With true plebeian taste, they love to look at the carcase of the mind when there exists not vitality within. These persons, too, flee the abstract, or any thing that is akin to a philosophic course of thought. They love particulars. With them the one is wild theory, the other sound argument; a ponderous and phlegmatic method of delivery also begets in them respect; and on the whole, measuring general intellect by their own slender epitome, they dare to condemn those who surpass its narrow dimensions. We do not here digress to break a lance with the Utilitarians. However disposed we may be to differ from the dogmas of their creed, they are nevertheless too respectable a body of opponents to treat with any thing but courtesy, and their principles much too plausible to be carried by a random assault. It is the Inutilitarians, those who would throw every thing overboard but prudery, gossip, and common-place; those who pore with rapture over the lucubrations of Lord Bexley and Mr. Bankes, and who turn with disrelish from the inspirations of sound and unquerulous politicians; who look upon Sadler as a prophet, and Huskisson as a mountebank; who accord the palm of oratory to Sergeant Lefroy because he is prosy, and deny it to Sheil because he is eloquent: these are the persons whom for a moment we turn aside to censure, smite, and put to shame.

Some stronger ground than the foregoing personages have selected must be chosen to show Mr. Sheil's incapacity, some more natural presumption of it must be exhibited, than his possessing imagination, or enthusiasm, or eloquence. As well might they deduce physical debility from the strength of the muscles, or moral depravity from the health of the conscience. We mean not, however, as we before stated, to speak the language of advocacy; and farther on, we shall not be backward in declaring our sense of Mr. Sheil's defects. At present, we combat a sweeping assertion, and must meet it by general arguments. But, at this or any other time, we unreservedly give as our verdict, that the nature of Mr. Sheil's talents is by no means indicative of their insufficiency, but of their vigour and strength. We shall not, indeed, go so far as to say that he would appear to most advantage in the opening of a budget, or in expounding a system of finance; we doubt whether he would shine in the Exchequer, or shed a lustre on the Mint, although it appears, latterly, that a knowledge of simple addition and multiplication is all that the trustees of the public burthens require. As a political economist, also, we know not Mr. Sheil, nor as such are we ever likely to recognise him. There is certainly a limit in abstract reasoning, beyond which he would not ambition to pass; and we doubt not but that he would feel altogether desolate and unprotected whenever he travelled out of the jurisdiction of the passions. His insufficiency, however, on such occasions would not arise from any natural defect, but from what, in its operation, is nearly tantamount to it,—namely, dispassion. Where this did not exist, his judgment, we think, would be fully competent, whether the subject on which he exercised it was

arithmetic, or human nature. Ability may be rendered passive by disinclination. Were Mr. Sheil's zest for the investigation of sum totals and raw produce equal to the interest he takes in the analysis of subjects more purely moral, we doubt not but that he would feel no mental impediment in applying to the former a vigorous understanding. Questions of mixed policy, however, as being more congenial to his tastes, would, in consequence, be also a more favourable illustration of his powers. On subjects such as these, we think he would produce an impression. It must be recollected, too, that the question of Emancipation had been fully probed and sifted, and literally turned inside out. It was only genius that could place it in any new light, or could produce on the sated hearer any additional impression. This consideration must tend to remove the scruples of those who are sceptical of Mr. Sheil's general powers, from the supposition that he has hitherto fought from a vantage ground. It is true, the demeanour of the Parliamentary orator (and we think that at no distant period we may hail Mr. Sheil as such), should and would be very different from that of the declaimer at the Corn Exchange. The foaming lip, the blood-shot eye, the clenched hand, the convulsed frame, must rarely then be seen. Nevertheless, though Mr. Sheil would now appear in a new and more temperate character, we do not think he would lose by being thus metamorphosed, but that he would exchange at par all the exaggerations of attitude for its natural involutions, all the excesses of impetuous thought for a more sustained and tranquil course of reflection, all the rabies and fierceness of language for a more qualified vehemence and subdued strength of expression. With the experience that Mr. Sheil is now possessed of, and arrived as he is at that time of life when all the faculties are fully developed, he could not fail in moulding the talents with which he is endowed, to suit the new objects on which he will hereafter have to exercise them, if called to a seat in the national council.

Having now viewed these two gentlemen apart, and vindicated, as we conceive, their talents from the general charge of insufficiency, we shall proceed to place them, side by side, in contrast. Here two cases of comparison suggest themselves; the one confined to the transaction of Catholic affairs, and having reference to the abilities of the parties, as displayed in the furtherance of Emancipation; the other comprising a consideration of those abilities with respect to general capacity, and with a view to their exercise in a House of Commons. These two cases are different. Though it be certain that there subsists analogy sufficient, between the details of the Catholic cause, and those of general legislation, to ensure the able man of business in the former, being also an able man of business in the latter; it does not follow, that after being transferred from the consideration of one to that of the other, he will preserve a proportionate superiority even in this respect, much less in any more enlarged sphere of intellect, over another person who might have previously competed with him. As to the first of these cases, there is little, if any difference of opinion with respect to the relative merits of the two gentlemen; and our discussing it, might be deemed superfluous, did it not serve, as we trust it will, to illustrate the second limb of our inquiry. We imagine it is pretty generally conceded, that whatever value we may place upon Mr. Sheil's abilities, as tending to aid Emancipation, we must estimate Mr. O'Connell's at a consider-

ably higher rate. His powers of conduct at once stamped him as the great leader. The machine once set in motion, Mr. Sheil, by the potent energy of his eloquence, added abundantly to its momentum; but his was not the sinewy and brawny arm that gave it the first impulse. It was with the *vis inertiae* of the question that Mr. O'Connell had to contend. On every relapse to inactivity, it was the lever of his mind that forced it on again. He was the master-mover. Mr. O'Connell would have procured Emancipation without the aid of Mr. Sheil; Mr. Sheil might have procured it without the aid of Mr. O'Connell. Of course, we speak of speedy Emancipation. Sir Harcourt Lees and the Irish nation must have carried it sooner or later. We do not, however, mean to state that it was only by what is popularly called eloquence Mr. Sheil sought to advance the question, but by its more philosophical interpretation, in which a large share of practical ability is comprehended. What we would assert is, that with respect to the cause in which they were embarked, Mr. O'Connell possessed more of those useful powers, more of that business-like "conduct," the application of which was necessary for its advancement. Cast in a rougher mould than his colleague, less sensitive, less fastidious, less morbid, more anxious about the end than the means, desirous of resting his reputation and the question on some tangible basis, and comparatively careless of occupying an eminence in the ideal world, preferring to be an object of sight rather than of faith, Mr. O'Connell descended at once into the paths of literal life, and forcing his way through the crowd with the earnestness of a person intent on arriving at a certain and definite goal, he was wholly unconcerned whether the bystanders should remark the slovenliness of his gait, or the rustic violence of his speed, provided he at length reached the object that he sought. This singleness of purpose, this unity of design it was, that rendered such service to his cause, and impelled it forward in a rectilinear course. There was no complication of views or interests in his system to create any divergency. The resting-places of his ambition were also the pivots of the question. This was the line of conduct that dictated the first Clare election, this was the spirit in which it was undertaken. Of the lookers-on, some laughed, some frowned, some wept, others stood on each side in wonder and amaze; but meanwhile the Agitator jostled on, pommelled this person, shouldered that, shoved the high sheriff out of the way, trod on the heels of Sir Edward O'Brien, was elected the member for Clare, and thus both precipitated the measure and attained the eminence his talents deserved. Now this manner of "roughing it," as the phrase goes, does not suit Mr. Sheil's taste. His turn of mind is more aristocratical than that of his colleague, less fitted for the plebeian contact of matter-of-fact and practical life. He may desire to place himself and the cause on a summit, but then he is also solicitous that the ascent should be tracked with glories. No vulgar foot-print must defile the haunts to be trodden by him, no rude concourse must throng his ways; for the crowd the highway was made, whilst to him, to wend round the mountain's side, and approach its brow through passes inaccessible to all, is more grateful than even the attainment of the pinnacle itself. The two objects of placing the question in a lofty situation, and himself in an imposing attitude throughout all its stages, not being coincident, or in the same line, necessarily dis-

tracted his attention. His course was rather circuitous than direct. The simultaneous meetings, we believe, originated with Mr. Sheil, and their practical effect was certainly most adequate. Yet here the transcendental spirit is apparent. The poetry of the conception, and its utility, evidently strive, in his mind, for masteries. At one time he compares them to "Briareus upraising his hundred hands;" then again he contemplates with enthusiasm "the universal genuflection," "the common cry of liberty issuing from the altars of God;" and then winds up with the practical effect, "two thousand three hundred petitions signed upon two thousand three hundred altars, and rushing at the same time into the councils of the legislature, may not excite alarm, but cannot be treated with contempt." Now, while Mr. Sheil was giving utterance to this energetic passage, and certainly demonstrating most powerfully the efficacious results that would follow from the project, Mr. O'Connell was very probably drawing up a plan by which it was to be matured into fact, and absolutely setting the wheels of the engine into motion. Both, then, were instrumental, both were practical, but not equally so; there was more of the operative about Mr. O'Connell, more of the artisan; it was he who hewed the stones and cemented them together; the beauty of the architecture and the sculpture might not have been his, but by whom was the structure reared? doubtless by none but him. Its entablature, its frescoes, and its capitals, by giving an imposing grandeur to the whole, may have, and must have compelled the blasphemer to venerate, when he came but to scoff and contemn; yet the rich carving and splendid imagery were, after all, little more than the non-essentials and accidents of the majestic pile itself. They might vanish, but the edifice would still remain; whilst the former could never exist until the latter began to be. Mr. O'Connell was the labourer, Mr. Sheil was the sculptor; but inasmuch as the skill of the one is useless without the energy of the other,—since this is necessary, that dispensable,—we must pronounce that the first of these gentlemen was best calculated to further Catholic Emancipation, and confirm the sentence of the public, which declared, that on this occasion Mr. O'Connell's talents and general capacity were paramount.

We come now to the second case, in which we propose to give an opinion as to the mutual relation in which the learned gentlemen will probably stand with respect to each other's abilities, if ever they meet together on the legislative platform. Here we must speak with rather more reserve; and walking, as we shall be obliged to do, in the twilight, must find our way with caution. We feel, on the whole, inclined to think, that in this case the before-mentioned disproportion between the learned gentlemen would be diminished, if not reversed. Though the opportunities for exhibiting "conduct" in its most literal sense, would remain after their transference into the House of Commons; yet they would be much rarer than before, and will seldom, if ever, require it to any thing like the same amount; whilst, on the other hand, that department of it which comprehends the suggestions of practical measures, and their enforcement through means of eloquent reasoning, will increase by the influx of such new and various matter as daily pours in on the legislature. Here Mr. Sheil could throw his whole strength into what before he could only partially and passionately allude to, and support the character of a more rigid rea-

soner than his faculties of *conduct* suggested to him, when the public mind did not require demonstration, but declamation, to sustain its precarious excitement. Here, therefore, he would have sufficient room to expatiate in, without treading over again his own footsteps, or being compelled to draw on the excesses of his imagination, or his enthusiasm, in order to throw an interest over exhausted topics. Doubtless, his colleague also will find ample space for his movements in a House of Commons; but the question is, will he not find too much of this space? Would not a smaller stage of thought be better proportioned to his powers? A nation is not too large for his practical talents, but will not his more purely intellectual ones lose somewhat of their dimensions in the theatre of St. Stephen's? It must never be lost sight of, that we are speaking comparatively; that we are treating of the abilities of these two individuals in respect to one another; and that in alluding to relative, we do not mean thereby to infer positive deficiency. As we have before said, there exists a sufficient analogy between the details of Catholic affairs, and those of general parliamentary business, to insure Mr. O'Connell's making a highly respectable appearance in the House; but it is now for us to decide whether he would there show that superiority over his colleague which he has hitherto exhibited. We are inclined to think he will not. With much industry and perseverance, much sagacity and astuteness, considerable powers of reasoning where the subject is small and specific, and the land-marks, as in his brief, plain and abundant, he is comparatively helpless and bewildered on a more wide and extensive field. In the one case he never wanders; in the other he frequently does; and travelling at random, when he would seek the point from which he had at first set out, he cannot retrace the way.

Here, now, we think Mr. Sheil has the advantage. Though, as we have before said, indisposed by temperament to abstract his ideas where human nature is not prominent, we think he is fully equal to that process where it is. The warmth of his genius contains strong expansive powers, and his speculative faculties enable him to direct his footsteps independently of the aid of those beacons without which Mr. O'Connell cannot advance. Those very functions of mind which availed the latter, and were rather detrimental to the former gentleman, in the transaction of Catholic affairs, would, we think, now produce contrary effects. The more near and tangible objects which lay under the eye and the hand, and of which Mr. O'Connell so ably availed himself, thereby excelling his colleague in the management of those affairs, are elsewhere comparatively few and scanty; at the same time also, that the habit of walking by sight has created in him an inability to walk by mind; whilst, on the other hand, the farsightedness of Mr. Sheil, which caused him to overlook, or see indistinctly, those matters which pressed too close on his vision, would now enable him to discover, in their due and plainly-defined proportions, what lay in the more remote vista of thought. To exemplify. Were Mr. O'Connell to bring in a bill for the regulation of Vestries, for instance, we are convinced that he would make as clear and luminous an exposition as could be made by any member in the House. Were he to rise in order to advocate a repeal of the Union, we think he would wholly fail. In the one, he would be placed, as it were, on a line with his course marked out; in the other,

on a surface with nothing to direct him. We think, also, that he could do no more than skim this surface, let his course be what it might. We think, that with full competency to sound the depths of the one subject, he would be wholly incompetent to fathom those of the other: we think, that whilst dilating on those consequences of the Union which are evident, he would not perceive those fundamental ones, which, though not so apparent, are infinitely more influential; nay, that from a deficiency in the faculties of abstraction, he would attribute effects to wrong causes, and, *vice versa*, connect matter with the question, which had with it no natural alliance, whilst at the same time he omitted that which was vitally united to it; we conceive, in fact, that he would take what we call a popular view of the subject, not a scientific one. Now, with respect to Mr. Sheil we have a different opinion. We think he would fail in discussing a small and practical question, such as the regulation of Vestries, whilst he would exhibit considerable ability on such a one as the Union. The first would hamper him down to a mechanical process of reasoning, if we may so speak, the which Mr. Sheil unfeignedly eschews. The ardency of his nature would not allow of his descending step by step, but would impel him to rush down a whole flight at once, which, with all due respect for Mr. Sheil's saltatory powers, would not be the way to treat the matter. The subject itself, also, would not interest him. It would be too near the ground, and its details too much of the nature of leading-strings, to be grateful to a mind jealous of any interference with its free movements, and proudly independent of any but its own free and unassisted resources. In a more open field of discussion, such as a repeal of the Union, these restrictions would not exist.

Such are our surmises with respect to the different displays which these two gentlemen would be likely to make in a British House of Commons. Here, as we have said, we would be inclined to yield by anticipation the palm to Mr. Sheil. The words of experience, however, are more to be trusted than those of prophecy. The former only require common judgment to dictate them, the latter inspiration; and although we would fain lay claim to the gift of the seer, we doubt if, in this age of scepticism, the demand would be confirmed: we ourselves also confess that we only see, as it were, through a glass darkly; and even were we assured of the truth of our testimony, we can write no miracle to prove it. The index of our favourable opinion, it is true, points, in this stage of the investigation, to Mr. Sheil; still, we are by no means so certain that he will exhibit the talent that we give him credit for, as we are that his colleague will evince that which we have attributed to him. Mr. Sheil may fail altogether, Mr. O'Connell cannot. The success of the one is problematical, that of the other determined; the former gentleman may occupy a lofty, or, by possibility, an humble position in public life; Mr. O'Connell cannot fill either, except as he is already exalted by the redemption of a nation. The highly-respectable medium of an able man of business he will never fall below; that he will not rise considerably above it, with respect to his parliamentary career, is, we think, about equally probable. Our opinion is, that he will generally hold that middle course, and of this we are far more certain than we are of Mr. Sheil's succeeding. Genius is less to be depended on than the steady temper of practical talent. * It is sometimes

intractable, difficult to be tamed, impatient of coercion, and it is only by the continued chastenings that it receives from a vigorous understanding, that its wilder impulses can be sufficiently restrained. We are certain Mr. Sheil is possessed of genius, we think he is also possessed of a controlling intellect, and that, now he has passed the meridian of youth, the latter has asserted its dominion. Let him take care, however, that it preserves it. Without meaning to join common cause with the Inutilitarians, we must grant that Mr. Sheil sometimes abuses, very much to his detriment, some of his best qualities. Mr. Sheil's mind is an original one, yet a violent struggle after originality is, we think, one of his besetting sins, and inclines many to doubt that he possesses what he appears so solicitous to lay claim to. The dread that Mr. Sheil feels of being common-place, leads him, when forced by circumstances into ordinary topics, to trick out the homely subject with words and expressions too ornate, too inflated, too much overlaid with gaudy words and gorgeous ornament, which cause satiety to anticipate conviction. Irony, sarcasm, ridicule, invective, apostrophe, metaphor, and trope, all crowd and shoulder one another, in brilliant miscellany, through his speeches, making a tumultuous and straggling attack on the mind of the hearer, until it is overpowered and exhausted by these constant and pungent appeals to its most sensitive faculties, rather than conquered or led captive. Other and more minute blemishes we might point out, but we have given sufficient to satisfy the scruples of criticism, and, as we hope, to warn him off those shoals on which he may make shipwreck of his reputation. We are fully aware of the inflammable nature of the subjects on which Mr. Sheil has hitherto been engaged, and of the urgent necessity there was of lighting up the public mind into a perception of its wrongs.

With respect to the style Mr. O'Connell adopts in his speeches, we have to make but few remarks. He does not aim at eloquence, and therefore is not obnoxious to rigid criticism, at the same time that the emotions of a sanguine temperament occasionally almost ripen into it, and in most of his speeches there is a continuous ebullition of volcanic energy, which if not attaining to oratory, has nevertheless the effect of rendering his hearers attentive, and keeping them up to the level of his own excitement. The multiplicity of his avocations, and the hurry of public life, prevent him imparting to his speeches even that finish which, under more favourable circumstances, he might be fully competent to. His language, therefore, is in general careless and slovenly, and his arguments frequently unconnected and inconsequential, yet not more so than the difficulties he labours under must warrant. Where some short time has been taken for preparation, a higher power is apparent. His speech on the Vestry Act, before alluded to, may, we think, be taken as a fair specimen of his more elaborate performances. We conceive it to be one of singular ability.

ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.

At the present period when the eyes of all Europe are turned toward Russia and Turkey, I imagine that descriptions of either countries cannot fail to be amusing; and as I have resided some time in both countries, a few anecdotes of the former may not be misplaced.

I was in Moscow in 1828, and attended the religious observance of the anniversary of the retreat of the French army from that city. The snow had fallen, and the prospect of a rigid winter was everywhere conspicuous; sledges had superseded the droskas, and the whole view, comprising the Sparrow Hills, looked cheerless and uncomfortable. At ten o'clock in the morning, the inhabitants of the city assembled near the Holy Gate* of the Kremlin; and here I awaited the procession, I may say, with considerable coolness. It was useless to pass the Gate, as every one so doing to enter the Kremlin must be uncovered. This act of veneration is traced by some as a commemoration of the miraculous delivery of the Kremlin from an invasion of the Tartars; others date the custom from the cessation of the last plague.† The procession began about half-past ten: it consisted of all the clergy of Moscow, and certainly was accompanied by almost all the lower class of the inhabitants. The riches of the churches were exhibited, and the dresses or decorations of the more advanced divines, were the most splendid I ever beheld; the lower class, comprising the curates, &c. walked uncovered, their long, flowing hair; hanging over their shoulders; the banners of the churches, the crucifix, the soldiers, and the populace, making a sight novel and imposing. This is a grand holiday for the Russians; the saints have an extra quantity of candles presented, and the image over the gate, (whose miraculous power, when Bonaparte attempted to destroy the Kremlin, interposed in so signal a manner, that the glass which covered the saint was unbroken,) has more prostrations on that day than all the year put together. The women were all in their best attire, and some, in spite of the little eyes, and those far apart, looked attractive and pretty. The Tartar, the Persian, the French, German, English, and Russian nations, mingled in the ceremony, and accompanied the procession round the walls of the Kremlin. It was a sight, mingled with the recollection of that famous retreat, that amply repaid the uneasy sensations of cold and fatigue.

That Moscow was burnt by the Russians themselves, no one can doubt; it was their mode of defence from the first moment of the invasion, and would, had it entirely succeeded in Moscow, in all probability have placed Napoleon under the protection of Alexander. Rostopchin was a very fit person to entrust with this commission: if the reports of the Russians of the present day are to be credited, he was not only a brave and a good general, but a man of considerable education. The following anecdote may be amusing, and contribute to show Rostopchin in his proper character. A young Frenchman, who was tutor in a Russian nobleman's family, and who had received the usual hospitable and generous treatment of the Russians, lampooned the father of the children under his care in a poem, called "Large Panse,"—the Russian being rather inclined to corpulency. The lampoon was well written, and wounded the pride of the writer's benefactor: it was soon

* Spaskoi.

† Conte de Laveau, page 54.

whispered over Moscow, and the Frenchman gladly received his passport; but on going out of Moscow, he was arrested and thrown into prison for two days: he was liberated at the expiration of that time, and received the following letter from Rostopchin:—

“ *Le 2^o Septembre, 1813.*

“ Je ne vous connais pas, et je ne veux pas vous connaître. Vous joignez à l'impudence Française, la belle vertu de mépriser le pays où on vous accorde follement l'hospitalité. Pourquoi avez vous choisi le métier de précepteur? est-ce pour corrompre la bêtise, et l'inexpérience? et qu'êtes vous vous même? Je connais votre mère, et c'est par égard pour son âge, que j'use l'indulgence avec vous. Votre poème, de ‘Large Panse,’ vous aurait ouvert les portes du Nord. Il faut que vous ayez un fond de vice pour vous honorer du nom de Français, synonyme de brigand. Pensez murement à vos actions, et si vous n'êtes pas plus circonspect à l'avenir, votre fin sera mauvais. Le généreux Alexandre livre quelquefois à la justice, les fidels serviteurs du Coquin Napoleon.”

There is a whimsical postscript to this letter, which the indelicacy of the language prohibits me from inserting.

All travellers have ridiculed the superstitions of the Russians, and not without reason.

A stranger, in passing through the Gostonoi-Dwn, will be struck by the appearance of the numerous merchants, and shopkeepers of the same calling, close together. In this respect, Moscow resembles Constantinople in its bazaars; and whoever has visited these two cities will be struck by the resemblance. Thus, the silversmiths are together; the shoe, or print bazaar, quite separate; and to each trade, from the sharp-sighted money-changer to the cheating vender of furs, a separate place is allotted. But of all thriving trades, god-making is one of the best. Shops, by hundreds, are filled with ready-made divinities; but in entering this shop, the Russian will select the one belonging to the master of the house, to which he makes his bow and his cross.

It requires some management to refrain from laughing at the absurd prostrations and crossings of all the fools of the town, at every daub at which a candle can be burnt. It is really difficult sometimes to pass the miraculous image before-mentioned, over the gate of the Kremlin, without stumbling over some old, besotted, bigoted woman, who, in spite of dirt and droskas, knocks her head, with unremitted sanctity, for an hour against the pavement. Often have I seen a long-bearded hypocrite offering some foolish girl a relic to kiss; while the poor deluded creature imagined the pious offering of a few copecs would insure the safety of a lover or parent from the heretic Turk. Every droska-driver crosses himself when he passes one of these public gods; and the merchant, before he drives himself to cheat you, most piously makes the sign of the cross. But this species of adoration is, of course, better seen in a church. Happy he who can get near an altar, or the carpet before it; this is sure salvation, and heads and tails make the most ridiculous motions. Old and young, men and women, greybeards and children, all *kotow* it to admiration. From these frequent prostrations, hasty travellers would conclude the Russian is sincere in his devotions. I know a young Englishman who had his pocket picked in the Casan Church in Petersburg, and the theft was committed by one who practised prostrations most earnestly. At the door of almost all Russian churches will be found a vender of candles, by which, to pious saints,

they make concessions. The candle-merchant invariably crosses himself the whole of the ceremony, excepting when he pockets the money for these holy offerings. A Russian's prayers seem to consist in two words, "Gospodi Pomelui!" "The Lord have mercy upon us!" and in the chapel at Galitzin's Hospital, near Moscow, this is sung with the most admirable effect. I do not remember in all my life to have heard voices that had such an effect upon me as in the above church. No music is allowed; and the singers are so well selected, that they generally sing in the four or five best notes of their voices, the bass being deep indeed, and the higher notes sung by boys. Every traveller has remarked this in the Emperor's chapel at Petersburg; but the preference is given, by good judges, in favour of Galitzin's Hospital.

We have heard from several late travellers in the North, that the Russian Government is famous for its toleration; and these travellers found their opinion upon the fact, that four or five churches of different religions are to be found in the Newski Perspectivé at Petersburg. As far as the fact of these churches existing, they are right; but in other respects they are decidedly wrong. A foreigner may worship God in what manner he likes; but a Russian cannot so easily change his religion.—At Moscow, in November last, I saw a man who had been kept in prison for eighteen months on a charge of heresy; he had never been tried, but had been kept in solitary confinement. We have heard from a late traveller that the Russians enjoy a Habeas Corpus act; but when one is personally acquainted with a man enjoying all the delights of solitary confinement for eighteen months, we are inclined, of course, to doubt the truth of the assertion.

In Moscow, also, all kinds of churches exist, and amongst these is a church, for it cannot be called a mosque, for Tartar worship. I attended on Friday; as they had no minah to call the pious at the hour of prayer, the Imaun mounted a wall, and stood in a tottering situation, exhorting the people with "Allah is God!—come to prayer, come to prayer. Prayer is to be preferred to sleep,"—in a loud and singing voice. On my approach, the door was opened; but as I did not seem inclined to relinquish my warm boots, on a day when the thermometer was at 10° below zero, a compromise was made, on condition that I would not spit upon the floor: to this I readily consented, and was provided with a bench in a quiet corner of the church.

On the entrance of a Tartar, he immediately relinquished his boots, and stood upon a carpet with his face towards Mecca; he then prostrated himself three times,—some continued this for about ten minutes; they then put their hands upon their eyes, and then the thumbs, with the hand extended to the tips of their ears; the hands were then held clasped in front of the body, and the silent devotion ensued. By the two former motions, I concluded they intended to shut out from the eyes and ears all worldly objects and sounds. Erect, and faced towards Mecca, they stood in silent devotion, which now and then was interrupted by a prostration, or a deep sigh. The Mullah, who had been silently employed, as well as the rest, after about half an hour's devotion, mounted a small elevated place, and delivered (leaning on a reed) a discourse, the upshot of which I did not clearly understand. But at the conclusion, when the priest called out "to Mecca," all the devout rushed towards the priest, and bowed, and repeated "Bis millah."

they ranged themselves in ranks like soldiers, and I saw the Imaun very busily employed in keeping the rear rank close to the front. After this they dispersed. They seemed, throughout, very devout worshippers; nor did they seem displeased at my attendance, but bowed to me on leaving the church.

I had often heard of the ceremonies of a Tartar funeral, and in all my travels in this world I never had been fortunate enough to see one. I now gave myself up to continual inquiries concerning the health of a very wealthy Tartar, whom I understood to be in a very precarious state. About a fortnight after my kind inquiries he died, and I determined to do him the honour to attend his funeral. He very nearly escaped my vigilance: but one day, as I was walking near the Gostonoi Dwn, I saw ten or twelve men running away with a large box, which was carried on poles. I soon found out that this was my friend, and away I ran by the side of the box along the Kremlin wall, to the bridge which crosses the Moskowa; here I found a droska, and very shortly afterwards I was in the line of these vehicles formed by the Tartars. As this was a man of some note, every man of that persuasion in Moscow was in attendance. The bearers were occasionally relieved, but they never stopped for this ceremony; they seemed determined to run him to earth as quickly as possible. The first halt we made was at the Tartar church above mentioned: here the coffin (if it can be called one) was placed on the Mecca side of the church, but outside of it, and the Tartars took up a pious but a wet situation on the ground in its rear. I endeavoured to get a better sight of the ceremony by advancing in front of the coffin, but my old friend the Imaun waved respectfully to me, intimating that I was not to stand between the corpse and Mecca. The priest said a short prayer in a hurried tone, when the bearers again seized the coffin and trotted it away to its final destination. The Tartars entered the church, and prayed in good earnest for about ten minutes. Then, on they came towards the Tartar burial-ground, on droskas, as before. The ground destined for this purpose is about four wersts from the city, to the northward of the Smolensko road; and for once in my life I was not asked for my passport in passing a Russian barrier.

The burial-ground commands a very fine view of Moscow and the surrounding country, and the day was particularly fine and clear. The grave was dug in the direction of Mecca, and braided at the bottom like a coffin. The Tartars having formed themselves in a semicircle in the rear of the Mullah and the Imaun, the corpse was taken from the box; it was wrapped in rich shawls, and perfumed with myrrh; it had been embalmed so well that no taint of corruption reached me. The body was very shortly uncovered to the last sheet, and was placed by the priest himself in the grave, with the feet towards Mecca. The priest then sat down in his former position, and the scene became uncommonly interesting. The droska-drivers occupied the left of the grave. My party, with a Russian butcher or two, with some little children, the right, and the Faithful the centre, each of whom, on the priest having placed the corpse, kissed some earth and threw it in the grave. A dead silence lasted about two minutes, which was broken by the priest, who, assisted by the Imaun, sung the prayers in a most discordant voice and a nasal intonation. The hands of all were then held as

if reading a book, the hands representing the book ; and the ceremony ended by the Tartars stroking each his face and beard.

The Russians, who make more salams to a candle, providing it lights some daub of a picture, than the Tartar does prostrations in good earnest, seemed not a little amused and attentive, but stood uncovered, and shook their long tallow-candle-like even-cut curls, which being assisted by the wind, gave a wildness to the scene, which I never before remember to have witnessed.

DODDRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

DODDRIDGE was one of those marked and foremost men that alone deserve to be remembered among posterity, and of whom details, apparently the most inconsiderable, are strictly matters of interest to all who delight in analysing the characters and tracing the conduct of men of superior powers. Of what advantage is it to contemplate the course of mediocrity, or study the effusions of those whose career and whose influence are scarcely distinguishable from thousands of their contemporaries—but to encourage indolence, foster prejudice, and obstruct the progress of intelligence? There is nothing exciting about such persons ; while the men, whose native energies, struggling into light, gave them priority and power among their equals, and commanded their esteem and admiration, infuse, by their example and success, fresh stimulus into a thousand generations. But then it is not enough to be told—here they were born, and there they were taught—this was their field of action, and those were their associates—such and such were their productions, composed under such circumstances and on such occasions ;—we desire to know the individual more intimately, more familiarly—in all his relations, at home and abroad, in the bosom of his family, and the intercourse of his friends, in his undress as well as his state-dress ; and wherever the means of communicating such information exist, it is surely a moral and sacred duty in the possessor to produce them fully and frankly. To act thus would indeed enlighten ; whereas, to conceal one half of the man is only to keep us in the dark, and deprive us of the real benefit to be gathered from the closer knowledge of such as, endowed with higher abilities, are destined by nature to advance the course of moral knowledge. In the case of Doddridge, materials exist in abundance, and, luckily, they have at length fallen into the hands of a man—a great-grandson of the author's—with sense and spirit enough to present them to the world *unmutilated*. They consist of a considerable mass of correspondence, the greater part written in his earlier days, before he was involved in his more serious and pressing engagements ; and a diary, descriptive not of daily and minute occurrences, but of the state of his private feelings, and the more striking incidents of his life. Why, it may be asked, have they been so long withheld? One reason probably was, the little value that was, till of late, set upon personal details by the public, and the consequent apprehension they would be welcome but to few ; and some scruple, moreover, was felt, lest the publication of such familiar matters might derogate from the dignity of the author, unduly contrast with the gravity of a personage like Doddridge, and exhibit him in a light scarcely becoming his theological character. But, thanks to the more liberal, or at least more inquisitive spirit of our times, original and personal documents are sought after with increasing ardour, and are prompted, we are disposed to think, by an unquenchable desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, relative to the great of by-gone days. It is one of the best signs of the intelligence of our times, that while profession and perhaps hypocrisy are more justly charge-

* The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D. &c. &c. Edited by his great-grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq.

able on society than ever they were, and more concealments are aimed at, discovery and exposure with respect to the past are almost universally pursued; a sort of passion urges numbers to strip off old disguises of all kinds, and get precisely at things as they were. This, in spite of all obstruction, will lead us inevitably to judge correctly of things as they are; the application of past experience to the analysis and estimate of the present, is irrepressible; and we thus shall at once instruct ourselves, and establish surer principles for the guidance of those who come after us.

The portion of Doddridge's correspondence now published is exclusively that of his youth, extending only to his twenty-seventh year, and containing little of the grave matters and graver discussions the reader might haply anticipate from so venerable a name. The topics are chiefly relative to matters of personal interest—to the course of his education—to the subjects of his lighter readings—the affairs of his friends—the state of his feelings and affections—his solitude in the obscure village he resides in, and the unlicked and unintelligent society his intercourse with the world is confined to. He was not yet in conflict with much of the important business of life. In a subsequent portion, we shall find him in correspondence with all the more influential of his own class, and with many of the distinguished personages of the day, appealed to as authority, and respected as a sage and a saint; but with this we have nothing at present to do. If the reader be disappointed by lack of incidents, or the absence of weighty topics, he will be amply repaid by the truth and nature that reign through the whole of his communications with his familiar friends. He writes with all the warmth and vivacity of youth; free from all affectation, and unrestrained by any mistrust. He has no misgivings, no apprehension of misconstruction, in the midst of what has occasionally an air of levity. Light-hearted and unsophisticated, he indulges his natural gaiety and turn for humour, and gives expression to the promptings of a playful fancy, in a tone of innocent badinage, that must be felt at once to be perfectly guileless. Mr. Humphreys has clipped away none of this exuberance; he is too wise a man to comply with the fastidious and sectarian admirers of Dr. Doddridge. "Should the gaiety of expression," says he, "conspicuous in much of the correspondence, be to any a source of offence, I wish them warmer hearts and sounder heads."

Doddridge was of the class of dissenters known by the name of Non-conformists, and advantageously distinguished from the dissidents of the day, usually termed dissenters. The ministers were men of a more learned cast, most of them of respectable family connexion, and of more liberal society—men whose ancestors had sacrificed interest to integrity, and themselves refusing to temporize from the same honourable motive. In this class Doddridge was born and bred; and piety and principle were among the first feelings excited and confirmed in him. His grandfather had been ejected from the living of Shepperton, by the Act of Uniformity, in 1662; and his father, a man engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, married the only daughter of a German, who had fled from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohemia, after the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, when to abjure or to emigrate were the only alternatives. The family connexion was thus on both sides of the same character, and he himself was, moreover, educated by Non-conformist ministers, at a period when the party narrowly escaped the fate of the Catholics. A bill had actually passed, forbidding the education of their children, and was only prevented from going into operation by the return of the Whigs to power on the accession of George the First. In the year 1712, then ten years of age, he was sent to Kingston-upon-Thames, to a school which had been kept by his mother's father, and which is by some mistake called the Grammar-school. While at this place, he attended the ministry of a Mr. Mayo, whose grandfather also had been ejected from the very living of this very Kingston-upon-Thames. To this gentleman's pious counsels he considered himself, in after-life, deeply indebted. About three years after he had been thus placed at

Kingston, he lost both his parents; and some expressions of resignation, written by him on that melancholy occasion, show how carefully his religious duties had been inculcated, and how habitually and easily religious thoughts rose in his young mind. By the persons under whose guardianship he fell on the death of his parents, he was removed to a school at St. Alban's, where he was also introduced to the notice and regard of Mr. Samuel Clark, the pastor of the Non-conformist congregation of the town, himself the son of an ejected minister of some distinction; and into this gentleman's church, according to the custom of those days and of the party, after due preparation, he was solemnly admitted a member, in his sixteenth year. While at this school, his piety and benevolence were early conspicuous; when only fourteen, though still mingling eagerly in the amusements of his age, he was, for the most part, quite a little man—methodizing his time, and keeping exact accounts of the disposal of it. He assisted his school-fellows, selecting those especially who he knew had not the same advantages as himself, and visited the neighbouring cottages, reading the bible to the inmates, and expending his pocket-money for the relief of their necessities.

At this period the desire of devoting himself to the "ministry" became the settled purpose of his soul, and he accordingly set himself—for he needed no prompting—to a more diligent study of Greek and Latin, wrote commentaries on a portion of scripture night and morning, and made abstracts of the sermons he heard, and occasional reflections on them. Scarcely, however, had he entered upon this course of preparation, when it was suddenly broken in upon by the failure of his guardian, in whose bankruptcy was involved, and utterly wrecked, the whole of the family property. In this ruin of his fortunes, he took refuge with his only sister, the wife of a non-conformist minister, at Hampstead, where his thoughts were necessarily turned towards the means of future subsistence. While thus in anxious suspense, the Duchess of Bedford, to whom his misfortunes became known through her steward, Doddridge's uncle, offered to place him at either of the Universities, if he would adopt the Church as his future profession. This offer, though coming at so tempting and critical a moment, he magnanimously declined on the ground of *subscription*, to which he already felt he could never bring himself to accede. The ministry, however, was still the first object of his wishes, and his hope of assistance for the accomplishment of it naturally rested upon the dissenters. An appeal was accordingly made to Dr. Edmund Calamy, the head of that body, and one who well knew the stock from which the youth sprang. From that gentleman, unhappily, he met with nothing but a cold repulse, and advice to turn his attention to something else. Mr. Humphreys speculates upon Calamy's motives for thus discouraging an ardent youth like Doddridge, and at last kindly, but gratuitously, concludes he must have been influenced by the delicate and frail appearance of his health;—he was tall and singularly slender, with a languid fulness of eye, and a mantling flush upon his cheek—the common heralds of early death. Checked thus in the attainment of his wishes, the law seemed his only source, and through the recommendation of a friend of the family, an advantageous proposal was made him in a solicitor's office, with which he was just on the point of closing, when he received a letter from Mr. Clark, of St. Alban's, with a frank offer, if he chose the ministry upon Christian principle, to take him under his own care. To Doddridge this generous offer was like a message from heaven, and he eagerly expressed his acceptance.

To this gentleman he accordingly hastened, and by him, at the end of a few months, was placed, in 1719, at an academy established at Kibworth, near Harborough, in Leicestershire—a leading place of education among Dissenters, ably conducted by Mr. John Jennings, a man of learning, piety, and candour. Here were nearly three years admirably spent in the steady and unflinching prosecution of his studies, under the friendly guidance of a man of no common attainments, in the simple society of his tutor's family, and a few fellow-students of the same class and the same views, apart from

all that could distract or corrupt. His incomparable friend Mr. Clark, though himself in the narrowest circumstances, undertook the discharge of his expenses, which, small as they were, was a matter of considerable difficulty, but cheerfully borne. The influence of his tutor now and then obtained him a guinea or two, for books, from dissenting societies and private friends; and occasionally came a trifle from Lady Jane Russell, who lived within a few miles of Kibworth, to whom at stated seasons he paid formal visits, and with whom, in after-life, he kept up a frequent and confidential intercourse by letters.

During his residence at Kibworth begins the correspondence now published, which is continued with one or other of his correspondents so uninterruptedly, that it presents a full account of his fortunes and course of life for ten years, the period of his final removal to Northampton, where he settled as the pastor of that congregation, and the principal of the dissenting academy. The correspondence from Kibworth is addressed chiefly to Mr. Clark, and a sister of that gentleman, and occasionally to his own sister, and two or three ladies, the friends of Mr. Clark or his own family, whom he usually styles his mamma or his aunt. The letters to Mr. Clark are descriptive of his studies and of his readings. His opinions of the books he was perusing, though at so early an age, are marked by the soundest judgment, but especially by that liberality of sentiment which characterised him through life, and which, indeed, distinguished most of the eminent men of his party, in his own age, and in that which immediately preceded. His letters to his sister are full, as occasion called forth his feelings, of affectionate sympathy, or playful complaint; while those which are addressed to his lady friends testify the warmth of his affections and the kindness of his nature, and exhibit him in the most amiable and attractive light, with a degree of gaiety and liveliness that seems never, in after-life, to have deserted him. Of this gaiety the reader shall have a specimen, and let no fastidious person turn up his or her nose—the evident *naïveté* may well excuse the apparent *brusquerie*. He is addressing the lady whom he calls Mamma, and whom he expects shortly to visit at Bethnal-green, and feeling a little perplexed on some points, asks her advice.

“ I never walked with a lady but I am frequently at a loss to know whether I ought to go before or after her. I think, according to the rules of nature and philosophy, a man should lead the way. But there is one terrible objection against this that I cannot surmount, and that is, that when a lady is going down-stairs, the petticoat, emphatically so called, may discover charms it was *perhaps* her intention to conceal; and I must frankly confess, that though I look upon good-breeding as a very valuable accomplishment, yet I consider modesty as a quality of more importance, so that, to answer my own question, I had rather transgress the laws of etiquette than encounter so seductive a temptation, which I blush to own I might not always resist with the philosophy of St. Augustine. In the next place, madam, I would seriously know how far kissing is in fashion, and whether, when a young man is just come out of the country, he is actually obliged to kiss all his female acquaintance, or whether that ceremony be confined only to the nearest relations, as mothers, aunts, and sisters.”

Connected with this is another epistle in the same style, addressed to a friend of the former lady, which friend he calls his Aunt.

“ Your rules of behaviour are certainly very judicious. But the business of kissing wants a little farther explanation. You tell me, the ladies have resigned their claim to formal kisses at the beginning and end of visits. But I suppose they still allow of *extemporary* kissing; which you know a man may be led into by a thousand circumstances which he does not foresee. I cannot persuade myself that this pretty amusement is entirely banished out of the polite world, because, as the apostle says in another case, even nature itself teaches it. I would not for the world be so unmannerly as to ask my aunt, whether she has not been kissed within this fortnight; but I hope I may rely on her advice, and that she will not deceive me in a matter of such vast importance. For my own part, I can safely say, I look upon this, as well as the other enjoyments of life, with a becoming moderation and indifference. Perhaps, madam, I could give you such instances of my abstinence

as would make your hair stand on end ! I will assure you, aunt, which is a most amazing thing, I have not kissed a woman since Monday, July 10th, 1721, about twelve o'clock at night ; and yet I have had strong temptations both from within and from without. I have just been drinking tea with a very pretty lady, who is about my own age. Her temper and conversation are perfectly agreeable to mine, and we have had her in the house about five weeks. My own conscience upbraids me with a neglect of a thousand precious opportunities that may never return. But then I consider, that it may be a prejudice to my future usefulness, and help me into farther irregularities (not to say, that she has never discovered any inclination of that nature), and so I refrain. But to-morrow I am to wait upon her to a village about a mile and a half from Kibworth, and I am sensible it will be a trying time. However, I shall endeavour to fortify my mind against the temptations of the way by a very careful perusal of your letter, and my mamma's of the 31st of October."

Here is another specimen, in a style of compliment little to be expected from a raw lad under twenty, bred up in absolute seclusion, in a remote village, and in the absence of all courtly society :

" You see, madam, I treat you with rustic simplicity, and perhaps talk more like an uncle than a nephew. But I think it is a necessary truth, that ought not to be concealed, because it may possibly disoblige. In short, madam, I will tell you roundly, that if a lady of your character cannot bear to hear a word in her own commendation, she must rather resolve to go out of the world, or not attend to any thing that is said in it. And if you are determined to indulge this unaccountable humour, depend upon it, that with a thousand excellent qualities and agreeable accomplishments, you will be one of the most unhappy creatures in the world. I assure you, madam, you will meet with affliction every day of your life. You frown, when a home-bred, unthinking boy tells you that he is extremely entertained with your letters. Surely you are in a downright rage, whenever you converse with gentlemen of refined taste and solid judgment ; for I am sure, let them be ever so much upon their guard, they cannot forbear tormenting you about an agreeable person, a fine air, a sparkling wit, steady prudence, and unaffected piety, and a thousand other things, that I am afraid to name, although even I can dimly perceive them ; or if they have so much humility as not to talk of them to your face, you will be sure to hear of them at second hand. Poor aunt ! I profess I pity you ; and if I did but know any one circumstance of your character that was a little defective, I would be sure to expatiate upon it out of pure good-nature."

With all this gaiety, which some will term levity, he was not only assiduous in the pursuits of learning, but zealous in the cultivation of his moral qualities, and the practice of his religious duties. The rules which he laid down for his own guidance, while a student, have all the self-severity of the stoic, and the rational humility of the Christian.

Doddridge was now in his twentieth year, when his tutor removed to Hinckley, whither he accompanied him. Within a week or two, he was prevailed upon by Mr. Jennings to make his appearance in the pulpit of a friend of his at Nuneaton. In a letter to his sister, he speaks of it in these terms :

" I preached my first sermon on Sunday morning, to a very large auditory, from 1 Cor. xvi. 22. It was a plain, practical discourse, and cost me but a few hours' study ; but as I had the advantage of a very moving subject, and a good-natured, attentive people, it was received much better than I could have expected. There was one good old woman, that was a little offended to see such a lad get up into the pulpit ; but I had the good fortune to please her so well, that as soon as I had done, she told Mrs. Jennings, that she could lay me in her bosom."

Though preaching now almost every week, and sometimes oftener, he still continued for some months with his old tutor, to complete what was termed the theological course ; and such was the reception his animated style of preaching met with, that he was quickly invited to so important a post as Coventry, and declined it only to avoid some probable conflict or jealousy with older men. In the mean while, Kibworth had had no regular minister since Jennings left it. Doddridge had often filled the pulpit, and the little society were earnest to have him settled among them. Thirty, or five-and-thirty pounds was the utmost they could raise ; but to this place Doddridge

finally resolved to go, partly as a place where he might uninterruptedly prosecute his studies, and partly to gain time to qualify for a more intelligent or fastidious congregation. His correspondence, much of it to the same parties, still takes the same light and bantering tone. Addressing a lady just married—"a very agreeable lady who was once—Mrs. Rebecca Roberts," and soliciting excuse for his neglect of her "charming and edifying letter," he proceeds:—

"As I throw myself at your fair feet with tears of penitence, let me entreat you to raise me with the hand of gentleness, and bestow upon me a kiss of forgiveness; and thus show that you are the kindest, as well as the fairest of your sex; and (by graciously restoring me to that place in your favour which I had most ungraciously forfeited) make me the happiest, though I have been the most unworthy of my own. You see this is an altitude of rapture far above my common strain of writing; but you will remember, madam, that it is the greatness of my concern that has thus elevated and transported me.

"To talk a little more seriously, you cannot imagine how I have been taken up these three last guilty months. I never had so much business in my life—and I am still in such haste, that I know not how to express it but by blots and blunders. I have frequently been on horseback three days in a week, and have had the important business of two Societies and three mistresses upon my hands at the same time. This is as good an excuse as so bad a cause will admit of. But I believe, upon second thoughts, that I need not concern myself about an excuse; for, I assume, on a moderate computation, it is about fifty to one, that you have never thought of me since you wrote the superscription to my letter; for I perceive you are just entering upon the holy state of wedlock, and I know that is enough to swallow up all other thoughts. Well, good, dear madam, send me word in your next, how, and where, and when you were married, and whether you are still the same gay, good-natured creature as you were when you were a maid—of Bethnal-green. I profess I am almost sorry to think, that one of our sex is to be made happy in your possession, and a thousand miserable in your loss. I heartily wish I were a poet, as I would then have sent you a most glorious epithalamium; but, however, as I am a minister, a more honourable, though not a more profitable employment, I intend, in my next, to give a most accurate and useful discourse relating to the conjugal duties, for which I shall expect your thanks, and a pair of kid gloves from your husband.

"One great piece of news I have to tell you, and then I must finish my letter. I am going to settle at Kibworth, in the place of my worthy tutor, and a worthy successor he will have. I am to live in a little village in the neighbourhood, where I shall have a charming girl in the house with me, and not another within half a score miles. If I mistake not, my philosophy will be in danger, for she is really an incomparable creature."

At Kibworth, or rather at Stretton, a village just by, he describes his situation to one of his female correspondents in these lively terms:—

"You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine, and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine harbour under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green-sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun; when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy that I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.

"The master and mistress of the family, where I board, are very good, plain sort of people; but his politeness extends no farther than the team and the plough, nor hers than the poultry or the dairy; and they are so much taken up with these important affairs, that your poor friend has but little of their company. I swear by the Heart of my Mistress, which is the supreme oath, that I am very frequently alone twenty-one hours in the twenty-four; and sometimes breakfast, dine, and sup by myself. I cannot say that this hermetic life, as multitudes would call it, is very agreeable to my natural temper, which inclines me to society. I am, therefore, necessarily obliged to study hard; and, if it were not for that resource, my life would be a burden. You cannot imagine how I long for the enjoyment of my friend Clio, who is in my thoughts a thousand times a day: and so far from burning her letters, which she was once so barbarous as to intimate, I read them oftener than ever."

In a few months he left this farmer's, and took up his residence at the house of another farmer of a somewhat higher cast, whose daughter he had known at Mr. Jennings's, and of whom he often speaks as his "pretty pupil." The consequence of this proximity was inevitable with a youth of Doddridge's warm and imaginative temperament: he became quickly, devotedly attached; but the young lady, though confessing a mutual flame, was somewhat capricious, and seems at times to have harassed her admirer and shaken his equanimity—now accepting and now refusing—not understanding *why* she should marry Doddridge without a competent provision, when she could marry another *with*. Doddridge had nothing but his 30*l.* and she nothing but expectancies, which, though considerable, were remote. The friends of the lady, never very favourable to the match, suffered the affair to go on, and of course, though nothing could alienate his mind from the duties of his profession, or scarcely check the severity of his studies, she occupied much of his thoughts, and his attentions to her subjected him to remark. No indiscretions followed, as apparently in our days, with the same opportunities, would in nine cases out of ten inevitably have done—so relaxed are the springs of good morals among us, proved by the greater precautions we now take, and the smile of incredulity that would be raised by the contrary supposition.

In the mean while he had numerous invitations, or *calls*, from different quarters, and some of them of great importance in the Non-conformist world—Nottingham, Coventry again, and even London; but all were declined; some because he was required to *subscribe*. Speaking of the London call, he says, "Considering the temper of the people, I thought it very probable that I should have been required to subscribe, which I was resolved never to do; for as I had been accustomed, under my dear tutor, to that latitude of expression which the scriptures indulge and recommend, I could not resolve upon tying myself up in trammels, and obliging myself to talk in the phrases of the Assembly's Catechism, which Mr. Some told me would have been necessary there." In this matter of subscription there is some inconsistency, which we cannot readily reconcile. He refused the Duchess of Bedford's offers because he could not matriculate without subscription, but that was to the whole thirty-nine. The subscription required from dissenting ministers was to the doctrinal articles, with which he now resolves to have nothing to do; and yet we find, when he began to preach in the neighbourhood of Hinckley, he did subscribe at Leicester—Mr. Humphreys adds in a note, he could not safely preach without. We must conclude either the enforcing of the law at this time was relaxed, or Doddridge was grown firmer.

The correspondence which belongs to this period, though containing much that is of a graver cast, and some that are argumentative on points of doctrine and criticism, is, for the most part, of the same light and sportive character. It is no part of our present purpose to notice what may be regarded by some of more importance. The next fasciculus, which will be published in the coming season, will comprise the more weighty part, and also the Diary, when ample opportunities will be afforded us of presenting this excellent, liberal-minded person in the light which his admirers (some of them at least) probably think he ought only to have appeared in. That is not our opinion.

We like him the better for his *humanity*. Things as they are, is our motto, and away with disguises. Saturnine must be the complexion that does not smile at the specimen of the mock-pathetic, in vol. i. p. 405.

The connexion with Miss Kitty, which occupied so large a portion of his thoughts, and fills so many of his letters, was suddenly broken off; an event thus communicated to his brother-in-law:—"Restoration, peace, and liberty! These few lines come to let you know that I am well; and that I lost my mistress yesterday, about twenty minutes after four in the afternoon, and am, &c." The young lady had, it seems, been imperative, and insisted on his breaking off all connexion with Mrs. Jennings, his tutor's widow, of whom she appears to have been vehemently jealous. Devoted as he was to Miss Kitty, he peremptorily rejected the imperious condition, and moralizes thus on the subject to his friend Mr. Clark:—"And now, Sir, I have seriously to look back upon an *amour* (this was written in 1726, the reader will take the word as it was then used) of about twenty-eight months, and I find that, at the expense of a great many anxious days and restless nights, fond transports, passionate expostulations, weak submissions, and a long train of other extravagancies, which I should be ready to call impertinent, if they were not too injurious to admit of so soft a name, I have only purchased a more lively conviction that *all is vanity!*"

Doddridge now resided with Mrs. Jennings and her daughter at Harborough; the latter a beautiful girl, but quite a child, to whom, however, insensibly, and in despite of her childishness, he became warmly attached, and would willingly have married her; but this act of imprudence was prevented by her finally fixing her affections on a pupil of Doddridge's. This was Mr. Aikin; and the young lady was afterwards the mother of Mrs. Barbauld. Among the letters written during his residence with Mrs. Jennings, none are more remarkable than his expostulatory one to little Miss, and two, of a retaliatory kind, to the mother, and a sister or cousin of hers, who lived in the same house. We cannot quote all. Miss Jennings, whom he had at first fondled as a child, began quickly to perceive, with all her sex's instinct, her power over him, and treated him capriciously. In his letter, he urges her to be either always kind and obliging, or always negligent and rude; but though managed adroitly enough, it will not compete with either of the letters to the elder ladies, both of whom, it seems, had taken upon them to read him (he was now not four-and-twenty) a matronly lecture, and probably expected nothing less than such a retort; but Doddridge never forgot his official and professional privileges. After admitting the kindness of Mrs. Jennings's remarks upon his conduct, acknowledging the justice of some, and attributing the rest to mistake, he reminds her, that at the time he had hinted, there was even in *her* behaviour what might bear amendment, but which he now tells her he forbore from urging, because he felt he was not master of his temper. Precluding thus, he proceeds to remark upon some pettish and morose answers to things said without any design of affronting her; some perverse moments in which she was prone to contradict those with whom she was displeased; her too great severity in censuring the faults of those she loved; her prejudices in favour of her own notions, &c. His letter to Mrs. Wingate is in the same tone; judiciously fencing first against her wrath, and afterwards reckoning up her little foibles. (vol. ii. pp. 249. 252.)

As he grows older, Doddridge's talents and acquirements become more known, and everywhere acknowledged; his friends multiply; he is engaged in correspondence more connected with his profession and the business of life; and the *young* man gradually disappears, but never the hilarity and the amiableness of his nature. The volumes conclude with his removal to Northampton, the scene of all his after-celebrity

ART AND ARTISTS :—SECOND CONVERSATION.

“ Why should not the same latitude be given in sculpture as in painting? The would-be critics attack poor Thoms’ figures from Tam O’Shanter as if they were embodied sins; and, on the other hand, they are praised too extravagantly by his friends. The self-taught artist has aimed well, and deserves every possible encouragement; not so much for what he has done, as for the door he has opened into a new walk of art.”

“ This is constantly the case with the public; ever in extremes, though not always in the wrong. Some of the R. A. gentlemen will have it that it is sacrilege, or worse, to attempt any thing in sculpture which has not been done before; all things, in short, but what they are pleased to term “classical.” Nature is to be excluded from the chisel, because the ideal is its proper sphere; *why*, they do not condescend to tell us. He who goes out of the beaten track, they look upon as Lord Eldon does upon the Catholic Bill. To dare any thing new is a crime,—But what dictum is to bind human invention? Through what barrier will not genius force its way?”

“ What cabals in opinion prevail among artists! There are some clever men among them, who insist, that an artist going to Rome for purposes of study, flings away his time!”

“ Ay, and they mark his name with a sneer, as if he had been guilty of some fearful enormity. Surely, an artist must acquire some useful knowledge there, if that knowledge be but little—he must bring away something.”

“ Something!—a thousand things, my friend. Italy was once the centre of art; it radiated from her over the universe. They who condemn our young artists for studying there, are more than common blockheads. As far as respects Thoms, he deserves every encouragement; he has walked out into art boldly. There is no reason why we should not have a Hogarth in sculpture, as well as in the sister art; at least, as much so as the difference of material in the artist’s hand will allow. It is the difficulty of the expression, in which Thoms has so well succeeded, which makes the regular craft cry down this style of sculpture:—expression is a sad puzzler to our modern hewers of marble.”

“ If tragedy is expressed in the Laocoon, why should not rich comedy be chiselled in marble? I cannot imagine what loophole our opponents on this question can find to creep out at.”

“ I have no patience with your everlasting copiers of preceding examples. Nature holds out an inexhaustible variety, yet we are told she must not be imitated. I am decidedly of opinion, that most of our sculptors err in the imaginative and inventive faculty. See how much Turner does with it in his inimitable works.”

“ But then every artist must be more or less a poet.”

“ He is so, if he be worth any thing at all—at least, in those loftier branches of the art by which the inventive faculty is exercised. I do not mean that such an one is capable of embodying his ideas in language, but that he possesses, to a certain extent, a poet’s fancy. It is of little consequence in a portrait-painter, because he is more of a copyist than the artist who revels in fiction, paints history, or combines landscape.”

"It is singular, that the homely and oftentimes humorous scenes of Wilkie's pictures, should be so much and deservedly relished, and works of the same class in sculpture be censured. A cobbler in stone is, if any thing, more a natural man than one on canvass, at least to the eye. Why such a statue is not equally in keeping with propriety, after the notions of some people, it is impossible to understand."

"Because they will not be reasonable, and suffer prejudice and received opinion to have the upper hand. Venus, Hebe, and Apollo, are discarded in modern poetry, but multiplied as if they were our own deities in present sculpture. Our marble workers want the lesson which Coleridge says his sensible schoolmaster gave him, when, while yet a boy, he rode the hobby of 'Muse,' 'Pegasus,' and 'Pierian spring,' in his verses."

"What was that?"

"Why the pedagogue used to stop him thus, 'Harp, harp, lyre? pen and ink, boy, you mean!—Muse, boy, muse? Your Muse's daughter, you mean!—Pierian spring? oh, ay! the cloister pump, I suppose!'"

"An excellent illustration—the ancients have left specimens of their deities, which we may copy for practice-sake, but can never hope to rival. The truth is, they felt the holiness with which these wonderful works were endowed, by education and early habit. No modern artist can feel in a similar way, and his imitations of them are hopeless of a like renown. Are we, moreover, to have imitations eternally crammed down our throats, because they are styled 'classical,' while the universe around is to be considered beneath the heaven-inspired chisels of 1829, which no gods but those of Greece and Rome are worthy to sanctify?"

"Reason forbid!—Hail! then, Thoms. Hail, thrice hail, every genius that strikes out its path, daring and alone, and augments the interest and variety of art. Thoms wants a knowledge of the details of the human figure, which it is to be hoped he will study with unwearied attention. If he will do this, and join to it his talent for expression, his name, strange as it sounds, will be a great one:—this I venture to predicate, despite of all cavillers."

"In the ideal we shall never rival the ancients. The exquisite fables of Greece were a sort of religious creed, and partook so largely and richly of "sky-tinctured" grain and "colours dipped in Heaven," of perfect form and matchless outline, when embodied in art by the skill that was ever revelling amidst them, that they cannot be surpassed in their own surpassing domain of imaginative beauty. Their deities were concentrations of the perfection of human beauty united in one inimitable whole; beauty was in all around them, in their dwellings, in their domestic implements, in their glorious climate; and, so situated, their ideas must have harmonized from infancy with the most perfect things of imagination and reality. Is this the case with British artists and Grecian subjects? Female loveliness, disfigured in dress, we have; a bad climate, Gothic predilections, and prejudices at war with every species of excellence:—still we are to excel the ancients in their own line of subjects in art!"

"Preposterous! We are an imitative, not an inventive people. We often think a new invention a sort of heinous sin. In art, as in science, he who goes out of the common way, however meritorious his attempts,

is always looked upon at first with suspicion, by those who pretend to connoisseurship."

"Amateurs without love, connoisseurs without taste, abound every where. In England, fashion is the patron art, and endless are her absurdities. Some of her collectors will have only the drawings or pictures of a single artist, others will have any one kind of subject got together at great trouble and expense. It is true, there is encouragement by this means given to artists, as it opens a market for their works, but it does not the less declare against the true love and genuine discrimination of those who imagine themselves patrons—it does not increase the aggregate quantity of the national taste."

"Patrons after a fashion, like the British Institution; voluble in their own praises, full of pretence and assumption, but 'empty, and void, and waste,' in reality."

"Where is the new Academy to be built?"

"Charing-cross has been named, but it is said there are yet no funds in the hands of Government disposable for the purpose; this exemplifies the old adage, 'great cry and little wool.' I fear it will come to nothing. I respect the Academy, though I dislike it in some things. It has done much for art in the way of instruction."

"It is too much of a political thing. Art, and all connected with it, should be free as air. All those bodies which are immediately founded and supposed to exist upon royal privilege, become things of party, and are ever subservient to the powers that be, tainted with courtiership. Though the Academy is not what it should be, we are indebted to it, still, for many benefits. I cannot forget Barry's exclusion."

"I agree with you: most assuredly there is a blight upon our Royal establishments, as they are called. This arises from their never being kept to the objects for which they were founded. Men of title, without a grain of scientific knowledge, must have F.R.S. after their names. The Royal Society of Literature, which was going to 'fix a standard for the English language,' has God knows who on the obscure lists of its obscure labours. Such things existing, prove that bodies organized to guide public opinion, and enlarge the bounds of science, fail of their end; and it is much the same thing in art:—though, in justice to the Academy, it is far above all these in the promotion of the objects for which it was founded—an artist must be able to use his pencil to be a member."

"That must be a curious picture which has been found in the Netherlands, said to be by the younger Teniers—a dandy-dressed portrait of himself. It is a curiosity, at least, and shows the artist's power. I wonder if Segnier will tell my Lord Farnborough to recommend his Majesty, or the British Institution, to purchase it. It will look well by the job Parmegiano, and do miracles in promoting the objects of the Institution."

"What objects?"

"Why, the encouragement of historic art, to be sure, which was the avowed end of the establishment, as it was beyond the power of individuals to aid art in a manner worthy so great an object. What numerous altar-pieces have they not purchased for the new churches! What sums have they not given to artists who have consumed time, and labour, and life, in historic art! How munificent have they not been in

tions that remain, and say by what motive they were got together but ostentation or fashion. And after all, they are the proofs of *individual*, not of *national* feeling, of which I now immediately speak."

"Surely you do not imagine that the people of any Italian state showed a feeling for art, even when Italy was at the summit of her greatness in the fine arts, beyond our own countrymen?"

"I do not mean to say the people generally of any Italian state were judges of art in the severe sense, but I mean to affirm that they loved it, and had taste enough to distinguish beauty from deformity; they felt the glory of what was executed among them, as it elevated the national character. They would never have tolerated the things we see in the north, nor preferred the forms of Teniers to those of Titian. The Moses of Michel Angelo could not be relished or understood by an English crowd of gazers; an Italian crowd even now-a-days would see its design, and feel its greatness in a moment."

"I cannot deny that. I was much struck when that clever work of Chantrey, the statue of the King, was put up at Brighton,—or rather, when the covering was taken off, and it was exposed to public view,—to hear the remarks of the multitude upon it. One could only see a great man; another said it was too large for the King; a third censured the folly of giving a man a green face; and a fourth said it was to be hoped his Majesty would not take cold. I heard not a single observation upon the statue as a work of art; it was deemed by all present, I fully believe, not a whit different from a figure upon a tea-pot, a neat ornament enough for a grass-plot. No one felt or imagined its real defects or excellences, or dreamed that it had cost more pains to execute than a piece of pottery, or the figure-head of a merchant-vessel; yet this I deem one of that excellent artist's best productions."

"It appears to me that good artists may be denizens of any climate: shall heaven-gifted genius be limited by a few degrees of the thermometer?—impossible! With entire countries, however, and with national taste, it is another question. It is in the South only that nations are sensible to the fine and subtle impressions which in the North are felt only by a few isolated individuals."

"It is astonishing how few who profess art love it for its own sake; and without this love no great design will be achieved. He who paints a picture 'to order,' may paint it well, but there is every reason to believe it will be wanting in that spirit which the soul of the artist who lives alone for his art can infuse into it. Of all our living artists, I think Northcote has the truest affection for his art as an art. He would paint pictures if there were no such thing as money to be obtained for them; and this is saying a great deal now-a-days."

"I agree with you—though reputed not to despise money, Northcote is a true lover of his art, he would pursue no other calling, were he to begin life again. He loves to encourage rising talent, and has no exclusive feeling about him where art is concerned. He sends his pictures to the Suffolk Gallery as well as to the Academy. He has the true republican spirit of art about him."

"What a profligate waste of money is Nash occasioning about the new palace! they tell me that a little triumphal arch of white marble is to complete the unmatched *coup-d'œil* before the new St. James's Palace, as it is called. White marble of Carrara in St. James's Park,

ornamented with sculpture! Why it will be black marble in six months after it is completed, and will require a superintendent scourer, with his assistants, on the palace establishment, to keep it clean. Then the sulphurous atmosphere will soon eat off the sharpness of the ornaments."

"It will last until Mr. Nash gets his per-centage allowed, and this will be long enough for him and his jobs. Who but 'twice double' idiots, as Mr. Adolphus has it, would have allowed the buildings at Hyde Park Corner to be erected of soft stone. Fifty years passed, and all the chisel will have disappeared. Aberdeen granite, with the simple Doric, is the only external material for similar national works in our climate. It seems as if those who should superintend these matters knew nothing about them. A very 'pretty immortality'* will attach to the labours of friends Burton and Co. at Hyde Park Corner!"

"The question is this, 'Do the managers of our public works design them to exist beyond a life-hold lease or not?'—if they do not, and to this opinion I confess I opine, it is well; if they do design that their grandchildren shall see them, then, as old Vinegar Gibbs, I think, said so happily of Sir Richard Phillips, they are the greatest idiots that ever walked the earth without a keeper."

"Their friends say in justification, that they have kept them down as much as possible, to render them as fragile as the new palace; but unluckily there are no materials for the dry-rot in them, and they will have a comparative immortality to the temple of Solomon Nash. The designs are very pretty, and do credit to the architects; would that the same could be said of the materials of which they are built."

"There is an excellent idea afloat respecting the frail nature of our public works, and in justification of their early decay; namely, that rapid destruction requires frequent restoration; and that by this means many workmen and artificers find employment."

"Excellent logic! So sterile are the brains of our projectors, that they can find nothing new to be done, and therefore erect weak buildings that they may pull down to build up again."

"Just so. The arch at Hyde Park Corner, done in granite, would last a thousand years; but that stone is hard to cut, and something new would be to be done by and by, instead of restoring it, had it been erected of that material. Let posterity take care of itself, and tax its ingenuity; ours is exhausted, it seems."

"What is posterity to us? Let it take care of itself, we shall leave it a thousand millions of national debt: a tumble-down edifice or two will make little difference, in our reckoning, with it!"

"Ambition in art seems extinguished among those to whom the construction of public edifices is confided: the object at present is to make as much money as possible, no matter how; architects will even turn gardeners for five per cent. upon plantation improvements, or any thing else. Perhaps they are not so much to blame as those who allow them to profit thus from the public money."

"Enough of this subject, 'an' thou lovest me.' Have you seen Howard's, 'Illustrations of Shakespeare?' a very meritorious little work, the idea borrowed from Retch. The designs vary considerably in me-

**Mark of Napoleon to Denon, who called a picture, that with care might last five hundred years, an "immortal work."*

rit, but they are well worthy of patronage. His idea of Falstaff is most correct, and in many respects novel, but perfectly consistent with Shakespeare's text. In two years and a half this artist has executed two hundred and eighty-four plates; he merits the praise of exemplary diligence, as well as ingenuity."

"Yes, but I am told his drawings are contrary to *règle*:—that all outlines, except Flaxman's from the antique, are not tolerated by certain self-willed, opinionated persons. Martin's magnificent conceptions are all false taste, contrary to *règle*! He who snatches a 'grace beyond the reach of art,' must be put down. The jog-trot of the old schools must be followed. An artist may delight the eye, and give a moral lesson on his canvass, provided he does not innovate upon established rules."

"And thus the arts be brought to a stand still, and the boundless range of genius be cramped and cribbed within limits assigned to it by an assemblage of line-and-rule critics—'stop-watch' men, as Sterne would style them."

"Exactly so. Fellows born with only one idea, and that an oblique one."

"It was once a law, that all pictures should be black in the foreground, to exhibit the perspective to advantage. Now, from watching Nature, we find that the fore-ground may be light, and a distant hill be dark as it can be made; this was considered by many a sad innovation on rule. Like Kneller, some of these gentry would amend nature, and perfect the human frame after their own notions, were it possible."

"Let such be still of the school of a century ago, when English art was led by them, and the humanity of Nature was imitated so abominably. They cannot do much harm, and their nobility will soon be extinct."

"We ought to have a grand gallery of British art in the metropolis, that what has and can be done by our artists, might be shown to the world, and particularly to the foreigner. He will hardly concede us a school of painting; and yet in some branches of the art it would puzzle him to rival us."

"In portrait and in landscape we are alone, and above all rivalry. I would we could say as much of some other departments of the art."

"We might, if the taste of the public led to their encouragement. There is, to me, a stand-still in the general mind at present, as to every thing intellectual. The public seem to crave excitement by fits; nor is it very delicate as to the food, provided it is fed. Like the boa-constrictor, it must be gorged to apathy, and then it lies passive for a time. There is no steadiness in its demand for intellectual gratification of any kind."

"Smirke has completed the new Post Office, I see; what think you of the edifice?"

"It is a good substantial building, of the character suited to our climate, which that architect studies with infinitely more propriety than many others of his profession. They accuse him, as they once did Vanbrugh, of being too heavy in his designs. This I deny. Covent-Garden has been censured in this respect, and the censure may be just, as far as the purpose or end of the building is considered, but, as an edifice *per se*, it merits great praise. Our climate demands that all pub-

lic buildings should be solid and durable. Light works and rich ornaments are soon dilapidated in our corroding atmosphere."

"Will they break through St. Paul's Church-yard, and throw open the cathedral, or is the design abandoned? It is a most desirable thing that there should be one point of view whence St. Paul's might be seen to advantage. What a noble display does the church of St. Martin make at Charing-cross. One half of the population of London did not know there was such a noble portico in existence."

"From the College of Physicians, the view, being in oblique front, is admirable. I think it would puzzle the builders of the new churches to point out a parallel edifice among their late erections."

"It is to be regretted that the opportunity, afforded in the new churches has been thrown away. The sums expended have been heavy, but not one in ten will bear examination. Then the principle of orthodoxy, which demands steeples over Grecian pediments, is a most unbending one. A campanile would answer every purpose, and a single bell would be amply sufficient. What a barbarism are bells in crowded cities to the sick and studious! In the country, they are pleasant, and disturb no one; but the resident near a church in a great city, suffers positive martyrdom of the ears from them. I shall be accused of disaffection to all established religion, I know, for this remark; but I must endure it—they are intolerable nuisances."

"Relics of monkish superstition, associating agreeably only with the country, and like the tower that contains them, peering among deep woods, becoming charming associations with rural life. In cities, they ought to be put down, I fully agree with you. The church-going bell of the country—

Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar—

I would not yield up for worlds. It is a recollection that is now part of my existence. I fear, however, that our ears must be broken by them, and our houses shaken, until men, dropping prejudices, make religion a thing that depends less upon external things, and more a question of the heart."

"I wonder we have no church built on the Rotunda or Pantheon plan. We have not one, I believe, in England; but I suppose the board of new church-builders would not admit it. The form would be novel here, and an innovation. I know no design more noble; the grand dome over head, and the lights from above, ensuring tranquillity. The absence of windows low in the sides would, if needful, admit galleries that might be made highly ornamental. In Catholic countries they are often found."

"Yes; but in England they would trench upon established usage. Every thing in religion must be done as near as possible to harmonize with the times and notions of the 'most high and mighty Prince James.' There are so many men of true taste among our clergy, I wonder they do not interfere, and let us have some little variety in our Christian temples."

[Here we are necessitated to break off abruptly.—This "conversation" shall be concluded in our next.]

THE BURIAL OF COLUMBUS.*

It was no kingly pall—
 No purple and gold, like an evening cloud,
 On which the sun hath in glory bow'd,
 Bow'd from his jewell'd hall;
 But the banner and bending plume,
 The censer and rich perfume,
 Were of that One, whose high renown
 Were foully changed for a throne and crown.

Trial and toil were o'er;
 Anguish and Hate, and the withering scowl
 Of hot-tongued Malice, and Anger's howl,
 Were still as the Dead Sea shore—
 O Fame! this was thy victor hour,
 Earn'd not by spear or arm of power,
 Nor bloody wreath, nor crimson brand—
 Curses and glory, hand in hand.

Unfold the page of Time!
 And the dust of ages sweep away:
 Behold the past, like a full-orb'd day,
 Burns in its pomp sublime—
 Glimmers the spear like twilight star,
 Wave the white plumes, like foam afar
 On the deep sea, as the sun just flings
 Unto it his golden offerings.

They bear him to his grave—
 Him who had sail'd the untravell'd deep,
 And found, where furious whirlwinds sweep,
 A world across the wave.
 Mournful I gaze upon the throng,
 That bears the solemn bier along;
 And the sad scene appears to me
 A foul unhallow'd mockery.

Spirit! I call on thee—
 Spirit! in whose great heart was furl'd,
 E'en as a scroll, a viewless world—
 O Spirit! reply to me.
 First on the Western shores thy feet
 Felt the blue waves in homage meet;
 O'er mighty realms and isles unknown,
 Had thy banners, first of mortals, flown.

Thou gav'st them all—to whom?
 Crown'd of Alhambra! thy scepter'd shade,
 Could it again the world invade,
 Start from its gilded tomb,
 'Twould blush to own the gift he gave,
 By thee recorded on his grave,†
 In letters time will ne'er erase—
 His trophy and thine own disgrace.

Crown'd dust! and where art thou?
 And where is the man whose life supplied
 Worlds unto thee, whilst the King denied
 The wreath to bind his brow?

* See Irving's Life of Columbus.

† "For Leon and Castile Columbus found a New World."

King of the heartless heart ! his name
Burns in the red right-hand of Fame,
'Tis stamp'd upon the ocean vast,
Graved on the Future by the Past.

Death was to him but life !
He on triumphing wing the while,
Fled all thy treachery, a'! thy guile,
The base ignoble strife.
But o'er his bier the plumes that shone
Had loftier glory than thine own ;
Fame's mighty orb was o'er him spread,
Brightening the relics of the dead,
And Memory, as she rolls in pride
The perish'd pomp of years aside,
Beholds upon the surge, the surf,
His glorious presence marching forth,
One foot on Calpe's summit hoar,
The other on Veragua's shore ;
"Lo ! a new world !" the hero cried,
He found it, gave it thee, and died,
Whilst thou, dishonour'd, scepter'd knave,
Gave, and 'twas all thou gav'st—a grave !

THE CORN LAWS AND "CATECHISM."*

BEFORE we proceed to treat upon the important subject, and the pamphlet named at the head of this article, it is due to ourselves to state the reasons that have induced us so long to delay a notice of this subject, and to assure the country that it has not arisen from any hesitation on our part to declare at once and unequivocally our honest opinion of the ruinous consequences and withering effects of the Corn Laws upon every branch of British industry, and the certainty of their ultimately producing a mass of misery which, if left unrelieved, must inevitably bring about a political convulsion. Those individuals who have done us the honour to read any articles in the *New Monthly*, in which an allusion to these laws could with propriety be made, will bear us out in asserting that our incidental remarks have had one constant tendency, that of showing the necessity of their repeal. Public events have alone prevented us from giving an earlier and more direct attention to the momentous question of this most unjustifiable monopoly.

The accession of Mr. Canning to the Premiership was the first event that caused us to pause, because we felt, in common with every well-wisher for the improvement of his country, that a disappointed and rapacious oligarchy was endeavouring, by every means in its power, to foment discontent and throw obstacles in the way of the cabinet of that statesman, which an unreserved discussion of the Corn Laws, through the medium of the press, might at that moment have materially aggravated. The alteration that took place in them at that time, under the impression of affording a slight relief to the community from their frightful operation, without creating any serious alarm to the landowners, left the great principle of their injustice untouched ; and, therefore, afforded no scope for enlarged discussion under the peculiar circumstance of the period—of a popular ministry struggling against oppression in every shape, and judiciously endeavouring first to secure that permanency, by which alone it could be useful to the empire. To have pushed any point to an extreme at that moment, in proportion to the influence we possessed ; to have thrown any obstacle in the way of such a Govern-

ment, at such a time, would have been an error that we should have been sorry to have committed, and the more particularly as events subsequently turned out. The unsettled state of the cabinet that succeeded the one of which Mr. Canning was the head, and the important transactions that have occupied the public attention since the accession of the Wellington ministry, have induced us to suspend any consideration of this subject. These, then, have been our motives for delaying to take a somewhat enlarged view of the Corn question, and works connected with it, particularly the "Catechism;" and, if we have felt that the circumstances of the last two years have been inauspicious for discussions upon it in periodicals, we freely declare that, in our judgment, the time has now arrived, when to remain silent upon this paramount object is little less than treason to the state. The circumstances connected with this question disclose, at present, not only the most favourable opportunity, but the imperious necessity for its consideration.

If we look to the governors, we see a cabinet, strong in its head, in moral influence, in political reputation, and, above all, a cabinet that has obtained admission to the constitution for its Catholic fellow-subjects, which may at once be regarded as the touchstone of its honesty and power; opposed as it was on that occasion, in many instances, to personal friends, to political connections, to powerful interests, whose virulence was broken down by integrity, constancy, and a rapid diffusion of information, portraying the necessity of the measure. If we look to the governed, we find the most enlightened and highest spirited people in the world, with moral, political, and commercial advantages, enjoyed by no other nation under heaven, cramped in their industry, curtailed in their comforts; the lower classes fast approaching to pauperism, and the middle ranks of society unable to maintain their station; we see a declining revenue, and in every article of commerce a glut, excepting those for the food of man, which are at a price that prevents others being made or sold at a living profit. We cannot doubt but that even-handed justice will urge the Duke of Wellington's government, now that it is relieved from the pressing measure of the last session, to turn its serious attention to a total change in the laws relating to the commerce in corn. It is almost impossible to imagine that such a cabinet, possessing, as we sincerely believe, the inclination, and enjoying, as we know, the power of doing justice to the British people, can pause in rendering them a tardy and negative recompense, by relieving them from a crying injury, in the next meeting of Parliament; but, should we be disappointed in this expectation, the rush of public opinion will, we have little doubt, be so strong in declaring the necessity of a change, that should it not be proposed, as we trust it will, voluntarily by the ministers, they will be compelled to recommend it, or be driven from the helm by the united voice of an injured nation, exasperated to a point of violence that may make the stoutest heart among them have its misgivings for the consequences.

If the Government were to declare that it was afraid to moot the point with the landed interest, the Catholic relief Bill gives a flat denial to the assertion; if it should propose a half measure, the complete and satisfactory relief bill will rise in judgment against it; but if it should enter upon an arrangement that deals out ample justice to the community, it has the great act of the last session for its guide and encouragement. If the clamour of the interested few assail it, the Government can recollect that it has been so assailed before, and came out of the contest triumphantly, and the same firmness and vigour of purpose that, in the one instance, drew down the plaudits of a grateful people, will insure success in the other, and increase their satisfaction in the same ratio, that the amount of persons requiring bread at a price that an open market for its purchase will afford them, and consequently a remunerating price for their labour, exceeds those who desired to be admitted within the limits of the constitution. It is now no longer a question whether Whig or Tory shall prevail, or what party shall wield the powers of the Government, but events have brought the point to an issue between the British people generally, and partial interests among them; and it is to be decided,

had in the instant—numbers suffer while “vestries dine,” or what comes to the same thing, parochial assistance can often be obtained only at certain hours and on certain days. This precious Society had in view, we remember, at one time, to get an Act passed making it imperative upon passengers *not* to give alms at all. There is nothing like a Society for setting iniquitous plans on foot; all sense of humanity seems lost in a crowd of this kind—there is no one to encounter the brunt of reprobation.

The advocates for legalizing dissections have hit upon an admirable expedient for the removal of all the invidious charges that have been urged against them. Whilst dissection formed a part of the penalty inflicted on the most atrocious criminals, it flung a stigma upon the operation. The proposal to dissect paupers, or even unclaimed paupers only, was taking advantage of their helpless or forlorn condition; and pitching upon medical men, or certain great officers of state, or any particular class, seemed, to the persons concerned at least, equally invidious and offensive. To get rid at once, then, of all particular ground of odium, a proposal is said to be forthcoming in the ensuing Session of Parliament to pass an Act which shall indissolubly and for ever couple death and dissection—all that die, that is, great and small, every *body* shall pass under the surgeon’s knife, and the clergy be made responsible for the execution before burial be done. This is a scheme, we see, that will happily get rid of invidious distinctions, and nobody can complain, not even the murderer; and absurd as some may affect to think the proposal, we cannot even imagine any other legal provision that is likely to be more palatable.

Grub-street is at last, it seems, going to be re-baptized. The proprietors and residents are petitioning the authorities to sanction a change; for the name stinks in the nostrils, depreciates the property of the place, and disparages the worthiness of the natives. Paternoster-row, the grand repository for the manufactures of the said Grub-street, will, it is supposed, follow the example.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster owe the public a pretty long arrears of explanation, we incline to think. They have gradually shut out public gazers from all interior view of that venerable pile, and added fee upon fee from Poet’s corner to the lantern and the belfry. Even to divine service the public are let in by a small private entrance, to exclude them as much as possible from all gratuitous and furtive glances. The reported refusal on the part of the Chapter to admit a memorial of Lord Byron, on the ground of some supposed imperfection in his creed when living, has never been fairly cleared up; and very lately another report, equally calling for explanation, circulated, that a mural tablet was peremptorily refused admittance, because, according to the heraldry of the Chapter, or their construction of other people’s heraldry, Mr. Shield, the musical composer, was there designated *gentleman*. Now if burial in Westminster-Abbey continue to be a distinction, and the right of granting remain with the Chapter, their authority, we think, requires defining a little, just to secure an equalization of sepulchral rights to the *distinguished* of this paltry world.

Some reform in Chancery is apparently at hand. The Solicitor-general, without any attempt at concealment, and therefore it may seem officially, visited the other day the bastille of the Chancery-court, the Fleet, and inquired into the cases of the prisoners of the Court, that is, those who are there confined for contempts. The cases, it appeared, were full of oppression, but, whether they were truly so or not, the indefinite imprisonment is plainly so. Imprisonment is punishment; if therefore persons sin against the Court, let them, like other offenders, be fairly tried, and punished, if guilty, in some form and ratio fixed and proportioned to the offence. Let the punishment, we repeat, be definite, and, when suffered, be done with. Several of the prisoners have been confined for years, and their cases apparently forgotten: long ago, there was one who had been in the Fleet for thirty years. Can irresponsible power like this have been tolerated for ages in a land boasting of its liberty—and love of it? Can it be suffered to last another session? Forbid it common sense and common humanity.

NOTES UPON CIRCUIT.

During the last Leinster circuit, I noted down the incidents which were disclosed in several remarkable trials. An attentive observer will readily find in realities as much matter for excitement, and calculated to produce an interest as lively, as invention will supply. Justice may be said, in Ireland, to minister to romance; for, in her periodical progresses through the South, she brings to light the passions of a people, in whose delinquencies there is often as much of strangeness as of atrocity.

Wexford.—A case was tried here, in which murder and adultery appeared in a fellowship of a very hideous and extraordinary kind. A cobbler's hut, in a village situate at about six miles from Wexford, furnished a stage for the frightful tragedy, in which Mrs. Crosbie, the wife of a brogue-maker, performed the part of Clytemnestra. The murderer was journeyman to the husband. Before the *Ægisthus* of the last was arraigned, I anticipated that some huge and muscular villain would raise his gaunt form at the dock, and that the predilections of Mrs. Crosbie would be justified by the configuration of the fascinating assassin; and I was not a little surprised, when a squalid wretch, with scarce enough of raiment to hide his emaciation, appeared at the bar as the hero of a sanguinary amour. When John Brown (that was the prisoner's name) heard the indictment read, by which he was charged with having poisoned his master, in confederacy with his wife, his plea of "not guilty" seemed to be sustained by all the accessories of innocence which a peculiar repulsiveness could supply. His cadaverous and charnel look; his lips that were blanched with starvation; eyes in which fear and famine glared together; his wild and matted hair; his stooping and contracted form; his ragged clothes, and the union of physical meanness with cowering debasement, constituted such a nauseating combination, as rendered it almost incredible that any woman should have seen in him an object of voluptuous preference. He found advocates in his ghastliness, and in the assemblage of loathsome circumstances that were arrayed about him, more powerful than any aid which the eloquence or the dexterity of counsel could supply. He had not the means of employing one; and Judge Johnson begged a gentleman of the bar to relieve him in some degree from the painful responsibility of trying a person who was wholly undefended, by giving him this gratuitous assistance. This request was readily complied with. Mr. Scott, as Crown prosecutor, stated the case, contenting himself with a plain detail of facts, making no comments, and deducing no inferences unfavourable to the prisoner. I may observe incidentally, that, in this particular, Mr. Scott deserves great praise, as he never turns to any unfair account the anomalous privilege which is accorded to the Crown to state the matter of accusation, while the power of reply is denied to the counsel for the prisoner. In support of the prosecution, the first witness produced was John Hanton, who gave evidence of the leading facts in the following narrative. Crosbie was a master brogue-maker, who employed the prisoner, as well as the witness, in working in his shop. Crosbie was married to a woman of whom he manifested jealousy, and complained that she was too intimate with the prisoner. The latter, upon a holiday, walked with the witness to Wexford, and on his way declared that he would cure Crosbie of his suspicions. They proceeded to the town, where Brown purchased a quantity of arsenic and red precipitate; and on their way home he of his own accord told his companion, that he and Mrs. Crosbie had determined to put the husband out of the way. This intelligence was, as the witness stated, gratuitously conveyed: Brown had no motive whatever for telling him that the death of their master had been resolved upon. He made no commentary, and neither assented to or remonstrated against the abominable design. They proceeded to Crosbie's house, and here a strange expedient was adopted by Brown. It appears that he imagined, that if he did not actually deliver the poison with his own hand to the woman, who had commissioned him to procure it, he would not be guilty of the contemplated murder. In order, therefore, to relieve his con-

science, he placed Hanton, the witness, between himself and Mrs. Crosbie, and having taken his hand, while Hanton held that of Mrs. Crosbie, he delivered the poison to Hanton, while the latter passed it to the wife. At this statement of an expedient, which was designated as the legerdmain of assassination, every body in Court seemed to start; and Judge Johnson, struck with what appeared to be the gross improbability of the whole story, became manifestly favourable to the prisoner. The poison having been delivered to Mrs. Crosbie, it was agreed upon, in the presence of Hanton, (who had, according to his own account, no sort of concern in the transaction, not having the least penchant for the wife of his employer, and expecting no benefit from his death,) that Mrs. Crosbie should mix the arsenic in bread-and-butter; and without resorting to the red precipitate, which was to be reserved for an emergency, that they should try what the former poison would accomplish. Mrs. Crosbie was not slow in carrying the project into execution. Her husband became immediately unwell, and the amiable wife affected a deep concern for his sufferings. The prisoner at the bar beheld him writhing in torture, and stood unappalled. It was apprehended that the arsenic would not effect their object with sufficient celerity, and Brown advised that the red precipitate should be applied. Accordingly, Mrs. Crosbie put it into a cup of tea, and telling her husband that it would relieve him, applied it to his burning lips. The potion was swallowed, and Crosbie expired. He was interred with unusual haste—no inquest was held—the witness left the village, and went to live at a distance. He did not know what became of Brown and Mrs. Crosbie; and it was after the lapse of a great length of time, Mrs. Crosbie having died in the interval, that he gave information upon which the prisoner was arrested. The testimony of this witness was, upon cross-examination, greatly shaken. Upon being asked what motive John Brown could have in communicating to him his intention to commit the murder, and in handing the poison to him that he might pass it to Mrs. Crosbie, he was unable to suggest even a plausible reason. His concealment of the crime, too, for many years, without his suggesting any inducement to disclose it at so late a period, gave to his entire evidence a colour of fabrication. He was at best an informer; and therefore, as the Judge observed, upon his single and uncorroborated statement, the prisoner could not be found guilty. A policeman was produced, who swore that Brown, on being arrested, declared that Hanton had as much to do with the matter as he had. This, however, was not such an acknowledgment as would convict. It was also proved that Brown fled from the village some time after the murder; but, on investigation, it was discovered that the priest of the parish had, upon the ground of his profligate life, and from his suspicion that he had committed the assassination, ordered him to leave his district. Thus his absconding was accounted for. Had the case closed here, Brown would have escaped; but at length a witness, of a very extraordinary aspect, who awakened universal attention by the strangeness of her countenance and figure, appeared. A female dwarf, about three feet in height, although eighteen years of age, deformed in every limb, with a head almost as large as the entire residue of her squat and distorted body, and a countenance stamped with the expression of broad idiocy, was lifted to the table. She was obviously "an innocent," and an effort was made to exclude her evidence, on the allegation that she could have no idea of a future state. However, there gleamed through the darkness by which her intellect was enveloped a sufficient ray to show that she had some notion of a place of punishment, and she muttered the word "hell," with a stare of horror which made way for her attestation. Her aspect was in itself hideous enough, without any accessory, to excite a painful sensation in every one who beheld her; but when she stated that Mrs. Crosbie was her mother, and it was manifest that the child was come to brand the barbarous parent, the interest which she excited was as distressing as it was universal. She swore that her mother had seven children, and that on the night of Crosbie's death they all slept in her mother's room; and she farther deposed, that Brown had on that very

night late with her detestable mother. In the chamber where her family were all assembled, and while her husband was stretched cold and dead in the room beneath, the murderer had received her confederate in assassination, who remained locked in her guilty embraces, surrounded by the offspring of his abominable paramour. It was observed by the counsel for the prisoner, that out of the seven children only one was produced. It was answered, that they were all, with the exception of the last witness and her brother, confirmed idiots, who were almost incapable of articulation, but that the brother should be produced. This was accordingly done. A boy, who had been struck with a visitation nearly as calamitous as his sister, and was rickety and decrepid, gave the same account as the former witness, and proved the adulterous intercourse to have taken place immediately after the assassination. This poor creature mentioned that Brown and his mother went off together; and that he and the rest of the family being all left utterly destitute, were taken in, from compassion, to the houses of the neighbours, where they had been since charitably sustained. As he left the table, a most painful exhibition took place. His mother had been dead for a considerable time. He was ignorant of this fact; and although he had been abandoned by her, and he had every motive to hold her memory in detestation, while he was going down, after his examination, he suddenly paused, and turning to the counsel for the Crown, with an eye in which, in the midst of vacancy, an instinctive affection was still apparent, he inquired, in a voice of infantine plaintiveness, "Where is my mammy? where is my mammy?" It is almost superfluous to state that the prisoner was convicted. He was immediately sentenced, and (a circumstance of rare occurrence in Ireland) his execution caused general satisfaction among the people.*

Waterford.—An action for a libel, in which a young lady was the plaintiff, and another young lady was the defendant, produced great interest, and brought before the public some incidents of a very peculiar kind. I do not remember to have ever witnessed more extraordinary disclosures than were made in the case of "Miss Sarah Anthony v. Miss Jane E——." The latter, a woman of a very respectable family, had, for some time before the action was commenced, taken up her residence with a younger sister, whose name was Anne, upon a very wild and romantic spot upon the sea-coast, at Tramore. This village is situate on a steep acclivity, at the entrance of the

* The writer of this article published, in "The New Monthly Magazine" of June last, an account of a trial for a libel, which took place at Wexford during the preceding assizes. The examination of two gentlemen, who had been in the French service, gave occasion to some remarks upon the Irish who had left their country from political motives, under the head of "The Gallo-Irish." He has since heard that some of his observations were taken in bad part, by individuals who were the victims of the political disasters of Ireland, and who, if led astray, were led astray by "light from Heaven." Nothing could be more remote from his intention than to write any thing in disparagement of men of great private worth, and who were as greatly distinguished by their talents, as their devotedness to the cause in which they heroically but erroneously engaged. The writer farther avails himself of this occasion to state, that he has also heard, with equal regret and surprise, that the defendant in the action referred to, and Mr. Barker, the chief witness for the defence, conceived that, in the article, the writer threw some injurious reflections upon them. He disclaims any such design. He did little else than describe what struck him as nothing more than a singular scene. To none of the individuals could he possibly bear the least animosity; and with respect to Mr. Barker, it is but an act of justice to state, that in coming forward to acknowledge himself to have been the writer of a pamphlet which was the object of prosecution, and to rescue his friend from the consequences of his own proceeding, he acted in an honourable manner, for which, instead of any blame, he deserved commendation. He evinced no ordinary ability, and appeared to be a person of considerable attainments. With respect to the differences between himself and the plaintiff, or the merits of the respective parties in the action, with which he had no concern, the author did not intend to express, nor does he conceive that he expressed, any opinion.

harbour of Waterford, and, from the rugged height on which it stands, commands a noble prospect. Immediately beneath, the sea rolls upon an immense beach of bright and polished sand, and, in the storms that rage there in the winter, throws in numerous wrecks on its enormous billows. On the left, the river Suir is seen discharging itself into the sea; while, on the right hand, an iron-bound coast, piled up to a great elevation, receives the breakers of the Atlantic, which come to burst, after their long sweep over the ocean, on our shore. Miss Jane E—— had lived in the circles of fashionable life; but weary of its turmoil, and being of a poetical cast of mind, she selected this spot for her abode. She became an author, and published a volume of poems, in a very beautiful form, in which, although Messrs. Longman and Co. may not have found their sale very profitable, she evinced a good deal of ability. Her metrical reveries are filled with perpetual references to the ocean-scenery by which she was surrounded. She sought in the deep caverns into which that fine shore has been excavated by the eternal fretting of the element to which it is exposed, substitutes for the lofty halls where she had been accustomed to dwell; the stalactites that depended from their arched chambers made her forget the brilliant lustres of the illuminated ball-room; and the voices of the deep lulled her into an oblivion of that tumultuous world which she had abandoned. Here she dwelt, for a period, happy and contented, enjoying the society of a beloved sister, to whom many of her poems are inscribed, and unmolested by any of the passions which attend the pursuits and embitter the pleasures of those who reside in the agitation of society. The perusal of her meditations in this sequestered spot would lead to a conclusion that she considered herself impregnable to any vehement and disturbing emotion; but Love contrived to climb over all the barriers which even the rocks of Tramore had afforded, and finding his way into the cottage of these amiable recluses, left it ajar, and gave Jealousy an opportunity of stealing in. In the winter of the year 1827, Captain Rutland was appointed Chief Constable of Police upon the Tramore station. The arrival of Telemachus upon her island was not more fatal to the peace of Calypso. The Captain, an Englishman by birth, with the politeness that belongs to his country, combined, in irresistible fascination, the strenuousness of address by which the natives of Ireland are supposed to be distinguished. He was at once ardent and gentle, refined and vehement; of fiery emotions, but happily tempered by manners of the softest and blandest character. With these advantages, he united a frank and pleasing aspect, a bright eye, black whiskers, that would have furnished strings for the bows of Cupid, a complexion of a rich brown hue, and, with all these attractions, a figure that would have justified a comparison to the station of "Harry Mercury" by any of the blue-stockings of the city of Waterford. The proximity to this Phaon of the police would have been dangerous to a poet of the softer sex in the crowd and whirl of the most brilliant society; what, then, must have been his influences in the wintry loneliness of that coast upon which an evil destiny had cast him? He became acquainted with the Misses E——, and it was soon intimated to him that a conjugal proposition to one or other of them would be favourably received. That urbanity by which military men are distinguished, and beyond which the Captain did not go, was considered to amount to an intimation that either of the ladies must be an object of predilection. A Mrs. Christopher was employed to sound the depths of the Captain's heart. He, however, declared himself to have the fear of Malthus before his eyes; and while he felt thankful for the preference, conceived his constabulary to be incompatible with any matrimonial avocations. This suggestion was received by Miss Jane E—— with all the indignation which it was calculated to create in the female bosom. Instead of referring this frigidity to the philosophical temperament with which the Captain seemed to be endowed, his insensibility was attributed to another influence, and the exasperated fair one was not slow in discovering a Eucharis among the nymphs. She not unfrequently attended the Captain in his excursions on the beach of Tramore. Miss Anthony, a young lady of considerable personal attractions,

and of the highest merit, resided with her father at a small cottage in the vicinity of Miss E——. Mr. Rutland was introduced to Mr. Anthony, who received him with that spirit of candid hospitality which is characteristic of the country; and, with their father's sanction, he was welcomed by his daughters whenever he visited at their house. They met him with the frank facility of demeanour which belongs to Irishwomen, the gayest and the most innocent in the world; and which, so far from being indicative of any evil propensity, argues no fear of danger in the ignorance of sin. Mr. Rutland deserved the kindness of the family, with which he was upon the terms of familiar but respectful acquaintance. He never paid, nor was he expected to pay, what is, I believe, technically known by the name of "marked attention." He was looked upon merely as a friend, and was never accounted a lover. The moment, however, that Miss E—— discovered he had occasionally taken tea at Miss Anthony's, a fierce jealousy took possession of her. She ascribed to this innocent girl what she regarded as the scandalous desertion of the Captain. At first, she contented herself with mocking her imaginary rival with derisive gestures whenever she chanced to meet her. She next proceeded to observe, among her acquaintances, that the shape of Miss Anthony had assumed a semicircular configuration, and that her waist was no longer "fine by degrees, and beautifully less." She then proceeded to such extremities as to tell Mr. Rutland that his favourite was no better than what Desdemona feared to utter, and that the Foundling Hospital was likely to receive an accession to its members by their joint instrumentality. In round terms, she charged Mr. Rutland with having gotten her rival with child. He recoiled at the calumny, and turned with indignant abhorrence from the accuser. This, however, only tended to confirm her detestation of Miss Anthony, and she contrived a scheme for her destruction, as singular as a jealous woman ever devised. Knowing that she could not effect her ends by charging Miss Anthony before any magistrate in the neighbourhood, because her character was above impeachment, she addressed to Alderman Darley, who is at the head of the Police establishment in Dublin, the following extraordinary letter:—

"Tramore, Saturday, May the 3d, 1828.

"Sir,—If you will send a confidential person here, on the part of the Crown, I can give some information, which I accidentally heard, that may bring to light a *murder committed* here, about six months ago. The person should be a stranger, unconnected in Waterford. I would communicate my information by letter, but that would not answer; nor can I communicate with the police officer here, as his co-operation will be essential afterwards. Let the person who comes take a car in Waterford, and come to Whelan's Hotel, and send for Miss E——, retaining the car for his return to Waterford.

"JANE E——."

Upon receipt of this extraordinary letter, Alderman Darley wrote to require Miss E—— to be more explicit; on which she addressed the following letter to him:—

"Sir,—The circumstances I alluded to, in the letter of the third, were these:—Another person and I were walking, and we heard the scream and a long-drawn groan of a child, on the 2d of November, issuing from the premises or house of a Mr. Anthony, near the public walk to Tramore. Immediately after, and before we had time to take off our bonnets, (for we were on our return from our walk, when we heard this,) the maid, then living with the family, went by our house, with a bandbox resting on her hip, and tied round with a reddish and white handkerchief; and I heard afterwards, that she was stopped by two men in Waterford, who opened the bandbox, and found in it a dead child. Doctor Dowsley, of Carrick, and the Police officer here, can give some account to whom the child belonged; it being about a week or ten days old when the circumstance occurred, and there were but two persons then remaining in the house, namely, Sally Anthony and the servant. One reason that I wished to have a person sent was, that I could show the situation of the place, and from whence I heard the scream of injury and quick succeeding groan of death. I have had a struggle with myself about mentioning the circumstances; but murder should not be let to pass, when one sees it followed by a system of audacity, as there were two women lay in within a fortnight in that house. The Police officer can give

every information as to the child missing, as he was stopping in the house at the time of the last. If it should be thought expedient to send any person down, he may come to Mrs. E.——'s house, and inquire for Miss E.——, and I will tell him the reason I did not give that permission at first.

"JANE E.——."

"Tramore, May 2, 1828."

Alderman Darley having received these minute specifications, dispatched a police constable to Miss E.——, who distinctly charged Miss Anthony with infanticide. An immediate investigation took place. The matter was examined before a bench of magistrates, and the whole story, from beginning to end, was proved to be destitute of the least foundation. For a libel, unprecedented in the annals of calumny, an action was brought. The counsel for Miss Anthony stated, not only that the whole charge was abominably false, but that it would be proved that, at the time specified by the defendant as that in which the infanticide was committed, the plaintiff was not in the town of "Tramore." "I will," he said, "in confutation of the calumny to which the annals of malevolence do not afford a parallel, establish the noblest alibi in which a virtuous woman ever found the shield of her honourable name. It will be proved to you, that the young lady, against whose life, and what is far dearer than her life, this dreadful accusation has been levelled, was not at the place where this frightful crime is alleged to have been committed. Where was she at the moment selected by the defendant with all the minuteness of atrocious specification? I will not show you that she was revolving in the giddy mazes of a dance—or that she was contemplating some scenic spectacle from the boxes of a theatre—or that she was rolling in a gilded chariot amidst the streets of your city—or that, amidst a crowd of enchanted auditors, she was evoking the notes of melody from some instrument of music with her soft and thrilling touch. No, gentlemen; my client, although a gentlewoman by birth and station, does not belong to those circles which are ordinarily denominated "fashionable," and where you might expect to find her engaged in the pursuit of idle and homeless pleasure. Fortune has placed her in that sphere of life in which there is most virtue, and most affection to be found, and where the fulfilment of her domestic duties is not only the chief end of the existence of a woman, but also gives to her her greatest charm. Not of the ball-room, nor of the theatre, nor of the parade, nor of the concert-room, nor of the banquet; mine shall be the alibi of the death-bed; and in place of the infanticide mother sitting in madness at the cradle of her murdered offspring, (for that is the picture which her rival has presented,) I will show you the affectionate daughter kneeling at the pillow of that couch from which her father was never again to rise. He had left Tramore in the month of October, and was struck soon after with a severe illness, of which he died. Miss Anthony attended him in his last moments. She was the sentinel whom filial love had set to keep watch over agony, at the very time that she is represented as having been engaged in the horrible sacrifice of the holiest instincts of maternal nature to the artificial impulses of sexual shame. The hand that you are told was laying its deadly pressure upon the respiration of her child, was shading the burning temples of her expiring father. She held his head upon the bosom which is represented to have been teeming with a guilty aliment; she was wiping the foam away from his livid lips; and as the last moments of mortality drew near, when he became incapable of utterance, she explained the asking but half-extinguished eye, and repeating the orisons of the dying, in the fulfilment of her angelic functions, became his interpreter with Heaven. Gentlemen, this young lady has the strongest claims upon your sympathy. Reputation is to her of incalculable value. No woman ever had a higher title to the compassion of the generous and the good. I will not even make an exception in favour of that pure and noble lady, the daughter of the illustrious man who has transmitted to his children, as an inheritance, the large measure of popular favour which his great services to Ireland have received. The public mind is still under the influence of the profound indignation excited by the detestable slander which was cast upon the chaste and the amiable woman, whose lofty station and unblemished life could not raise her be-

yond the reach of a base and factious calumny. But is it for the great and the exalted that your commiseration should be reserved? Are the titled and the opulent, who are encompassed with all the pomp of fashion, and who have many bars upon their patrician gates against affliction, and many alleviations of calamity when it intrudes into their gilded abodes, to engross all your sympathy? Do you think that the tears which trickled down the face of that eminent lady, for whom every arm is lifted, ran more rapidly and more warmly than those streams of anguish which fell from the eyes of one far more humble, but not less pure? Do you think that the heart of my client was wrung with pangs of inferior poignancy, and that her bosom heaved with less agony, when she fell upon her knees, and asked of Almighty God, to whom she flew for refuge, what she had done to deserve a calamity like this? Believe me, that she felt her misfortunes as profoundly, and that she is as well entitled to your manly commiseration, as if she had been born upon the pinnacles of fortune and the summits of the world. I appeal to a principle which is drawn from the divine ethics of that religion, of which the Founder was not only the herald of immortal truth from Heaven, but the celestial legislator of the feelings, and the legislator of the heart. Make the case your own; and in forming an estimate of the injury which has been sustained by the plaintiff and her family, let every one of you inquire of himself how he would feel if his own child were charged with all this infamy, and were to fall, upon hearing it, senseless into his arms? But, alas! I am not borne out by any affinity to this case in the comparison which I have suggested to you. I am not justified in the hypothesis with which I have ventured to send you to your own homes in quest of a just standard of appreciation. My client is without a father. He lies in that profound asylum in which neither joy nor sorrow can ever reach him—

—— Wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
He neither hears her sigh, nor sees her weep.

She is an orphan;—and yet not so—she is not altogether destitute of parental sympathy, when you will adopt her injuries and make her wrongs your own. Fathers, brothers, husbands, gentlemen, and men of honour, will you not take part with this inoffensive, innocent, fatherless, and most unhappy girl?"

The statement being concluded, the letters were proved. Captain Rutland was examined, and by his personal appearance, which was of the finest order of fine forms, offered some kind of justification for the vehement feelings which he had excited. He completely exculpated Miss Anthony. The counsel for the defendant admitted that the entire libel was destitute of foundation, but attributed it to mental delusion. The plaintiff was not able to show that Miss E—— was worth more than five hundred pounds, for which the jury found a verdict; and thus ended a trial which went a great way to prove "*furens quid foemina possit.*"

Kilkenny.—The only civil case at Kilkenny which deserves mention, was an action brought by a girl named Maria Lennard, against an English officer, the paymaster of a regiment, Captain Richard J——. He had been quartered at Templemore, where he contracted a concubinal intimacy with Miss Maria Lennard, whom he appears to have considered as a piece of porcelain that had never received any flaw. This Diana of the barracks alleged that, previous to his leaving Templemore, he gave her a certificate, written in bog Latin, in which he had forged the name of a Father Kesham, testifying her marriage to one Jacobus Smith. This document, which was sworn to by several respectable witnesses to be in the Captain's handwriting, produced a good deal of merriment at his expense. But the ground of action, was a kind of bond for two hundred pounds, by which the Captain bound himself, in the event of his putting her away, "from his fancy or otherwise." The question turned upon the genuineness of this instrument. A variety of the Captain's letters were produced, which raised shouts of laughter. There was a quantity of contradictory swearing, and the case was doubtful, until a whole squadron of dragoons was produced, who "kissed and told," and made the counsel for the plaintiff, who had represented Miss Lennard as a second

edition of "Sterne's Maria," upon their sentimental journey through Circuit, look exceedingly disastered. "The general camp, pioneers and all," appeared to have participated in those favours of which the Captain imagined that he had enjoyed a monopoly. It was impossible to resist the charge of the whole regiment, who came down with fixed bayonets; but when the plaintiff's case was utterly broken, the most melancholy person in court was the Captain, who, although he got a verdict, seemed to think that the romantic drollery of his amour more than counterbalanced the glory of success. He appeared to wish that "he had nothing known," and that the bliss of ignorance in which he had so long revelled was better than such a verdict. It is but justice to him to add, that his character for liberality, and his high reputation as a man of honour, were thrown by the jury into the balance, and weighed the plaintiff up. The only farther circumstance worth note is, that an idea went abroad that the Catholic rent had supplied the means to defray the action. This preposterous notion was set at rest by the highly-respectable attorney who conducted the case, by whom it appeared that the plaintiff had herself been able to advance the costs, in order to assert a right which, at first view, appeared to be perfectly well-founded, and which it was his professional duty to assist her in maintaining.

In the Criminal court, a conviction of three men for the murder of a man of the name of Devereux, afforded an illustration of the moral condition of the peasantry, and one of the instances in which murder is at last overtaken by a slow but certain retribution. Devereux took a few acres of land from which the prisoners at the bar had been ejected. It was resolved that he should die; sentence having been pronounced upon him by "the secret tribunal," which Captain Rock has established for the redress of wrongs, which are not only not cognizable, but are produced in the imagination of the lower orders by the law. Devereux was aware that his head had been devoted. He never slept out of the town of Callan, which was at three miles distance from the farm, and always walked with arms about him. However, the ministers of agrarian vengeance were not to be frustrated. A day was fixed for his immolation. The whole country was apprised of it. As he was walking in the broad light in his fields, one of his labourers engaged him in conversation, and at the corner of a hedge three men rushed on him, when his companion pinioned his elbows behind his back, in order to prevent him from drawing the pistol which he endeavoured to grasp, and, beating his forehead in, left him dead upon the ground. The whole scene was observed by a woman, who was aware that the murder was to be perpetrated, and went out for the purpose of seeing the spectacle. She was induced, by the reward offered by Government, to give information, on which the executioners of Devereux were hanged. Devereux was himself a bad and bloody man, and at the trial it was stated by one of the witnesses for the prosecution, that he had, many years before, committed murder. The question was not pursued, and whom he had murdered I did not at the moment learn. Upon the day appointed for the punishment of the men who had taken his own life away, I left Kilkenny for Clonmel. It was a bright and cheerful day. The very breathing of the air under a cloudless sky, and in a delightful temperature, seemed to intimate the value of existence, and gave to the consciousness of a light and unburthened vitality a great charm. It was a day which should scarce have been selected for the ministry of death. As I advanced, I observed crowds of people assembling in various directions, and climbing upon hedges, where women and girls, as well as men, were seen straining upon tiptoe, in order to catch a glimpse at some object by which they seemed to be singularly attracted. On looking towards the gaol, I perceived in the rope which was depending from the pulley to which it was attached, and in the rest of the apparatus of justice, the motives of this intense curiosity. The murderers of Devereux were about to die. I saw the door of the prison leading to the stage on which they were to perform a part that appeared to be likely to engage the sympathies of the spectators, open, and presently the iron balcony was occupied by the figures of the doomed and of the executioner. This was sufficient for the gratification of any love of this

kind of excitation which I may happen to possess, and turning from the frightful spectacle, I desired the driver, who obeyed the orders with some reluctance, to push on. We were soon out of sight of this painful scene. I fell into conversation with the postilion, who was continually turning back to catch a parting view of the catastrophe; and from him I learned, what I afterwards inquired about and found his statement confirmed, that Devereux, upwards of twenty-five years before, had imbrued his hands in blood. He had joined in the conspiracy of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. The insurgents rushed into Thomas-street, and advanced towards the Castle, scattering dismay before them. They met a carriage, which they stopped. Some of the crowd exclaimed, "It is Lord Norbury!" That instant the door of the carriage was burst open, and, while the unhappy gentleman inside it exclaimed "No! I am your friend, Lord Kilwarden," the hand of Devereux drove a pike through his heart.

Clonmel.—This ancient city takes its name from the appellation by which, in the language of the country, the valley in which it is situate was once known. It means, in Irish, "the vale of honey;" and the beauty and fertility of the landscape which offers itself to the eye on approaching the town, justify the sweetest designation which the Gaelic could supply. Cromwell, who was a good judge of that kind of picturesque which the "vale of honey" supplies, gave his corroborative and fatum attestation to this figurative name. From the brow of a hill, that forms one of the steps to the summits of the fine mountain of Slievenemaun, just above the ancient castellated residence of the Ormonde family, the soldier paused at the head of his devout and rapacious veterans, and stretching out his truncheoned hand towards the deep Suir, that rolled through fields teeming with fertility, and towards those beautiful acclivities in which all the loveliness and the plenty of a new land of Canaan were disclosed, he exclaimed, "This is a country worth fighting for." That the people of such a country are worthy of being carried to the highest point of civilization by the descendants of its conquerors, is a sentiment which suggests itself to me whenever I pass the dark and deep ravine of Glenmaur, which opens upon a prospect on which a student of the graphic and of the agricultural arts would repose with equal delight. It was evening when I last entered this splendid tract, which is as much distinguished by the richness of its soil, as by the noble scenery with which it is encompassed. A person addicted in the least degree to the contemplation of Nature in her fine forms, could not have failed to look with a deep pleasure upon the wide expanse into which so much of the beautiful, the useful, and the grand, is crowded into an assemblage of splendid circumstance. I gazed with an admiration which habit had rather augmented than impaired, upon the river, advancing in mazes of broad and shining water to its harbour, where it conveys, by a prompt current, the products of a country laden with all the wealth of prosperous cultivation; the deep woods of Cooknamuc and of Gusteen, rising out of lofty cliffs, surmounted by still higher and grander elevations; the blue mountains of Waterford and of Comara, which appear to have been cast by some frolic spirit who watched over the convulsions of the globe, in peculiarly fantastic forms; the huge limbs of Slievenamaun throwing, from a forest of pines, a massive shadow half-way over the landscape; the glittering encampment of golden clouds, through which the sun was setting over the distant and gigantic Galtees; the undulating ridges, heaved out of the earth, that overhang Clonmel itself, and exhibit the efforts which agriculture is every day making to climb to their summits, in the patch-work of verdure and of corn, that intrudes upon their lone and heathy summits. I entered the town with my mind filled with the images and reflections which this series of enchanting objects had produced; but my reveries did not long continue, for, as the carriage rolled beside the barracks, in which a strong garrison is maintained, I heard a loud and discordant howling from a number of barefooted and ragged boys, who were running with long sheets of printed paper streaming from their hands, while they exclaimed, with a prophetic, but unintended veracity, "Here's a list of

all the prisoners who are to be tried and found guilty at the Assizes of the County of Tipperary." Whatever pleasing relics of meditation had been allowed to remain by the shrill screaming of these heralds of justice, who were thus busy in announcing her terrible approach, were effectually dissipated by the purchase of one of the documents which furnished the matter of their clamorous announcement; and looking over the miscellany of atrocities which was detailed in the frightful catalogue, I could not help contrasting the loveliness of the scene through which I had been passing, with the hideousness of the moral spectacle, of which I anticipated that I should be a witness during the assizes.

The trial of five brothers, whose names were Wallace, for the murder of Arthur Graham, the husband of their sister, laid a great hold on my attention. Arthur Graham excited the jealousy of his wife by his attentions to a girl much younger and handsomer than herself, Miss Winny Fahy. Among the instances which were given in evidence to show his partiality for Winny, (the abbreviation of Winifred,) it was proved by a wood-ranger, that Graham had surreptitiously cut down a tree, and that his object was to provide means for "the education" of his pretty mistress, whom he was desirous of having instructed in the accomplishment of reading. This tree of knowledge bore him very bitter fruits. The charge and defence were made in the presence of one of his brothers-in-law; and urged on, as it was supposed, by his wife, to avenge her wrongs, they resolved that Graham should die. He was found dead near his house with evident marks of strangulation. It appeared from traces on the ground, that he had been dragged, with a rope round his neck, through several fields, and that his head had, as he was hauled along in this horrible process of lengthened suffocation, struck against stones, which were dabbled with his blood. When the barbarous business had been completed, and his murderers had glutted their hatred to satiety, they threw his corpse, with the eyes starting from the sockets, and with the tongue lolling from the expanded mouth, into a ditch, where he was next day discovered. It was justly observed by an old beldam, the mother of his assassins, that it would have been much wiser not to have indulged in the luxury of a procrastinated execution and that if they had tacked him up to a tree, and left him hanging, it would have been supposed that he had committed suicide. This judicious, but tardy remark, was communicated to one of her sons in a whisper at his fire-side, where they sat together over the expiring embers, and were going over the incidents of the execution. "Oh, then, honey," said the hoary mother, "how did you do his job for him?" The son imagined that his answer would be heard by no other than the associate in his sanguinary proceedings; but there was another ear open to the sounds. It was remarked by a peasant boy, who was tending cattle, that while the wake of Arthur Graham was going on, there was a light shining at the windows of his brother-in-law's cottage. His curiosity was awakened. He crept to the door, and overheard the revelations in which the son and mother beguiled the tedium of midnight together. His evidence was most material, as far as it affected one of the prisoners. The principal witness against them was a child eight years of age, whose testimony seemed to have been prepared by that Providence by which the murderer is so often entangled in his own snare. It may be said that the assassins were hanged by the very rope with which they strangled their sister's husband. They had assembled together before they set out upon their dreadful exploit, in a house which adjoined the one in which a child of about eight years of age chanced to reside. This child, who had great sprightliness and vivacity, went into the cabin of the Wallaces to play, and, going towards a hen-roost, took up a rope which depended from it, on which there was a noose. He began to amuse himself with it, on which one of the prisoners at the bar, in a rough tone, desired him to desist. He then left the house. His uncle subsequently ordered him to put up a horse in an adjoining field where there was a quarry. He had advanced to the edge of the quarry, and looking down, beheld the five brothers together, two of whom were holding the rope

at either end, and arranging the noose, "Is it slaughtering ye 're going?" said the boy. Strange state of things, when the first idea that offers itself to a child, on seeing five men together, is associated with blood! "Bring out Pat Hayes (the boy's uncle), and we'll soon slaughter him; but you'd better off," was the reply. The only farther conversation which he overheard, was relative to the propriety of one of the brothers changing his dress. The boy was cross-examined by Mr. Hatchall, with all his accustomed caution and astuteness, (qualities which he most happily unites,) but he could not be shaken. A child is the most formidable of all witnesses. Those most venerated in Criminal courts almost give a case over the moment a child appears. Their testimony is so distinct, so direct, so minute, and, at the same time so clear, and the frankness of their manner is so persuasive and so natural a concomitant of truth, that every question that is put to them, gives corroboration to their statement. The boy, on being interrogated as to all that he did on that occasion, gave a history of a wicked gander, of which he was afraid, and which he fought with a little switch. This dropped out quite unexpectedly; and afterwards another witness, favourable to the prisoners, confirmed every word which the boy had told of his encounter with the gander at the door of the prisoners' house. Four of the brothers were convicted, there being a slight circumstance which saved the fifth, who was not identified with perfect accuracy. But if he was allowed to survive, it was to behold a frightful domestic scene. The County infirmary is at Cashel, about nine miles from the place of execution. The four brothers who were convicted, having been hanged, their bodies were sent to Cashel for dissection, pursuant to that part of the sentence which is more dreaded than death. The surgeon's knife excites more horror than the hangman's cord. The four corpses were placed on the same cart, and bound together in a pile, which, as the vehicle rolled rapidly off, was seen to heave and toss from the motion, as if some relics of life and animation were in it. An arm would sometimes be shaken from its position, and sometimes a head was seen to depend from the side of the cart, with the throat marked with the compressing circle which had squeezed vitality away. If the fifth brother was guilty, this sight must have been a sufficient punishment.

There was another case of mercenary assassination, which even in Clonmel excited dismay. It may be told in three words. A man of about thirty, and a lad of sixteen, were hired, for the sum of thirty shillings, to kill a person obnoxious to their employer. This bargain is a model in the economy of murder. They had never seen the individual whom they were paid to slay. At noon they entered a field where there were several people at work, and having inquired for their victim, they proceeded towards him with perfect deliberation, and blew out his brains.—"A long day, my Lord!" cried the elder assassin, with a sort of scream, as he swung himself back, and, repeating the words of supplication, reiterated his moan, while he closed his eyes and wrung his hands. "Villain!" I could not help muttering to myself, "you gave but a short day to the wretch whose blood you took at your lecherious valuation."

The reader may be shocked at these details. I was weary, as well as appalled, with beholding them; and about a fortnight after the assizes had commenced, "having supped full of horrors," I left the Court-house, and proceeded to a reading-room of the main street, which has been chiefly established by the Quakers of Clonmel, of whom there is an abundance in that bustling and money-making town. Strangers are, by the courtesy of "the Friends," allowed to read the public journals, which were chiefly of a strong constitutional cast. Having taken my seat amongst a set of sober, but rosy-faced, sleek-cheeked, and broad-brimmed personages, whose portly bearing and glossy pinguicence would have satisfied me that they belonged to a sect, the fanaticism of whose creed serves only to bring into antithetical relief the sagacity of their practice, without the occasional "thee and thou," with which their demure politeness was besprinkled.—"Perhaps, thee would like to read the 'Evening Mail?'"—"I thank you,

Sir; I prefer the 'Post.'—"Thee would like to read an article in 'The Standard,' on Mr. Peel?"—"I should rather look into 'The Times,' upon the benefits of Emancipation."—"We have not got 'The Times,'" says a sly Quaker, who had been just reading a paper which gave him a look of liquorish reguery; "but thee may have 'The Age,'" as he handed over the pious repertory with an aspect of subdued derision. I felt that sort of tingling at the fingers which a man experiences when he gets into his hands a journal which he is determined to treat with the philosophy of Sir Fretful, when my attention was attracted by an exceedingly gentleman-like and demi-Protestant-looking sort of Quaker, who was at the other end of the room, narrating an attack which had been made upon three Englishmen at what he called his Factory at Portlaw. I knew him at once to be David Macolmson, who has established the immense and incalculably-beneficial manufactory at the place, in the county of Waterford, which he had just mentioned; and being exceedingly anxious to form an acquaintance with a man who is accumulating wealth while he is diffusing happiness and industry about him, I approached the circle of respectful auditors, who were listening with deferential attention to a man of so much sense, and of so much gold. He was stating, that three Englishmen belonging to his factory had been attacked by a body of the peasantry; but he acquitted the persons in his own employment; and while he lamented it, he said that his horror of having any thing to do with courts of justice was such that he should not prosecute, and he was sure that the people would soon acquire a wiser and a better way of thinking. I was struck with his good sense, and fell into conversation with him. Perceiving that I was anxious to learn some details respecting his great establishment, he told me that I could see a miniature of it in Clonmel, where he had recently introduced a factory of calicoes, and which was hard by. He offered, with great urbanity, to accompany me to it. I gladly availed myself of it, and we proceeded to a large white building which stands immediately on the banks of the river, and where I heard the rattling of the shuttle as I approached the temple of industry, accompanied by the author of all the good, of which I already received intimations from the rapidity with which I heard some hundred looms going through the operations. I entered under the roof, where I soon beheld the evidences of all the good which a single wise and benevolent man is able to accomplish. What a change from the scene which I had just been witnessing at the Court-house! A vast, immense apartment, lined with looms on either side, was occupied by a crowd of little blooming girls, who with the most animated cheerfulness, and with a happy gaiety, with health ruddy in their faces, and with their hands and naked feet plying the respective machines over which they presided, exhibited what, in the midst of such a town as Clonmel, would be looked upon by the coldest of observers as a delightful scene. The incessant play of their limbs, as they hurried through their work; the creaking of the looms; the rapid evolutions of the shuttle; their perfect cleanliness, which is peremptorily enjoined, (each girl being obliged to comb and wash herself every morning;) the freshness of the air which came breathing in from the river through the opened windows, that afforded glimpses of beautiful scenery; the whiteness of the walls, without a speck upon them; and the air of hilarity that was diffused over the whole assemblage of what were to me new objects, gave me a deep and unmixed satisfaction. If I were to single out the feature in the scene by which I was chiefly struck, it was David Macolmson himself. As he passed along, there was none of that base adulation which Irish superiors are too much in the habit of exacting from those to whom they give bread. The girls looked at him with glances of thankfulness, but still went on uninterruptedly with their occupations. He evidently felt that best of all luxuries, the consciousness of being the creator of felicity. I could not refrain from telling him so, and expressing my own admiration of all that I saw about me. "Thee," he answered, "sees nothing comparable to what I have done at Portlaw; but in order to save these little girls from the wretched fate to which their poverty had doomed them, I have snatched them out of garrets

and of cellars, and placed them here." With that, he led me through several other divisions of the factory, which, to the height of several stories, contained a series of apartments dedicated to the same purposes. As we walked along, I took occasion to inquire into some particulars respecting his large establishment at Portlaw. He had laid out upwards of sixty thousand pounds upon it. There are upwards of thirty-two thousand pieces made in each week. At least one thousand persons derive subsistence and good habits from it. Originally, he employed Englishmen; but he found that the Irish, on being properly instructed, were just as expert. The English had intermarried with the families in the vicinity, and a perfectly good understanding prevailed, which had never been deviated from, except in the instance alluded to in the morning. The strictest morality was preserved, it being a rule to dismiss every girl who was guilty of the slightest impropriety. Drunkenness had been banished; and a school had been established, where no sectarian animosities, no quarrels about the Bible, were allowed to prevail. Here all the children of the factory were instructed in reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, and no sort of interference with their religion was attempted. All this detail I elicited from my friend David, to whom I addressed a great variety of questions, which forced him into some expatiation upon himself. He was evidently gratified by the honest applause which he had won from me, and offered to lead me from his factory to his mill. It is situate at the other end of the town, near an old bridge, and occupies a very considerable space. It is, I believe, the finest in Ireland. I felt dizzy at the play of the machinery, that, turned by a broad torrent obtained from the Suir, which rolls upon its enormous wheels, went on with its gigantic labours. Here half the harvest of the adjacent counties, as well as of Tipperary, is powdered under the huge mill-stones that I saw wheeling with incalculable rapidity, and is thence poured into the London markets. Honest David showed me, with some touch of the pride of wealth, this great concern. We ascended flight after flight of stairs to a vast height. On reaching one of the loftiest stages of the building, I saw a young man shoveling the flour with his own hands into a large tube, and covered with its particles. "That is my son," said David; "he will teach others, by having first practised his business himself." We ascended to the top. Here, through an aperture in the wall, which was destined for the admission of air, there was an enchanting prospect of the Suir winding through its romantic valley. David expressed himself with admiration of the grandeur of the scene. It struck me, however, that the Quaker's eye, instead of travelling over the remote reaches which led the vision into the far-off recesses of the Galtee mountains, was looking directly down. "Is it not a beautiful river?" he exclaimed: "Has thee ever seen so fine a river?" and all the while he was looking at nothing but the mill-race below. "The Suir," I answered, "is a second Pactolus to you, and, I perceive, it is rolling in golden waves over your wheel." The Quaker smiled. We descended, and in our progress down, I observed a man working very assiduously in driving holes through a sheet of lead. His countenance struck me as peculiar; and noting that I had observed him, the Quaker told me that he was deaf and dumb, but that there was one of the millers who could converse with him by signs. The dragoman was called; and I put various questions, which were conveyed and answered with signs, and I received most satisfactory replies. The deaf and dumb man, I was told, remembered with singular minuteness all that he had ever seen, and was a great politician. In order to put his recollection to the test, I desired the interpreter to ask him if he remembered the Rebellion? After some gesticulation by the former, the dummy started up, and began to writh his face into grimaces, in which agony and horror were expressed, while he twisted his back, and quivered in every limb, as if he were enduring torture; and while with one hand he touched his shoulders, that mimicked convulsive suffering, with the other he imitated the gesture of a man who was inflicting a flagellation. "That," said the interpreter, "represents Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald." This exhibition was too much associated with the scenes from which I had escaped when

I left the Court-house; and leaving the part of Sir Thomas to be attended by the deaf and dumb man in my absence, I descended. David Macdonald was so well satisfied by the improvements which he had made on me by his factory and his mill, that he suggested I might find a walk to his house, which is situated outside Clonard, an agreeable one. We proceeded there. The plantations and shrubberies were exceedingly well laid out, except that there was a touch of citizenship in some of the ornaments. When he showed me "his ruin," which consisted of a pile of rocks raised into the shape of a tower, I was at once reminded of Mr. Stirling. We sat down together in a grotto made of shells, and of all sorts of rarities which could be collected in the vicinity, and which were brought together in a very incongruous assortment. A piece of stone, that looked like the profile of an old woman, seemed to be greatly prized by him. I was not very sorry to lead him from a discussion on the fine arts, to which I found that he was approaching; and I said, "By the by, Mr. Macdonald, I just recollect it—was not Lord Anglesey at your manufactory at Portlaw?" This brought him back, where he was at home. He was excited as much as a Quaker can be by the question, and starting up, broke into a lavish panegyric upon the late Lord-Lieutenant. I availed myself of his civility to effect my retreat from the grotto. As we walked towards the house, David expatiated in the tones and in the phrases of a genuine admiration upon the drollery and lofty-minded Marquis. The latter had gone through his whole factory; had inspected every minute arrangement; and finding a proof in what this most meritorious and intelligent person had effected, by the unaided force of his own enterprising spirit, of what might be accomplished in other parts of the country, he had declared David Macdonald to be, what he unquestionably is—a benefactor of Ireland. Dismissing upon the merits of Lord Anglesey, who had succeeded in producing enthusiasm even in the mind of a Quaker, who generally reserves his emotions for the other world; and his calm common-sense for this, we reached the house. Notwithstanding all its elaborate plainness, I every-where observed the lurking indications of luxury, which was only thinly veiled by an ostentatious simplicity. An ancient lady, robed in the richest silks, which were, however, out after the fashion of her sect, rose to receive me. I should willingly have tarried longer, but I recollected that it was necessary to return to Court, in order to attend the trial of the Berisford Police. As I took my leave, the worthy Quaker begged of me to accept a present. He took from the shelf of a bookcase a book, entitled "The ~~Doctrine~~ of Friends, or Principles of the Christian Religion," written by Elisha Bates; and published in the State of Ohio, in America. He wished, he said, to disabuse me of some vulgar notions respecting the religious tenets of Quakers. Accepting the work with thanks, I assured him that I should never be disposed to quarrel with the opinions of a man in whose life the genuine spirit of Christian benevolence was so powerfully exemplified. I passed rapidly through his grounds, and after a few minutes, found myself in the centre of the Court-house, where the Solicitor-General was laying down the law of murder; while Father Spain, sitting at the table immediately opposite, was leaning with his chin upon his hand, and fixing his black Andalusian eyes upon him. Placed beside Judge Moore was Otway Carr;—but this article has exceeded its proper limits. I shall return to the subject.

EPICRAM.

The Marble Arch.

Ye malcontents, no more protest
That England is in "deep distress;"
The marble arch that fronts the Palace,
Is reared to nullify your malice;
It shows, to check a Nation's grief,
Britannia in deep relief.

ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.*

THE scene in returning from the Tartar burial was very different from its beginning; the Tartars laughed, and urged their drivers to the utmost speed of the horses—savouring gratified with the shawls which had become their property, it being a rule to divide those articles which have been wound round the body amongst those who are present at the funeral.

The Emperor had sent orders that the troops returning from the Persian war should be received with honour by the Governor of Moscow, the Prince Galitzin; and he sent some thousands of rubles to be expended in a dinner which these heroes were to enjoy in the covered exercise-house of that capital. These troops had been disgraced in consequence of the active part they had taken in the attempted revolution when the present Emperor mounted the throne; but they had risen again into favour in consequence of their gallant conduct in the East. The regiment made a triumphal entry in November, bearing, amidst other trophies, the supposed throne of Abbas Mirza. Banners, and drums, and trumpets, were exhibited, but the chair, the throne, was the principal object. This chair had been the property of a Russian officer, who had converted it into a very homely article of furniture, having taken out some few jewels which formerly enhanced its value. When the regiment was recalled, and honours were promised to the soldiers, it was thought requisite that some show should accompany the entry; and this once supposed throne, and afterwards *chaise percée*, was selected, and was borne by a tall hero at the head of the regiment.

I had received an invitation to be present at this ceremony, which was conducted in the following manner. The soldiers were marched at once to the cathedral in the Kremlin, where *Te Deum* was performed; after which they retired to the Manège, where dinner had been prepared. This magnificent structure is close to the gardens of the Kremlin, and is about six hundred and fifty feet in length, and one hundred in breadth; its roof is supported by the walls alone, without any central stanchion, so that the interior is one open space of very considerable extent. A long table ran from one end to the other, covered with all kinds of solids, quass and wine: about one thousand sat down to dinner, and every one had an order dangling to his button: a side-table had been prepared for the Governor, and almost every person, male and female, of any distinction, was present. I had here a good opportunity of remarking the vigilance of the Russian police. A certain prince, who had been suspected of mingling in the proposed revolution in 1824, and with whom I was very intimate, seemed desirous of speaking to some of the soldiers during the dinner, merely, as he told me, to pay a compliment to the regiment in general; but no sooner did he advance to speak to a soldier, than he found a very active little police officer listening on the other side. He retired for the moment, but, willing to be assured that he was still suspected of some underhand proceeding, he advanced to another part of the table: his shadow could not have been a more faithful attendant on a sun-shiny day than the police officer; wherever he went, there was his companion; and in disgust he remarked to me the

absurdity of such conduct,—"as if," said the prince, with a most bitter smile, "as if I should be such a blockhead as to hatch treason before at least two thousand people."

The dinner being finished, the governor gave the health of the Emperor, which was received with loud acclamations: it seemed an endeavour to make the loudest hurrah, and many of the nobleman who were then present, and who wished any thing else than the realisation of the toast, roared most manfully. The whole company standing, all adorned with orders of more or less brilliancy, the ladies in splendid dresses, the different costumes, the noise, and the place itself, contributed to render the scene exceedingly grand and interesting.

In the evening a ball was given by the governor. In Russia the dance is opened by a Polonaise, the most silly performance imaginable, in which old and young alike join. It is merely walking with a lady through the entire suite of apartments, to the great annoyance of the card-players and loiterers. After this nonsensical parade is finished, a Majoolka is generally commenced. This dance, which is voted very uninteresting by some travellers,* is certainly just the contrary to the performers, who have, during the dance, a better opportunity of showing a preference and whispering the tender tale than in any other in existence. In general the ladies have chairs placed in a circle, and the partner either stands by her side, or behind her: should he not have the object of his affection for his partner, he has only to whisper to one of his sisters, or friends in the dance, to lead him to his favourite, with whom he can then exhibit. As this continues sometimes two hours, the lover has an opportunity which is quite impossible in a quadrille, or country-dance. The ladies are likewise able to select their favourites; and often have I watched them passing a crowd of lookers on, to select the particular object. The music is in general very lively, and the Russians certainly prefer the Majoolka to any other dance. If balls are requisite to create marriages, this dance would be a grand acquisition in England; and the Duke of Devonshire, as he took lessons in Moscow, might begin the fashion.

The supper afforded a great display of good things and brilliant company. The table was covered with bonbons, fruit, &c. and the dishes were handed round one at a time, as in Russian dinners. This could not be done without a great number of servants. I counted at the table at which I sat, no less than fourteen attendants, although we were only twelve in number. By my side sat the prince above-mentioned, and next to him his favourite police attendant; the former gave me a hint not to indulge in liberal politics. At this supper was served one of the largest sterlets which had been caught during the season. Although all travellers have spoken favourably of this fish, yet I neither admire its taste nor appearance: from the female sterlet the caviar is procured, and this should be eaten perfectly fresh to be properly appreciated. Dancing commenced after supper again; quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopades were continued until about four o'clock, when the company retired. A stranger in the first society of Russia would imagine himself in France. The Russian ladies dress, walk, and dance very much in the manner of the French; they are, generally speaking, lively, inter-

* Ancelot, *L'Hermite en Russie.*

esting, and, in a certain degree, accomplished; they are mostly conversant in two or three languages besides their own, but know little enough about other countries. I remember a very pretty little princess groaning to me over the lamentable state of female society in England. "The men," she said, "go early to hunt; they run afterwards to the Parliament, and then sit down and get drunk until midnight. The eldest sons monopolize all the fortune, and the younger branches wander about like our Bohemians. The women have no society but their own, and the men no feeling for the softer sex!" It is but fair to say this misinformed lady had never visited England, and, perhaps, got this account from the Prince V—lk—naky, who had travelled through this country at the time the Allied Sovereigns visited it. The prince, at a large dinner-party, amused the company at the expense of the English nation, in the following scientific and observant manner:—"They are," said he, "a rough, unpolished people, generally boasting of freedom they know not how to enjoy; and I never could find in what it consisted: their houses are cold and uncomfortable; the walls are very thin, and the wind whistles through the rooms as it does through a hedge: they have no stoves, no double windows, and few servants; in short, the only thing worth seeing in England is 'Harlequin!' and what I most admired was a 'mince-pie!'" My friend the prince had profited little by his travels. Before his departure from Moscow, he invited me to a parting dinner; but, as his princess was rather unwell, the dinner was to take place at a French restaurateur's, named Yard. We met at the appointed time, but at the conclusion of the dinner, I was surprised to see the bill exhibited. The prince quietly paid his portion, which, after much labour and waste of paper and pencil, he calculated, and then passed it to me for my proportion. This is by no means intended to reflect upon the general hospitable character of the Russians, nor on their manners; there are many who would be ornaments to any court in the world, many very cultivated and scientific minds, and many elegant and agreeable men. When Clarke made the following remark, he was quite in extremes:—"They are all, high and low, rich and poor, alike servile to superiors; haughty and cruel to their dependents; ignorant, superstitious, cunning, brutal, barbarous, dirty, mean."* Although Clarke's work is the best ever published on Russia, it must be admitted that his remarks on the nobles seem to have been embittered by some great disappointment. The highest class now are very different from the above picture; although the men in general exhibit best in trifling conversation, and the women must not be looked at with too searching an eye. At the ball above-mentioned, the straps of a young lady's stays were visible in spite of the dress, and I solemnly declare they were nearly as black as a boot. I remarked it to my partner, who said, smilingly, that the Russian women looked best at a distance, and that they never paid sufficient attention to their under-garments: this I can attest. I saw one, and it would have disgraced the dirtiest woman who walks the streets in England. Even the balls, so frequently resorted to, do not much conduce to great cleanliness, because the same garments are generally continued. The lower class of Russians always continue one sheep-skin throughout the whole winter;

* Clarke's Russia, vol. i. p. 46.

they walk in it, sit in it, and sleep in it; and the dirty appendage is only relinquished for the few moments they enjoy of comparative cleanliness in the bath: they smelt abominably, especially after rain.

The generality of travellers have remarked the brilliant rooms and dresses of the Russians. These are the common hordes of travellers who drive through a town, and see the buildings through the glasses; they only see the butterflies by night, and know not that a Russian family never inhabit the "show rooms," except on "show occasions," and they never, unfortunately, visited before they were expected.

I called one morning on a Russian nobleman of great distinction and fortune in Moscow. I found him at breakfast, sitting on his bed, on which was also his dog. The bed was a sofa, with nothing for covering but his military cloak; an old leather pillow finished the list of that furniture. His table was uncovered; he had a slice of raw ham, with one cup of coffee, a broken French mustard-bottle, and black bread; he was unwashed, unhosed, dirty and offensive, with apparatus used in bed-rooms lying in all directions. This was washed down with a half bottle of some wine, or quass, drunk out of his tooth-cup. Another Russian nobleman, known as the Anacreon of Russia, presented a still more ludicrous appearance; he was likewise at breakfast, in much the same dirty and uncomfortable style, but his night-gown, in which he exhibited himself, had stood the wear of many a year, and was literally so full of holes, that in spite of fold over fold, some parts were seen which the scanty shirt could not cover: I never shall forget his constant endeavour to defend himself or skin from observation. The only nobleman's bed-room which exhibited comfort and cleanliness, was that of the Prince Theodore Gargarin's: he had travelled much, and was a pattern to many in this respect.

One or two beds are the utmost to be found in one house in the country; the young ladies sleep on the sofas which surround the room, without any covering but their own clothes, a pillow being the only extra furniture on the occasion. The stockings are seldom relinquished; this must be from idleness, because the rooms are always kept at nearly an equal heat, and much covering cannot be requisite in the hardest winter. As to washing-basins, and other comforts, one is quite sufficient in a house; and on asking for that article, I have had a soup-plate, with a caraff of water brought. Towels, night-caps, &c. have not yet become common in the interior. In the domestic comforts of a house, the Russians, away from their capital, know very little; and yet, when a dinner is given, the "show rooms" lighted, the servants dressed alike, (which is very seldom the case,) they make a splendid appearance, and run into the wildest expenses. A Russian party is seldom dull, for, when conversation flags, they have recourse to the Bohemians, and then the time flies too rapidly.

The Bohemians, who come in tribes to Moscow, are well worth the attention of the traveller. I was resolved to see these wanderers in their own abodes; and, accompanied by Prince Wiasemki and Gargarin, my travelling companion, Mr. Dick, and Mr. Elphinstone, I arrived at their house, which, to my astonishment, seemed to embrace more comfort than half the houses in Moscow. A supper had been ordered to be sent from the restaurateur's, and we intended to make a pleasant evening after a bitter cold and uncomfortable day.

The Bohemians were absent on our arrival, which gave me an opportunity of making observations as to interior arrangements. The room was about thirty feet long; on both sides were beds with sheets, quilts, blankets, and, as if luxury was understood by these wanderers, I counted on one bed eight pillows, from the regular bolster to a small pillow about the size of a man's head; every thing was clean and neat, and the quarter of an hour between our arrival and that of the Bohemians was soon gone. Five women and three men shortly appeared. The first impulse was to kiss the pretty ones, and to pat the cheeks of the more aged. As far as the former need be commented on, I can say that the prima-donna had not only a very pretty face and hand, but a well-turned ankle and delicious breath.

On a stove (the way of warming all rooms in Russia) sat the eldest of the tribe with her guitar; the rest, with ourselves, formed a circle in the centre of the room. The music began with the guitar only, which was suddenly interrupted by the player bursting into a song, which she sang with a wildness bordering on frenzy; the others joined in the chorus, and threw more animation into the eyes and countenance than I believed to have been possible: suddenly the chorus ceased, and the prima-donna, with the most seductive and fascinating voice, sang a verse, which for sweetness of intonation, and delicacy of execution, might have astonished those who receive thousands for a few rights' exhibition. The loud burst of the chorus seemed to interrupt her, as if answering a question; and the whole song and chorus died away as if perfectly exhausted. Not so in reality. Away bounded one of these syrens, light as a shadow. The music again commenced, and a dance, somewhat resembling the lascivious movement of the "Palato," (a Columbian dance,) was sustained by a man and the above-mentioned woman. The rest hurried them into the wildest excesses, by singing, stamping the feet, and clapping the hands, to which the little feet of the dancer kept an increased pace; while the man bounded about with wonderful activity, performing the Cossack dance; the voices became loud, and the increased pace became faster, until, wound up to the full extent of the human power, they gave one tremendous shriek, and the dance and song instantly ceased. Here were princes of the land, men high in authority, travellers accustomed to all sights and nations, champagne sparkled, costly suppers were spread; and yet such was the fascination of these women, such the power produced over the mind by that wild song, and wilder dance, that although every eye sparkled with animation, the surprise was so great, and the string of our feelings wound to such a pitch, that we looked and gazed at each other without being able to grant the smallest applause. A kiss and conversation soon restored us to ourselves: again the song, and dance, and supper, and, last of all, the departure at three o'clock, A. M.

When these fascinating creatures collect the money, of which they are extremely avaricious, they sing a complimentary verse to the donor; this they continue to every one present, and receive from each generally twenty-five rubles.

It is said that these women, who allow their lips to be kissed by all, and who are not averse to fondling and embracing, are mostly in other respects virtuous, and difficult of access; yet the prima-donna, although unmarried, left an infant at the *Enfants Trouvés*; and such occur-

rences are not rare. The famous Count Tolstoy and Prince Gargarin married Bohemians: when this does occur, the bride is given away by the Patriarch of the tribe, and he requires a security that the lady shall never be returned. The nobles of Russia are extremely partial to the Bohemians: these ladies seldom surrender their virtue without being retained in a most splendid style. I remember a prince who held a champagne-bottle in one hand and a candle in the other, remarking to me in these words—"Who can help being foolish with such creatures?" The tribe in London are no more like the tribes in Moscow, than the Russian princes of the second class resemble our Royal family.

The upper class of women in Russia are decidedly handsome, generally speaking. I could name many families it would be hard in any country to surpass as to beauty. For instance, the Sherbatoffs, the Soltikoffs, Yousoupoffs, Pouchkin, Galitzins, Potemkins, and many others. The lower classes, even if they were beautiful, are always seen to great disadvantage: these have mostly the Tartar countenance; eyes far apart, and small; broad noses, and large mouths; added to which, the dress with fastenings above the breasts, leaves the shape entirely to imagination,—and in spite of Moore's

"Oh, my Norah's dress for me,
Which floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as Nature pleases,"—

it must be admitted that the female shape is much benefited by stays. I hardly ever saw (and I have seen some hundreds) one of the lower class of Russians with a slim and elegant figure.

THE CORN LAWS AND "CATECHISM."*

Tax abolition of the Corn Laws, like every other paramount object that has powerful opposition and blind bigotry to contend against, can only be accomplished by perseverance, and a steadfast determination on the part of the country to make its opinion be duly felt; aided and directed as it is by that able and willing coadjutor, the independent portion of the press. In renewing, therefore, this subject in the present Number, we do so under the impression that we may again and again have occasion to return to the charge, in defence of an oppressed people against a grasping oligarchy; and on that account we shall not now enter upon the variety of details that might be gone into to show the impolicy and injustice of these laws, and the folly of those who maintain that they are necessary for the existence of the landed interest, which, in certain points of view, have been so well stated by the author of the "Catechism on the Corn Laws," but deal rather in general principles, as more applicable to our purpose, because the value of the present system of agriculture, taken in its largest view, and of the landed interest itself, becomes a legitimate object for consideration. At the outset of this article, in our last publication, we have noticed our objection to the unqualified doctrine of the owners of the soil being of necessity the drones in the hive. In common with all monopolists, they are so; and being the most extensive and vexatious of monopolists, they the more cruelly oppress the industrious, thwart their painstaking efforts, and take more good things out of the hive—living, in short, upon the vitals of those who are working in it, than any other of their class. Landowners generally, for there are some splendid exceptions to the groveling wish, have preferred the galling opprobrium of living out of the honest industry of the people, rather than looking

to their own energies, to active enterprise, to a stirring spirit of improvement for their means; in a word, they have virtually preferred the privileges of the feudal lord, to the high independence of freemen, whose good fortune it is to be in the uppermost scale of society of the first country in the world, enjoying the opportunity of shedding happiness around them. They have placed their own advantage, or that which they falsely assert to be so, in competition with the common good; they have put themselves in the gap, to prevent the people passing from wretchedness to comfort; they have shown to a disgusted nation that their own benefit, exclusive and apart from the best interests of England, is paramount with them. All this they have done, and have caused the people to point the finger of scorn at them for their conduct; but it does not follow from this that the landed interest *per se* is inimical to the other national interests, or that innate opposition exists between them; and therefore we have objected *in limine*, in the present state of society, to any abstract questions of economical science, with regard to rent or other points, from being applied unfairly, as we think, to increase the odium that has been excited against the landed interest; because it is not in its original position, but in the efforts it has made to force itself out of that position, by determining, as far as in it lay, to throw all the pressure of extraordinary circumstances in a period of peace, produced from a variety of causes, and succeeding a period of war replete with still more extraordinary events, upon the people, rather than bear its due proportion. Under a long course of mismanagement, extravagance, and inattention to the welfare of the empire, a perpetual coquetting between the minister of the day and the aristocracy has been resorted to. That was the corner-stone of the system that has created for us nearly one thousand millions sterling of debt, and compels the community to pay taxes to the amount of upwards of thirty millions annually before the current expenses of the army, navy, and various other contingent outlays for the public service can be provided for. Those who have held the reins of Government have not chosen a liberal policy towards the people, by which they might, in a great degree, have freed themselves from the trammels of the aristocracy; and the latter, in preference to an independent course, have truckled to the minister of the day for the loaves and fishes; and as a sort of collective reward for their obsequiousness to his will, demanded, at the close of the war, that the advantages of the period that enriched individual classes, and particularly that connected with the land, should be continued to the latter; that when other articles, together with the rate of wages, were reduced from 50 to 150 per cent. agricultural produce should remain at the maximum price; that they, according to their false notions of exclusive benefit—for it is bottomed upon the principle of producing poverty and starvation through the land, and therefore cannot last—were to continue unmolested in the receipt of high rents and war prices, when the currency, and every direct and collateral circumstance are changed around them. We have already declared our hope and belief that the Duke of Wellington's cabinet, which is strong in the talent of its head, and we unfeignedly think is strong in political honesty, will crush the Quixotic effort of the landowners, made through the medium of the Corn Laws; but should they be so weak and wicked in this instance as to shrink from a task demanded of them by justice, humanity, policy, and every other consideration that ought to influence the mind of wise and virtuous statesmen, the natural course of events must speedily bring about a change in these accursed statutes, unless those events should be anticipated by a more speedy popular convulsion. In accordance, then, with the rule that we have laid down for ourselves, we shall not now pursue the course of argument that would naturally issue from the two points we brought out in the first part of this article—that the agriculturists are not more highly taxed than their fellow-subjects, and that the protecting duty they can in common justice demand, in conformity with their profession, constantly repeated, that they only wish to be protected from the underselling of the foreign grower, would not exceed 3s. These details we pass over for the moment, for opportunities enough, in all likelihood, will be afforded to us to enter upon them during the

next session of Parliament, for the discussion on the Corn Laws must come fairly and extensively before the House of Commons, if not, as we anxiously expect, spontaneously from the Government, by the loud and determined voice of the nation forcing the question upon it. But in passing, we would ask if the difference be reduced within about 8s. per quarter, of bringing foreign wheat to the English market and growing wheat in England, is there nothing to be done in the way of improvement in agriculture? Can an additional impetus be no where given to it? Cannot increased energy and industry be usefully applied in a pursuit that, during a long war, returned inordinate profits to the most slothful follower of it, and during fifteen years of succeeding peace, has shown all those who have been connected with it, leaning on the people for support, without making a single energetic effort for their own independent advantage? Are they to stand aside and supinely look on, whilst the Legislature, year after year, is driving minor monopolists to the application of their enterprise and active industry? Is the obligation of the bond that enables the owners of the soil to place their foot upon the neck of the British people and crush them to the earth, of so sacred a nature, and must it of necessity be so strictly observed, that the crying and overwhelming distress that surrounds them cannot induce those owners to soften the galling condition, and try whether energy and well applied industry might not lead to agricultural improvement, that would enable them to meet successfully the difference of expense between bringing English and foreign wheat to this market, reduced as it is, in reality, to the small pittance of about 8s. per quarter? But to uphold the professions, that they only want protection from the foreign grower of corn in the English market, (a mere colourable and flimsy pretence, set up to cover their grasping ambition to fill the same space in society as they formerly did, and to gratify their inordinate jealousy of other classes, which they see are now occupying the most important position) the aristocracy declare that, if that sum were quadrupled, it would not protect them, and that without protection they must sink; and our answer to them is, in God's name let them sink, in preference to the people of England. These proud lords of the soil have driven their fellow-subjects to an extremity that renders it necessary for them fairly to look the question in the face, regard its true bearing, contemplate the social duty they have to perform in consequence, and with the spirit, and independence, and honesty of freemen, let them know that, as there is no necessity for it, they will no longer endure the galling hardship and crying disgrace of a bread-tax, to uphold, not the land, but those who abuse the possession of it. Our object at this moment is to call the attention of the people of England to the question, whether the land of England would go out of cultivation, if the forebodings of the present landed interest were realized, that its members could not bear up against that which they falsely assert to be foreign competition? Many of them, we admit, with their mortgages, and annuities, and cumbrous expenditure, might be unable to conform themselves to the change that would ultimately benefit the land, as well as every other department of the social system; and it might bring their difficulties to a crisis more prematurely than otherwise would be the case, and estates might in consequence change hands in unusual numbers; but that the land would go out of cultivation, or be worse managed, we boldly deny. Who are the persons, we would ask, who are the most pertinacious in their support of the Corn Laws? Landlords, who are screwing their tenants with rack-rents; men who are encumbered with debts, and know not how to meet their expenditure, who are looking for their receipts before they are due, who have no means, by the constant anticipation of their incomes, of encouraging improvement, or managing their estates, to the best advantage. These, we maintain, are the individuals who are loudest in their plaudits of those desolating statutes that interfere so cruelly with the purchase of the first necessary of life, which compel the poor man, out of his hard-earned labour, to eat dear bread, when the bounty of Providence, and all the circumstances of the world, unite in affording it to him at a cheap rate. If foreign competition were so far to operate upon the circumstances of these individuals as to compel them to sell

their estates to those who would have the power of turning them to the best advantage—to men of capital and energy, who have the means and inclination to encourage improvement, would the people be losers? Would not the land remain in cultivation, and in superior cultivation to that which it had been accustomed to receive? Are men of capital, whose means are far beyond the claims they have to answer, or needy inheritors, whose pecuniary necessities and high notions of aristocratic excellence are hourly leading them into fresh extravagancies, the most likely to assist agricultural or any other pursuits? Every county in England can give examples of the improvement of those estates that have passed from the latter to the former occupants. If we look to the next grade of clamourers in support of the Corn Laws, we find individuals, not, indeed, directly oppressed by their pecuniary necessities, but collaterally so from their unnatural envy towards the other interests of the country, which demands from them an expenditure under the false notion of maintaining their station, which makes them grasp at every phantom of policy that can be conjured up to further their darling object—an inordinate ambition to elevate their own "order" at the expense of every other in the British empire: an object, by the way, as easy of permanent attainment, at this period of society, as to reach the clouds by the assistance of a rope of sand. If some of this latter description of landowners, in the plenitude of their arrogance and vexation at the destruction of their favourite theory of Corn Law protection, should sell their interest in the soil, ought that circumstance to cause any great grief? Estates would, in that case, be transferred from indolent, haughty, but, at the same time, mean-spirited possessors, who hesitate not to grind down the poor for the indulgence of their false pride, to wealthy and active purchasers, who have no false predilections to gratify, and are qualified from inclination and opportunity to enter upon improvement, and consequently fair competition. If changes of property were thus to occur, by reason of an abolition of the Corn Laws, to a much wider extent than they would do, we should have no apprehension about it; but a firm resolve on the part of the Government, supported by the determined voice of the people, and the good example of energy set by new occupants of land (who are not looking for war prices, and in purchasing estates would draw their capital from occupations where exertion is requisite to insure moderate returns for that capital,) would have a wonderful effect in arousing old landed proprietors to a sense of their duty, their independence, and their popularity. At present they are the most degraded of pensioners; without permanently benefiting themselves, living out of the sweat of the poor man's brow, not as kind superiors, but as cruel taskmasters. In the case that we have pointed out, landowners would betake themselves to the consideration of agricultural amendment, and would begin to look to their own resources; and every experiment they made in honest sincerity would give them encouragement to proceed. If numerous examples confirm our assertion, that new dynasties in estates have improved the condition of them, it is fair to infer that the same proofs of amelioration would take place upon a more extended change occurring from the necessities or obstinacy of the old ones parting from them upon terms in accordance with present circumstances (not as land was sold twenty years ago), which would leave scope for those who purchase, to meet those circumstances successfully. These persons have no preconceived prejudices, as to growing wheat in preference to cattle, or butter, or cheese, or any other article of agricultural produce. They would look around them, and see where a *bonâ fide* profit is to be made, and they would arrange their land for tillage or pasture accordingly.

If this country, from causes either natural or acquired, cannot grow wheat upon such low terms as it can be bought, upon what fair reasoning are we to grow it? It would be as rational to make port wine here, at a quintuple cost to the price it can be bought at in Portugal. For the sake of growing that which we can buy cheaper elsewhere, we import butter and cheese; and with this assistance, the former article is at a price that renders it almost a luxury, even to the middle class; and the cheese chiefly consumed by the lower orders in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, and indeed in most

populous towns, is a worthless description, made in Holland, without possessing any nourishing quality, and pronounced by medical men to be most indigestible and unwholesome food. Meat of every description is at a price that renders it unattainable by the poor more than one day in the week; and very frequently, in many families, it is not tasted for weeks together. The consumption of malt liquor, that wholesome and strengthening beverage, at one time deemed, as it were, indigenous to England, is so much reduced by the use of intoxicating spirits, equally destructive to the health and morals of the people, that even the positive demand for it is not equal to what it was when the population was only six millions. This unfortunate substitution of ardent spirits for a wholesome beverage is mainly attributable to the licensing system, with all its unjust and mischievous concomitants, which we shall probably take occasion to notice somewhat in detail at a future time, and which we now only advert to for the purpose of showing an additional reason to prove how futile, if a sound course of public duty be pursued, are the apprehensions of those who imagine that land would go out of cultivation in England, if she did not grow the great proportion of wheat for the consumption of her population. In this short statement, how important are the opportunities for the increase of cultivation! What an area does it present for activity in the growth of meat, wool, hides, tallow, barley, butter, cheese, &c.! What a market does it open for agricultural produce, in the ameliorated condition of manufacturing operatives, by reason of having it at a price within their reach, which now is not the case even with the first necessary of life. If wheat can be grown as cheaply as it can be bought, it is well; but if it cannot, why impoverish yourselves by producing it? Because, say some trite reasoners, you will become dependent upon foreign powers for your supply of bread. And if you are, is not the Polish farmer as much dependent upon you for money, manufactures, or any other commodity he may want, in exchange for his corn, as you are dependent upon him for it? It is only the division of labour upon the great scale; and if the foreign farmer can grow wheat upon cheaper terms than we can, English enterprise, and capital, and skill, will make him, and every one he is connected with, largely dependent upon this country for various supplies of other articles, his consumption of which will at once enrich our manufacturers, agriculturists, and every other department of national industry. We have thus concisely endeavoured to show, that if the Corn Laws were abolished, the land of England would not go out of cultivation: but there are two other circumstances that we will advert to, as confirming the necessity for the change we urge. A tax of eight millions annually is raised out of the country in the shape of Poor's Rates, when at the same time you compel the poor, by law, to eat bread at a high price, and narrow their means of maintaining themselves by honest industry, inasmuch as you destroy the channels through which that industry can be made available; you check the power of consumption; you do your best to throw the operatives of the country out of employment, and are obliged, year after year, to increase the burdens of the already overloaded tax-paying community for the support of the labouring classes, rendered comparatively unproductive by your own acts. Posterity will be incredulous, when they read this damning fact of the folly of this enlightened generation, and will wonder by what legendarium it was deprived of its reason upon this great point of national policy! An excess of population is decreed, but that can only occur when labour and food is not in sufficient abundance; and to obviate the difficulty, and allay apprehensions upon the subject, it is thought wise and prudent to diminish as much as possible the demand for labour, and prohibit the importation of the first article of human subsistence! We think that we have done enough to show the impolicy of the Corn Laws, and the injustice and pressure of them upon the lower and middle classes; but it may at the same time be well to turn to the course of taxation as referable to the operation it produces upon those ranks of society, and see whether they are not sufficiently loaded with other imposts to be relieved from that most irritating one, commenced in derision, and continued in defiance of the best interests of the people—a tax upon bread. Of the other duties, we find that

the ~~English~~ produce twenty millions, eighteen of which are ~~consumed~~ of those on malt, hops, beer, glass, cottons, spirits, licences, tax, leather, soap, candles, bricks, and tiles—commodities principally in use among the ~~middle~~ and lower orders; above two-thirds of the Customs are paid by ~~the same~~ classes; and the remainder of the taxes, in amount about thirteen millions, with the exception of 1,200,000*l.* land-tax, which falls principally upon the higher ranks, is shared equally between them and the middle class.

In conformity with our promise given in the last article upon this subject, we notice here the result of our inquiries relative to the last harvest. There appears to have been pretty generally throughout the country a few fine days at the beginning of August, which were taken advantage of by the farmers in most instances where their corn was in a fit state to carry, and that wheat is of the finest description. With this exception, which amounts, we understand, to about one-fifth of the whole, we fear the crop of wheat has been housed in a very damp condition. In some instances, on very high land, and on a sandy soil, it has generally been got in dry, which it is roughly calculated by those who have been through the country, may increase the quantity of wheat drily housed, to one quarter of the crop. A great proportion of the other part of the wheat will require to be kiln-dried. Barley and oats have not suffered so much as might have been expected, and the same, we believe, may be said generally of beans and peas.

It may not be altogether irrelevant in this place, calling the attention of the country, as we have done, to the necessity of adopting sound principles in the commerce of the chief article of life, to advert to a report that has gone abroad, of a change having taken place in the sentiments of Mr. Huskisson upon matters of trade, and that he was beginning to retire from his own policy, and to have misgivings as to its practical results. This is the first opportunity we have had of referring to this "weak invention of the enemy," and we do so now to give it a positive and unqualified contradiction. If he has been misreported, either at Liverpool or Manchester, he could not guard against such misrepresentation; or if, in speaking in the midst of distressed manufacturers and traders, many of whom might unjustly attribute their difficulties to his measures, Mr. Huskisson should have been more than usually guarded in his expressions, and in the fulness of his heart, in declaring his sorrow for the commercial embarrassments, he might have used less sanguine terms than formerly he had, as to the success of that policy which he had so largely contributed to produce; it was creditable to his taste and feelings; but whatever he did say, we are warranted in asserting no change has taken place in his mind; and we understand from many leading characters who heard that distinguished individual on his recent tour, that by no distortion of language could it be inferred that he had, in the slightest degree, deviated from his former opinions regarding his commercial policy. Having said thus much with respect to that statesman's recent conduct, we hope that he will not consider us as improperly alluding to him, who has already done so much in developing the resources, and arousing the energies of his country, in his efforts against partial interests and monopolies—if we urge him, in pure consistency, and practically, to prove to the British empire his thorough conviction of the wisdom of his own measures, which, so long as the Corn Laws continue, must be incomplete and inoperative; to bring his powerful talents, his extensive information, his matured judgment, in active collision with that hateful monopoly of the agriculturalists, in comparison with which all other monopolies are insignificant and harmless. But by whomsoever they may be supported, or by whomsoever they may be deserted, in honest sincerity to the people of England, we say, cease not to agitate this great question until you have carried it. Do not be deceived by too sanguine anticipations of success, and thereby sink into apathy; and, on the other hand, be not depressed by opposition, however powerful—by sophistry, however plausible—by clamour among the interested few, however loud; and, above all, be not satisfied with half measures. Be strong in the confidence of your own overpowering resources, and recollect what must be the effect on the advocates

The New Police.

of justice in its most glaring form, of the opinion of the British community; loudly, resolutely, and unceasingly expressed, until they shall blot out of their statute-book the foul stain of that injustice.

Finally, we would say to our countrymen, watch attentively the conduct of ministers at the opening of the next session of Parliament; and, if you find them not prepared to strike boldly at the root of those enactments that at once increase your expenditure and destroy your means of meeting it, exert that gigantic power that a free constitution has given you; and you will speedily scatter as chaff before the wind every vestige of their destructive effects.

THE NEW POLICE.

THE reformation of the existing system of police in the metropolis has occasioned much discussion, and like all beneficial innovations in our prejudice-ridden community, has been violently attacked. Those who have censured the measure untried are worthy of little regard, but monstrous indeed is the perverseness and blindness of those who assert that no change was necessary. It was impossible for any police to have been worse organized, or more loaded with abuses, than that which preceded the new; and it was rather owing to the moral disposition of the people, than to any power of detection or prevention in the guardians of the peace, that crimes of greater magnitude were not oftener committed—tenfold oftener; and committed, too, with impunity. Nothing was easier than for clever rogues to practise their depredations undetected. Of the crimes detected, the detection, nine times out of ten, arose from the offender's own clumsiness, and want of foresight. The utter deficiency of any means of prevention; nay, the temptations to persons employed as guardians of the public property and safety to promote the consummation of the crime, were so evident, that they were never denied, and certainly, if lessened of late years, were never done away with entirely. The system of rewards to officers for doing their duty, their scanty stipends, and the waste of money and time in criminal prosecutions and the consequent compromises, were all terrible defects in our police system. Next, in respect to parish watching, we have always been of opinion that parties patrolling the streets at short, unfixed intervals during the night, is a far better plan for public security than aged or sleepy watchmen, often careless, often accomplices of rogues, and frequently so reckless of their duty, or so well rewarded for seeming carelessness, that burglaries are perpetrated, according to their own story, under their very noses, and yet are unobserved! We forbear to notice the offences of these watchmen themselves against the peace, the brutal conduct they too often exhibited, and the exactions they levied at times upon passengers, or worse, upon unfortunate women of the town, who were too often obliged to share some portion of their scanty and infamous earnings with them, to avoid the fulfilment of threats which were wholly unprovoked. But these matters have been already touched upon in the newspapers, to the police reports of which, when confined to the substantial matter, it is incredible how much the country is indebted. Let a criminal fly from the metropolis to the provinces, and with common prudence he may easily remain undetected for all the police can do. Provided his person be not remarkable, or well known to them, to what part of the country shall they follow him? Where is their clue? Let the newspapers be dumb respecting an offender, as the lawyers wish them to be, and he escapes. Reverse the thing. The police

reports fly into every corner of the provinces: the strange doings in every country village and town is watched, and people have their conjectures about him. His case is read before his fate: perchance he is confused, or soon flies to some other spot, and induces suspicion; there the fatal newspaper meets him again. He is arrested, found to be the "true man," and delivered over to justice. Newspapers, well circulated with such descriptions, are worth twenty passport systems, and do not interfere with public liberty. Nor does a police hand-bill, or "Hue and Cry," answer the purpose, because few people ever see it, and none will purchase it. By publishing accurate police reports, the general mass is aroused to the offence and offender, and every individual takes an interest in his detection. Away then with the trash of the lawyers about police reports! What can be their motive for opposing them, unless it be a sort of sympathy with the channels which supply their daily bread, and which the diminution of roguery would seriously affect? A free press, in reporting police examinations and inquests, is a national treasure of inestimable worth.

But this is digression. The new system of police which Mr. Peel has set in motion cannot, in the short time it has been established, furnish either a due estimate of its value or its defects: One thing is very certain, that it must be superior to the old plan, and that it has put an end to the system of district officers and parish watchmen, which in a large city was an incalculable evil. The combination of the whole body of police under one direction was absolutely necessary to promote unity of action. What could be more absurd than a watchman refusing to take an offender into custody because the latter was a few yards beyond his beat!

There is a most foolish principle sedulously inculcated by lawyers respecting offenders, namely, that they shall not be allowed to criminate themselves. It is very well for a counsel on the side of a prisoner to urge this upon the arraigned party, and it is a humane and proper thing in a judge not to allow a confession to be evidence, which is drawn from a prisoner under hope of mercy; but what can be more opposite to the ends of public justice, and the punishment of offenders, than the perpetual caution given him by every petty magistrate not to criminate himself? It is the bounden duty of all officers concerned in the administration of justice and the protection of the public, to get at the truth or matter-of-fact in the case before them. No innocent man need fear any thing by the utmost exposure. It is sufficiently humane that the prisoner know he cannot be forced to answer any questions respecting his guilt or innocence to which he does not choose to respond. We repeat it, that the truth alone is the object to be had in view by the authorities in these cases, and that all lawful and fair means should be had recourse to that it may be obtained. This excessive regard for guilt has been strengthened by the absurd axiom of still more absurd brains, that a judge is counsel for a prisoner, which, in fair reasoning, means that a judge is bound to get the prisoner clear, if possible, guilty or innocent; for what else has a counsel to do for his client? Now this which the judge is bound to do, according to the lawyers, stamps him a rogue if he act up to it, for he is bound to deal impartial justice. He has, or ought to have, before him on the bench the criminal's examination before the committing magistrate, which, compared with what comes out on the trial, would settle,

nine times out of ten, the guilt or innocence of the prisoner in any reasonable mind; how then, without more than Old Bailey practice hypocrisy, can he advocate the prisoner's cause, and do his duty to the public, the servant of which he is, and for which he is solemnly pledged to act uprightly! The prisoner should have his own counsel if he choose, or one should be appointed for him, but all fair means to get at the truth should be employed. If the prisoner make contradictory allegations, or criminate himself, it is his own affair—it is sufficient he is not obliged to do it. This spirit was carried into our old police system; “spare the prisoner,” was the cry; and while we did not hesitate to hang a man upon the testimony of a King's evidence, who is always, honestly speaking, a more guilty man than the prisoner, we often hesitated about the testimony given by those employed in his apprehension. Now a police officer, who gains no advantage by the innocence or guilt of the individual he apprehends being established, having an unimpeachable character, is one of the best witnesses. In this respect the new police will have a great advantage over the old, and its alliance with incipient rogues not thought worthy of capture until well ripened in iniquity. The later reforms in the old police had done away with a portion of this; it is true; but complete purgation was required, and we trust Mr. Peel's measure has effected it. It was formerly a constant practice among the police to permit petty depredators to continue infesting society until they reached, step by step, a daring crime, for which it was worth the police officers' object to apprehend them, either from the reward offered for them, or the *scot* attending the discovery, and the consequent increase of value they obtained in their calling. The slandered intellect of the present day has shown that there are better methods of protecting the public than by following the institutions of Jonathan Wild. The activity of an imposing and watchful power, honourably directed, and incessantly regardful of the interests of the public in this great metropolis, is the open, manly, straight-forward method of preventing and detecting crime; the only way worthy the character of Englishmen.

But the new system is charged with being one of *espionnage*, and Heaven knows what besides; and, curiously enough, these charges are principally brought by the ultra-Tory newspapers, and do not originate in any dislike to such a system were it really established, but in hatred to Mr. Peel. It is akin to their motives in other instances of their apparent anti-ultraism, as in their miraculous advocacy of Parliamentary Reform, despite the Duke of Newcastle's tyranny at Newark, and their attacks upon abuses they strenuously advocated when their party was in power. Mr. Peel's system is open and manly, not sneaking and cowardly, like that under Lord Sidmouth a few years ago, when starving villains were led on, step by step, furnished with money and arms, and, there is too much reason to fear, even with plots, by agents and policemen. When, too, this ultra-Tory Lord was so terrified, that the cannon along the coast were dismounted, and every pop-gun kept for a birth-day salute was seized upon and guarded, and spies were busy in every corner. The ultra-Tory papers found no fault with the system of *espionnage* then in vogue, for it was exclusively their masters', and posterity will give him the infamous glory of it; but now matters are changed. With a home-minister whom they vituperate, they dread a system of *espionnage* being established by a body of police, which is

quite the reverse in character; where every member of that body is known, and not a single Oliver, or Castles, or Reynolds; is employed incognito, to scrape acquaintance with marked individuals, or lead them, or pay them into crime. Mr. Peel has no objection that the name and description of his new men should be fully known to all the world. He relies upon the activity and watchfulness of his agents, exerted openly in conscious power, not in moral weakness and disguise, in darkness and dissimulation. Spy systems will not do in England; they must be discarded here, and left to the inventors of them, the Bourbon governments of Europe; though Napoleon used them, to the preceding governments of France they owed their perfection—to the hot-bed of continental ultraism.

The very nature of an Englishman's character would render a spy-police system inert and ridiculous here. In the great Continental cities, people are more social, and mingle more together. Many families dwell under the same roof. No liberty of the press prevails. There is no *habeas corpus* act. Here there can be no commitment without a public examination. There can be no secret imprisonment. No one wants to conceal his political opinions from his neighbours; or is afraid of his Majesty's ministers, who cannot avenge the open expression of any opinion respecting them, that reasonable men can hold. From any fear of *espionnage* for political purposes we are safe, by the constitution of the social institutes of the country. As to the secrets of families, the tattle of women, the economy of an household, except the sensual Bourbon princes, who allowed a little of it in former times to gratify their mistresses, it does not appear to have ever made, in a Continental police system, any object worth mentioning. Under Napoleon it certainly did not. The names, numbers, ages, and persons of individuals, in all houses, are known to the police by the passports. The very *gens-d'armes* has been altered since 1818, so as (in France) to do away with the worst part of its character. It formerly reported to the war minister, and the military commander, as well as to the police minister, and such reports were unknown but to the officer who made them. Thus the military officers might have had information of a different nature from that of the minister of police, and might communicate it secretly to the head of the Government. The *gens-d'armes* of France is now, to all intents and purposes, a civil body. Its members always differed from the army in that their horses and accoutrements were their own property, and they had their own private stables and lodgings, not quartering with the soldiers. They have a sort of *esprit de corps*, are all picked men, of tried character, and enjoined by the laws to behave with kindness and civility to peaceable persons.

The *mouchards*, as some style them, are the real agents pensioned by the police. They mingle with the people and watch suspected characters, themselves unknown as police agents. They are engaged from every rank of persons, and paid accordingly; and there is always a good sprinkling of foreigners of every nation among them. The *gens-d'armes* are always known; they are never disguised; and are, in fact, what we might call constables, patrols, and watchmen combined. The officers, denominated *huissiers*, rather answer to our bailiffs, and act under the instruction of the law courts: the *gens-d'armes* are the civil police. We would, therefore, rectify the common mistake as to the character of the *gens-d'armes*; they report what they openly observe, and obey the magistrates' orders; the police spies are a very different

body of men. The military character of a gendarme is the thing most obnoxious in a free country. In England, the military never has, and we hope never may, be combined with the civil power. When a force is wanted here to escort a criminal, or to guard a prison, the sheriff should arm a body of police for the purpose. Our jealousy of military interference in civil affairs is a just one, and, with proper precaution, it might always be dispensed with.

We are not advocates for extending the new plan of Mr. Peel to the country parts of England. It is obvious that some very different system must be adopted to prevent, as well as detect, crime in a city with a million and a half of souls, dwelling in nine or ten thousand streets, courts, and alleys, of all grades in moral and social life, compared to the insulated dwellings of the country, and the confined limits of provincial towns. For our own parts, we can see none which promises better than the present, when it shall have had the benefit of a little more experience. We would particularly inculcate civility on its agents; they are not superior to the peaceable citizen, but his servants, acting for his protection; and so acting, he, on the other hand, is bound to afford them every facility in attaining the end of their existence as a body. We think their efficacy will be soon universally acknowledged. While we respect a reasonable jealousy towards every apparent encroachment upon public liberty, we condemn unfounded alarm, and despise those persons who, uniformly the advocates of unlimited authority, sink even their real sentiments in pretended solicitude for public liberty, when, by so doing, they can convert the pen into an instrument of personal attack. Had the ex-Chancellor been the founder of the present police, or his Grace of Newcastle, and had *they* added passports and interrogatories, we believe all would have been "wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best." We should have had no cant about military spies; no sallies about Gallic-like *espionnage*; no alarms about Napoleonism, (who we have shown was not the inventor nor the greatest user of the spy system); no railings at the "Peelers," as they style them. Personal "enmity, the motive fit only for the Devil," is at the bottom of these Jeremiades—these lamentations of the "*Morning Journal*," *et hoc genus omne*.

Very great advantages result from a combined system of action in a body like that at present under consideration; and it is difficult to conceive how such an end can be obtained without something like discipline. It was formerly impossible to get together, at a short notice, an effective number of the police to act at any given point: this advantage has been attained, and a limited force will be ready on a given emergency. The word "police" has been considered obnoxious, because it has often been abused in other countries; but it matters not here what term shall designate a body, the conduct and rules of which are unopposed to the principles of civil freedom. It is these rules; and the constitution of the present body, to which all observations should be confined; and we confess we see without the slightest alarm, nay, rather hail as a benefit, any substitution for the uncertain protection of parish watchmen and police officers, who must be paid well by the robbed to do justice on the thief.

When the new system is in full action, and experience is attained as to the local haunts of thieves, the stratagems and combinations they adopt, and the times when they are most active, it will be found that the number of depredations will decrease if the system act well. A great mode of preventing robberies of shops and dwelling-houses, is an incertitude

as to the time or times when the police may patrol near them. The rounds should be gone at hours fixed upon only after the night parties have been set on. When there were regular watchmen, on the old system, it cost a housebreaker the observation of a night or two only to ascertain the habits of the guardian of the spot—whether he slept in his box, whether he left his beat, and what not,—and he acted accordingly. These preliminary observations were almost always made by experienced burglars; and more than one visit, or two, was paid to the premises marked out for depredation, before any attempt was made to enter it. Some robberies were planned six months before the time was considered proper to effect them. We remember one man who entered a bank six times to obtain the whole of the models for making the keys necessary to complete his plan. The great and successful robberies are now committed by a few skilful hands. The pickpockets, who were formerly numerous, and a superior class of thieves, are at present the lowest; and, indeed, most of the depredators on the pockets of street passengers are boys under fourteen years of age. As in every thing else, so in thievery, the risk and profit to be made are evenly balanced by the professors of the trade. The cleverest, and those who possess most skill and foresight, will be found practising where combination and knowledge are most necessary, and the booty greatest. The vulgar thief will be the most daring and most easy of detection; the “gentlemen” of the art will always be abroad the longest, and keep the laws of the country farthest at bay. Were it not for the improvidence of those who thus live on the property of others, and the impossibility of their feeling the value of what they waste, they would often wholly escape detection by frugally living upon the great amount of plunder they obtain until it is expended. A noted thief, afterwards transported, said, that he moved to a remote quarter of the metropolis, after a successful theft; kept no company with any one who knew him before; rarely went out of his lodgings until after night-fall, and lived until his plunder was spent, which was nearly a twelvemonth, unmolested. It is, therefore, against thieves of this class that the system of prevention should most especially be directed, for detection is frequently impossible. Against such the late plan of watching was evidently ineffectual. Though it prevented burglaries from being more numerous, it did not hinder the more dexterous *artistes*, as the French would say, from reaping too often a rich booty, especially from jewellers’ shops. We have often observed under the old plan, that there was little generalship displayed in placing the men. We have often found a watchman placed half-way up a street which had no lateral outgoing, while at the ends there were cross streets without a box in view. It is true that this admirably placed Charley was often stationed against the house of a great man in the parish vestry, which explained the badness of his position.

We could wish that people were in general more disposed to second the operations of the police than they are at present. We contend that no burglary could happen without discovery at the time, if proper precautions were taken by the inmates, unless some were confederates. Rogues will not risk breaking into a house where there is nothing worth stealing, and he who has goods to tempt the thief ought at least to use reasonable precautions against him. The best system of police cannot do every thing, but its object may be much furthered by the aid of those whom it is designed to protect. We have

never tried the preventive system, and the vermin that swarm under the appellation of attorneys, always hungry for prey, are ever ready to take up the cause of any character, however bad, against whom, perhaps, a praiseworthy zeal may have been too far exerted. Prevention is, therefore, as the law stands, a hazardous measure if carried too far. It had better, therefore, be of the passive than the active kind; but there can be no hesitation as to the police arresting the ragged boys that swarm in our crowded streets at midday, for their designs are never long concealed. A riddance of these to Sidney Cove, for fourteen years, together with every thief who appears a second time in a court of justice, would rapidly thin London of its furtive colonization, and be no injustice, but the contrary, to the individual. Surely the hulk system might well be exchanged for that of transportation for a double term. By the latter we should incur no greater expense; thin, though triflingly, our exuberant population; people a new world; extend the field of commerce; and our national glory, and reform the offender. We repeat it, without some such alteration the new police will not be fully effective. Our streets are deluged with thieves let loose from the hulks, ten times more mischievous than they entered them. We hang a man who imitates a note of twenty shillings, though it might be he was starving from want of employment when he was tempted to do it, the punishment being out of all measure of justice to the individual. By what reasoning, then, do we refrain from sending to our colonies the young thieves who infest our streets, upon a second offence, and thus almost prefer licensing their future depredations!

We have some doubts whether it would not be useful to have some portion of the new police, at times, dressed as other individuals; a pick-pocket will be on his guard when a policeman is near, or pass into some street where he may not be observed. It is true this would not be consonant exactly to the preventive plan, but it would aid materially in the apprehension of such offenders. We think, too, that the pay of the men is too low. A guinea a week is too little to keep men above temptation to wrong—it should be thirty shillings at least; the money would be well bestowed.

On the whole there can be no doubt but the experiment will answer better than many persons expect. It must, however, be aided by the community at large, and if an impression that shall be effectual is expected to be made, the law courts, in the sentences of offenders who have been brought into a court of justice more than once, must lend their help. We do not think the task of diminishing public crimes in the metropolis so very difficult; as to the extent of the diminution, it is another affair. Mr. Peel has aimed well, and his disposition no one can doubt. He must see, however, that he must go a little farther in collateral measures, and evince that zeal in preventing the return upon the public of offenders destitute of all means of subsistence but from their depredations, which he has shown in his present innovation upon an old and ineffective institution. With luxury, crime increases, and the necessity for its remedy. With what the Home Secretary has done we are sure the public are satisfied; with what he may do, and of what it would be politic and just he should farther do, we trust we shall not be disappointed in our anticipations.

THE DEAD SEA.

"Lugentes campi : sic illos nomine dicunt."

— tristique, palus inamabilis, unda.—*Virg. Æneid. l. vi.*

WHOEVER has spent the month of March at Jerusalem, and knows how to value an ample view from a clean terrace, of one of the most interesting scenes in history, will never forget, unless he be singularly ungrateful, the Latin Convent of Our Holy Saviour. March is as churlish and gusty a month here as with us in the North of Europe, and shifts the decoration and colouring of your landscape I know not how often in the same day. This is no evil; Jerusalem is so compendiously packed up within its Turkish walls, that, without some such change, you would soon fall asleep over the monotony. Our grey clouds and pea-green washy-looking landscapes are not more melancholy than an earth burnt up to the rocks, and a blaze of blue sky overhead: now this you avoid in the month of March; you stand on the confines of two great portions of the year, and have dashes and blendings of both. We all lived below in a dungeon-like room, too large for a cell, but too dreary for a habitable apartment. There was one great window, but its huge bars and cobwebbed panes of yellow-looking glass darkened the little daylight which was left us. Some lumber in the way of a few old oaken chairs creaking under us, and a clumsy black desk, notched with the memorials of the pilgrims who had preceded us, did the part of furniture. I remember, above all, the door. It was like the hieroglyphic tablet in the tomb of some Egyptian king. Names, and some of them worth reading, scarred it all over. On a rainy day it was invaluable. Our servants pitched their tent on one of the terraces outside, and revelled at large on the wine of Bethlehem. But we were careless enough about our in-door comforts. We lived, like all good Easterns, wholly and altogether in the open air. When not actually on excursions, in and round the city, we were to be found on the terrace. That terrace was worth an entire library and garden. It was nothing more than the roof of the building; perfectly flat, well paved, and kept in the best order, with a plain parapet, and no interruption but the cupola, rising in the centre, like an isolated little temple, and looking out in various ways upon the most striking features of the city. I read Herodotus at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the Iliad on the plains of Troy, but I would give both for a chapter of Isaiah or Jeremiah from the terrace of the convent of San Salvatore. I remember one evening, in particular, it was so wild and wayward, the sky so dull and ~~lucid~~—I had made up my mind for an earthquake, or a hurricane, or something worse than either for which I had no distinct name; when, after a pause, in which you could have heard distinctly the whispers of two naked Arabs at their prayers on the terrace near, I saw a great burst of light—half sun, half cloud—with a deep flaring rainbow crowning it, sweep off from behind Mount Olivet towards the Dead Sea. I thought of Julian and St. Cyril, and his crosses, and pronounced him a good observer and a better poet. Jerusalem was starred with the light, and Olivet was as if Shiloh had revealed himself, and the bare red rocks of the Dead Sea seemed angry with the smouldering of the sinking cities, and Tophet (fit scene for the rites of Moloch) looked doubly dark and sepulchral. These were no unusual accompaniments to our readings; we read and read, and listened and gazed, and then came the winds of the retreating storm over us—and the chant of those Franciscans, and the dull heavy swell of the organ below. This was the poetry of the day—but we had plenty of prose also. The community was composed of the ordinary ingredients: forty monks all sighing for Europe, fearing the Turks, hating the Greeks, and taking any thing *per l'amor d'Iddio*, were it even a bag of sequins; but withal good-humoured, good-natured, gossips by profession and disposition, and willing to ease any unfortunate traveller of his time and ennui, if properly required. After supper we had every night our *conversazione*. Our predecessors were discussed, with their merits and demerits—Chateaubriand, I remember, figured *toto vertice* amongst his contemporaries, but not precisely in the way he would

have preferred. The pilgrim chevalier was testy enough, and nearly knocked down a monk for some trifling mistake or inattention. In his own pages he is not less valiant, but *then* he performs these exploits not on monks, but Turks, which makes all the difference, in the world. The monks were soon exhausted, and became bores. We were infinitely obliged, in such a state of our affairs, to a lively Monsieur M——, since a preacher of no ordinary lungs and success in the South of France, for his occasional visits. He was the most kindly-conditioned dialectician I ever met with, and in controversy was, what the fancy would call, a perfect “glutton.” Theological encounters he would go any distance for, and under texts, which to us looked perfectly flat and uninteresting, he was sure to scent out, as in a fox cover, the most admirable quarry. Then M—— was eloquent, or believed himself to be so. He preached; and when he preached, it was with such an extravagant unction, it was impossible not to burst at once into a flagrant laugh. Moods, tenses, languages, were secondary matters to him—whenever requested, he volunteered, without the least demur, fragments of Spanish or Italian, and *pirouetted* off at last into French, without the least concern, as if he were doing every thing in the most graceful and perfect manner in the world. He was no favourite, we could soon perceive, in the convent. A Frenchman, and a Frenchman in the most teasing and vivid sense of the word, could not find much grace amongst a community of grave Spaniards and Italians. He annoyed the monks, moreover, at their orisons or in their sleep, for half his nights were spent in striding about (and no man had a more emphatic and ponderous stride) from his room to his gallery, and making portentous preparations for the display of the ensuing morning. Yet was the Abbé M—— a “trouvaille” at Jerusalem, though somewhat of an “ennuyeux” in the long run elsewhere; and for having delivered us from the company of his brethren, and sometimes from our own, we owe him a large store of gratitude, and no men can be more willing to pay it, whenever an opportunity will permit.

But we at last got tired of these pleasures, and proposed an excursion to the Dead Sea, and subsequently to Karak and Petra. When at Cairo, we had been recommended to take the route by Jerusalem—now that we found ourselves at Jerusalem, people said, what fools not to have gone by Cairo! Had there been any possibility of change or retreat, we should, of course, not have heard these observations. The first things we had to think of, were good horses, and then good guides. Any man who has money will easily find the first;—the latter are not to be dug up on every occasion. We made inquiries everywhere. Some asked us, “where Karak was?” and others said, “It is somewhere in Mesopotamia.” The Turks shook their heads and continued smoking; the Greeks, finding we patronized the Latin convent, left us to our own bad taste and evil fate. In this dilemma, the Padre Guardiano, as the Superior was called, came to us one morning with his face all radiant with joy, full of glee and mystery, and informed us, much to our satisfaction, that he had found a person of confidence, who had another person of confidence, who knew every thing, and who would do every thing—in a word, in whom we also might implicitly confide. This intermediate had been tried and found proof; and had, at this time, a great veneration for the English. He was a Sheikh, and was possessed of a tribe counting from two to three hundred men. We, who had not less veneration for Sheikhs than he had for Englishmen, and believed in the honesty of all Bedouins, on the faith of numerous extracts from the best writers in our note-books, were delighted beyond measure at our good fortune. The Padre offered his snuff-box by way of congratulation, and in parting said, “You need not fear this man: he is under the deepest obligations to Mr. B——; he saved him from the gallows and his son from prison; now it is out of the nature of things he can be ungrateful.” We thought so too; but it is not the first time we had been deceived by the nature of things; besides, we were some years younger than the good Padre. Time, however, who discovers all things, somewhat shook the soundness of these conclusions.

A few days afterwards, this gentleman-freebooter was introduced to us in proper form. He looked just such a man as must have been saved six or seven times from the gallows, and whose life was charmed henceforth against all chance of the executioner. I have the infidel's face before me still. Sheikh Mohammed was a wizened, withered, bony, sinister-looking man: his features dried up by sun and wind into a black, mummy-seeming substance, fiercely lighted by two glistening crab-like eyes; his teeth deathly white, and his hair as black as charcoal, and in coarse knots and flakes. All this was half hid by his black Bedouin shawl and beard. The shawl was most unsheiklike; rent and dirty, he seemed now to have carried it about him for many years—a legacy, I suppose, or intended to be one. The smile of this man was worse than his frown; there was treachery and suspicion mixed. He spoke little; but when he did, he gave out the Arab guttural with an importunate emphasis, which, had not the illusion been strongly at work upon us, would probably have set us on our guard. But we had the word of the Guardian, and, what is not unusual with young travellers, a superabundance of good faith. Mohammed, with all his external drawbacks—and no man bore a plainer advertisement of the interior man on his brow—was taken at once into our unlimited confidence.

On our arrival at Jerusalem, we had found two of our countrymen in the next cell to our own; one extremely ill of a fever, the other scarcely less so of the country; both anxious to get back to Europe, and both rejoiced at some prospect of relief from the monotonous consolations of the fraternity. The latter, seduced by our conversation, numbers, or cook, was induced once more to risk his fortunes on the waters. He was the best-tempered, careless lounge of a traveller I have ever chanced to meet withal—an utter Irishman, never thinking to-day of the evils of to-morrow; if ever in a passion, the next moment out of it; but to all the serious purposes of travelling, a perfect stranger; guiltless of all research or observation; counting his steps by his dinners, and taking especial note of the bad ones: but then, never recollecting the “notabilia” of a place, until past all chance or means of examining them. At Tyre, where the plague compelled us to camp, at a little distance from the town, in the sands, he seriously proposed sending in our cold mutton to be broiled in the very midst of the *pestiferés*. At times, however, he was not without a proper sense of danger. At Rosetta, he had to pass from one end of the town to the other during the prevalence of a similar visitation; he would not trust to the discretion of his Janizary, but drew his sabre, and thus made himself a sort of *cordon sanitaire*, as he termed it, through the crowd. With this gentleman, (and he was something more, for he had served *non sine gloriâ* in the Peninsula,) we started, on the 5th of April, for the Dead Sea; and after crossing Olivet to the small village of Bethany, entered on a wild mountainous district, which continues nearly uninterrupted to Jericho.

Our road, for a considerable time, lay along a broken and stony narrow pathway, by the edge of a deep ravine. We passed Hodel Lazariah, and successively Wadi Mousah and Tarbors El Hamid. The mountains in this vicinity are round and separate, thinly sprinkled with olives, and here and there stretches of rich pasturage gleaming through their sheltered defiles. On leaving El Hamid, we got gradually into a much bolder character of country, and stood, after a slight ascent towards the north, over the dead and gloomy glen called El Gibz. We dismounted, and sat on a ledge of the rock which looked over the abyss. It was a scene of most appalling grandeur. Great horizontal strata lay confusedly tumbled together, as if torn violently by the broad palm of some supernatural being, and hurled asunder to set the twinkling torrent loose below. There were no trees, and very little vegetation; no traces of living thing, except the caves, sepulchres, or cells, hewn out, at an immense height, in the gloomy amphitheatre of perpendicular rocks which stretched overhead. After passing from this ravine, we descended through a succession of lower hills and valleys, in one of which tradition has placed the valley of Adummim, to a mountain point, the last

in the rocky chain. From this commanding position we had a most extensive view of the plains of Jericho and the mountains of Moab. The plain is of a dead, sombre green, though tradition and poetry flush it with a thousand colours: the roses of Jericho are predominant in all our associations. The town, to which the eye is guided by some bright tracts of trees, seems compressed, at this distance, into a single tower; and the Jordan, seen only at intervals, or rather its banks, goes sullenly and muddily along through an arid and gloomy flat. Moab looks lofty and proud; her mountains, broken into a variety of minute conical forms, run along, a bold iron barrier to the unconquered land. In getting into the plain, we stood immediately opposite the "Quarantina;" the quaint appellation of the rock where Christ is supposed to have suffered his fast of forty days. The mountain looks one of the most prominent and lofty of the chain, and appears broken into three distinct summits. Thanks to its legendary reputation, it seems once to have been thickly peopled by a host of monks. Its face is steep, bare, and boldly trenched with the traces of torrents, and other marks of convulsion and change. On the highest point stands the chapel; and half-way up are visible two lines of very regular excavation, cells, &c. remains of the former habitation of the monks. The plain extends along its base, and beyond for many miles east and west; and whether in relation to the desert behind, or the rich tract before, the position has been fixed on with more propriety and consistency than is usual in these matters. The Arabs, as is customary, levied formerly large profits on the zeal of the pilgrim; but when we were there, we found that some stronger hand had interposed, and they had momentarily been dispossessed. We looked, and would have taken the trouble to climb, had the day been longer, or our piety and curiosity not yielded to our fatigue. After tasting a fountain which goes under the name of Elijah, and which we found rather more mawkish than we could have desired, we trotted on over some swampy ground to the Aga's house, which formerly, as our guide told us, belonged to Zaccheus. His tree was there shown to us; and though we could find no sycamores in or near the place, we were not disposed to find fault. A little after, we had the consolation of beholding the ragged village of Raha, and were informed it was the legitimate successor to the celebrated city of Jericho. It must with sorrow be admitted that it has somewhat degenerated from the glory and prosperity of its ancestor; for instead of walls which defied an army, and a town which was capable of containing one, we saw an irregular group of about ten or fourteen houses, (but of stone, and not of mud,) put any how together, and covered *comme Dieu veut*, with the first stuff which fortune had thrown in their way. Gird this strong place with a hedge of dry or withered wood for walls, and for a gate erect two posts, with a third laid across it, (and all these as rickety as you please,) and you will then have modern Jericho, and something better perhaps, after all, than the naked reality. Encamped on a dusty esplanade before the Sheikh's house (for there is a Sheikh, as well as Aga, even at Raha), in company with his cattle, we dined, resignedly, on indifferent eggs, sour milk, and goats' cheese. Our military companion, who had high ideas of the talents of our cook, (a Greek *artiste*, who excelled at a Dulma,) was sore grieved at this disappointment. He stared, and then railed; but this did not alter the matter, nor prevent us from sleeping well, and cheerfully setting out the next morning for our destination.

The Aga was an important man at Raha, and was fond of doing things in a creditable manner; so, notwithstanding our humility, he insisted on our taking his whole Bedouin garrison,—by way, we have since thought, of a *garde d'honneur*, for protection it could have afforded none. This is the consequence of being on terms with great people. It was the Governor of Jerusalem's letter which involved us in all these courtesies: he sees his friends as he ought, and quarters his own retainers on his friends as he ought also, both no unusual practices in the etiquette or civility of the East. The trifling symptoms of industry round Jericho soon ceased; we entered on a barren—*in*, slimy, and studded up and down with patches of shrubs, heath, hys-

sop, anemones, &c. succeeded by salt sands, and pools, and rye-grass, and rushes, in rank abundance. A little after we had reached this open tract, our Bedouins, taking advantage of the ground, suddenly burst out into an extravagant display of their Arab horsemanship. They galloped up with loud challenges to their adversary, tossing their gun in the air, or stretching it out triumphantly in one hand; then they fled at full speed, and then again as quickly returned, aiming directly at their antagonist, who, as he received the blow, suddenly shouted and fell back upon his horse, as if he had received a mortal wound. This exhibition was frequently repeated, and generally in pairs. Their guns are long and awkward, slung carelessly behind their backs. All this was accompanied with cheers, and shrieks, and chants. One of these songs was in praise of Bonaparte. It was a monotonous, high-pitched strain, made up principally of the repetition of his name:—

“Bonabardo! Bonabardo!

He is our father and our brother—

He has given us bread, he has given us salt;—

Bonabardo! Bonabardo!” &c.

They were much astonished at the intelligence of his exile, &c. and shook their heads doubtingly, and seemed to say in their own way, “Cela merite confirmation:” we could not have surprised them more had we given them a narrative of the capture of Constantinople. Military glory covers, with these people, an infinity of objections; and the recollection of Napoleon’s Syrian and Egyptian campaigns had wiped out all the stains of his Christian creed. The religion of a conqueror cannot be considered very much in the wrong by a fatalist. Besides, the French Republican was not very nice in his selection. It was a mere chance which prevented him from seating himself on the throne of the East.* The son of the Sheikh, a noisy boy of about fourteen years of age, signalized himself amongst these joyous marauders. He was as dirty, weather-worn, and hungry-looking, as the rest. We had now passed some low hills, horizontally stratified, which go under the name of Gebel Shinah. They have much the appearance of ruined fortifications, and bear a strong resemblance to the general character of the mountains in Egypt. Amongst them is a ruin called the Jew’s Castle: we thought it too near the river for Gilgal. On our leaving this spot, we came down on what may be termed the first banks of the Jordan.† It was a gentle descent into a marshy piece of ground, marked up and down with a few starved trees. There, at last, we stood gazing on the sacred river itself. Our whole host halted, and dismounted. Two of our Arabs girding themselves, instantly plunged in, and swam across. One of our party followed: the water was cold, and the torrent strong. We sat down for a few moments to enjoy the scene. It is a pleasing spot. The river makes a short turn to the west, and then flows on due south. A small island, formed pro-

* Bonaparte would have marched to Damascus, and proclaimed himself Emperor of the East, had it not been for the letter of his brother Lucien. Menou and his troops were prepared, and the people anxious to receive him. The return to Europe was attributed to Sir Sidney Smith’s gallant defence of Acre; but the causes lay far deeper. Napoleon did not cease to regret his choice long afterwards. But the secret history of this event, like many others in his wonderful career, is as yet unknown to the public. A day may come when they may be fully developed. It is amusing, in the interval, to see the great variety of conjectures which are put forward for true history.

† The plain of Jericho was subject in all times to these periodical floods. “For Jordan overfloweth all his banks in the time of harvest.”—Joshua, c. iii. v. 15. The salt observed may be attributed to these overflowings, and the influence of the waters of the Dead Sea. The fords appear to have been formerly very nearly in the same places as at present.—Joshua, c. ii. v. 7. The plain of Jericho, however, was then much better cultivated: flax was one of its productions, c. li. v. 6. The desert was synonymous only with the rocky tract behind. It was generally called the “mountain;” c. ii. v. 22.

bably by the trunks of trees, &c. some of which we saw rushing down with the recent rains, cleaves the stream in two. We found the waters of a lurid olive, extremely rapid and eddying; the bottom a fine chalky soil, easily disturbed, and easily subsiding. In summer, the river is quite clear. The Arab who crossed was obliged to swim about one-third of the way: the stream was much swollen; at other times of the year, particularly during the hot months, it is easily fordable on foot. The banks on the west side are precipitous, on the opposite much broken by trees, &c.: their general height about fifteen or twenty feet; their breadth about one hundred and fifty feet, and depth about twelve. A little lower down, the river altogether loses this character. It is still confined by high banks, but they are quite bare both of trees and herbage: the river assumes a dead dim hue; a few scattered reeds are almost sufficient to impede its course, which is remarkably sluggish, and may remind the traveller of some parts of the Tyber. Whilst we were slowly riding along, wrapt up in mute meditation on its ancient glories, our Bedouins were not idle. They had observed a party of Arabs on the opposite side, prowling about, and instantly rode back in great alarm, and desired us to keep closer ranks. It turned out, however, to be nothing more serious than one of the usual encounters. On riding up, we found two or three naked men attempting to recall their horses from this side of the river. The sheep of their rivals had crossed over in return, and a parley ensued on the propriety of seizing them. "They belong to the Vizier," says one of the disputants.—"If they belonged to the Sultan," retaliated the enemy, "it is all the same to us: we are the Sultan, and we will seize them as we like." After admiring this specimen of Bedouin law, which differs little in theory or practice from that of our own good Border ancestors, when "the strong hand uppermost"* was the beginning, middle, and end of all jurisprudence, we rode on, soon reached the *embouchure* of the river, bearing south-east, and caught the first broad view of the Dead Sea.† The sea is discoloured by the waters of the Jordan for about two hundred yards, and, for at least four hundred feet up the stream, the water tastes extremely salt and brackish. The south side is covered with a quantity of low shrubs, and about one hundred yards from the river, a low line of sand separates its *debordemens* from the sea. Here, also, are a few trees, the greater part shrunk up and withered. We now proceeded to the shore. The view from this point is singularly striking. The mountains of Moab on the east, and the continuation of the chain Gebel Nasle on the west, form a vast basin. They appear, generally speaking, to run parallel,—are of the same character of soil—the western lower than the eastern chain—their forms much broken, affecting the conical, and running down in ridges, shivered and pointed, to the water. In some places they break off bluffly and unexpectedly, and are cloven by earthquake or time into perpendicular precipices. The colour of the eastern range, somewhat interrupted here and there by deep valleys, is of a dun red: no symptoms of wood, and very little of herbage, are to be seen. Each of these valleys are traceable by their openings towards the sea, and almost every opening is consecrated, in some manner or other, in the pages of sculpture. On the west, the hills stand like a confused crowd of tumuli, ploughed and torn and slashed by the action of inward fire,‡ but with a great resemblance to each other, and of a whitish, chalky soil, here and there greened over with a scant and sickly herbage. A very near exemplification of the same appearances may be seen, both in the neighbour-

* The motto of the armorial bearings of the O'Briens.

† Bahr, a generic name for any large expanse of water—river, lake, or sea. Thus, the Tiberias and Asphaltes may be called "small," as the Hellespont has been called "broad." Before we pronounce on the propriety of the epithet, we must ascertain to what it is referred.

‡ Most of the names of the five cities bear allusion to these appearances, or to the great event: they seem to have been given after it. *Bara*, burning; *Adam*, red earth, *Gomorrhah*, rebel, &c.

hood of the Solfatara at Naples, and close to the city of Sienna. No plains of any extent intervene between the mountains and the sea. The sandy plains of Jericho stretch off, blank and waste, to the north. We sat down for a time, in silent astonishment, and gazed, strongly impressed by the sight, on the universal desolation which weighed like a curse on every thing around us. We were seated on a withered trunk, which had been carried down by the river and afterwards rejected by the sea. Large fragments of a similar kind lay scattered around us, half buried in the slimy sand; beyond these were long crusts, or shells of salt, glistening and cracking under the feet of our horses, that were wandering about in search of some sour herbage, and, finding none, had at last approached to where we were placed. A few sickly plants, half-smothered in the mud and salt of the frequent inundations, made a sort of wood. Near drooped one or two squalid knots of tulips, mixed with glaring yellow flowers; and we heard, from time to time, the melancholy song of a few lonesome birds on the stunted trees. After a short repose, we stripped, and rushed into the waters. They bore us up with great force as we advanced. We took precautions not to wet the head. The travellers who had preceded us had suffered from neglect in this respect. The water seemed tolerably clear until taken up in the hand, when it looked oily, and resembled brandy when first mixed with water. The general hue was a dead, palish green, approaching to blue; the bottom slippery and slimy, cleft strongly up and down for several feet together, and here and there scooped and sunk into pits and holes. This slime, on the shore, assumed the appearance and consistency of stone. The sensation on leaving the water was disagreeable in the extreme. It did not, indeed, produce that contraction of the skin mentioned by most writers, but we felt instead, a clammy, oily feeling, not unlike honey half washed off. I saw no asphaltum floating on the surface of the sea; but we picked up some particles (the largest not longer than an inch) and perfectly black, on the shore. The water tasted particularly salt, bitter, and poignant, and left a strong, sharp, stinging sensation on the tongue, nose, and eyes. The salt deposit, too, on our beards and skin was very considerable and most unpleasant. The whole scene was one of utter desolation. Not a human being was visible in the neighbourhood; not a single symptom or vestige of man. The few straggling birds I have mentioned, and the fragments of a few shells in the sand, were the only evidences of life. After an interval of about an hour, we resumed our journey. On leaving the lake, and crossing some brackish water at no great distance from the shore, we took a N.W. direction, and re-entered on the same description of desert mountain we had been traversing the day before. Here we dismissed our Jericho guard of honour, and sending on Sheikh Mohammed (who, notwithstanding our prohibition, had, by a circuitous route, come up with us and joined us) to the Convent of St. Saba, to prepare for our reception, we continued our wanderings amongst the mountains. They were truly such: up and down the beds of torrents, with guides as ignorant as ourselves, striding on in a sling trot by our side, and every moment vociferating for help and water. The torrents were dry, and the wells distant, and the day advanced, and the whole party tired, and the greater part out of humour. In the height of these disappointments, we at last chanced on a truly scriptural-looking well, covered with a large misshapen stone. The rush to the spot was most exhilarating; the stone was hurled aside, and all bent down to drink in a moment. In the midst of this good fortune and enjoyment Sheikh Mohammed entered our ring with his long black face, and reported, in doleful guise, that his applications at the Convent had been totally ineffectual. "Those same sons of infidels," said he, "the reverend fathers of Saint Saba, had refused all admittance, without a firman from the Dragoman of the Greeks at Jerusalem; had we been sons of kings, they would not, at this hour, receive us." We were sore wroth at the refusal, but we could not help thinking afterwards the monks were quite in the right. There could not be a more villainous face to send, by way of a letter of recommendation, than our friend Mohammed's; besides, the monks, after the man-

ner of their brethren in Europe during the middle ages, had many an account still to settle with their troublesome neighbours. Mohammed kept his tribe constantly marauding in the neighbourhood, and the Punic faith and false pledges of these freebooters had been often experienced, and were well remembered. In this dilemma we held over the well a hasty council. Mohammed sitting on the stone, with his legs crossed, and his hand under his chin, quietly observed the changes of our countenance. After various suggestions, he offered to conduct us to the camp of one of his acquaintances in the neighbourhood, where, if our "Highnesses" liked it, we might sleep for the night. There was not much choice. We had only to select a bed on a rock with a tent over us, or a bed on a rock without any tent at all. The danger was equal. We might be slain any where; and as for robbery, we had nothing about us, "*cantabit vacuus*," &c. we were not worth the risk or the pains. In about half an hour we arrived at the camp. It consisted of a few black tents (the tents of Kedar) drawn up on the shelving side of a sand-hill, immediately over a wadi, or the ravine of a torrent. We were received by a crowd of young turbulent Bedouins, mostly armed, amidst the barking of dogs, the screams of children, and the emphatic panegyrics of Mohammed. We spread our rugs, and slept satisfactorily, and soundly enough, until morning.

The next day we visited St. Saba. After some slight demur at the outer wicket, of no consequence to any one who has travelled amongst Austrians, we were admitted by the superior, a Syrian, who conducted us through the Monastery with many salaams, and a profusion of apologies. We were not Hadgis, so lightly to be despised; and then some of our party could speak Greek. The church is gaudy rather than gay; the whole impannelled with sprawling paintings of various epochs. In some of the more recent, groping attempts were visible at chiaroscuro—an alarming innovation amongst the orthodox, if we are to trust to the anecdote of Titian. The subjects which covered so much wood were of the usual kind—armies of gaunt and ghostly-visaged saints, legends, disjointed portions of Scripture history, &c. Amongst the latter we noticed "*The Last Judgment*." It resembled a similar production, I presume by the same master, at the Armenian Convent at Jerusalem. They are painted much as men make tables and chairs. The superior stood in ecstasy before its beauties, and did not spare us one. On one side was Heaven, and then on the other Hell—well railed off from each other certainly, but rather too close for any comfort. The graves in front were yielding up their dead; and there was a gulf on the left hand of the Judge ready to receive them the moment they should appear. This gulf, on coming closer, was perceived to be an ill-favoured beast, with its mouth open, and with an immense appetite. The most conspicuous sinners (the Jewish High Priests) stood by, ready to be eaten up. The devil looked on, dressed in his ordinary costume. On the other side stood St. Peter, turning reluctantly the key of the celestial Jerusalem (not much more inviting than the terrestrial); and above, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the first literally opening his bosom for the reception of the hosts of the faithful, who were climbing up from below. All this was as coarsely executed as it was grossly conceived, and does no great honour, either to the pencil, or the imagination of the good fathers. We noticed a few books in the church, and about three hundred volumes in a small chamber above. I saw some complete MSS. of the Gospels, handsomely illuminated on vellum, though of no great age; a fine MS. of St. John Chrysostom, another of St. John Climacus, and several others of the Ascetics. The only profane author which attracted my attention was a *Cyropædia* of the Thirteenth century. The printed books were principally bad editions of devotional works, and a few classics from Europe. From the library, if such it could be termed, we passed to the court below. Here is to be seen the chapel of St. Saba, a small domical building—the body of the Saint, somehow or other, has travelled, with several others, to Europe. To the east of this chapel there is another cut in the rock. The first chamber is supported by regularly-shaped piers, but the

ceiling is left in the rough, neither painted nor pilastered, and altogether without the usual decorations. The second room is smaller, and has no other merit than that of being the shrine where repose the bones of fourteen thousand martyrs. They are shown by torchlight, through a narrow iron grating. Four of the skulls are exposed by way of specimen, close to this entrance, in a sort of wooden trough: I questioned the superior rather inconveniently on their number, and on the cause of their death. He turned a broad, excommunicating stare upon me, without answering a single word. Every one who falls here, be he Christian or Moslim, is sure to be a martyr; whether the cause be a sheep, or a tenet of the faith, it is very much the same. On leaving the chapel, we descended by a variety of doors and stairs, and at last by a ladder, into the brook Kedron, upon which St. Saba stands; and crossing it, which we easily did, for it was almost dry, we had a very striking view of the Convent. It hangs immediately over the bed of the torrent, and its irregular architecture follows the irregularities and inclinations of its exceedingly steep sides. The walls are high and solid—an adequate defence against the plunderers who infest the adjacent country. The church forms the centre of the mass. It is supported externally by heavy buttresses, and crowned by a dome. Two lofty square towers, one within, the other without the walls, and a long line of battlements, give it the appearance of a fortress. Below, a flight of grass-grown, disjointed steps, wind into the torrent. On all sides around are sheets of purple-looking rocks, dry and bare, dotted by deserted cells, some painfully dug into the clefts of the rocks, others loosely overhanging the precipices, and apparently ready every instant, with the entire ledge from which they are excavated, to crumble and crash below. There is no vegetation to rest the eye on, but clumps of wild tulips and rye-grass starting from the ragged cliffs, and a single palm tree in the court of the convent, the leaves of which just peep above one of the embrasures. All this contrasting with the gloomy glare of the white walls, the silent blue skies above, and the dreary bed of the torrent below, incumbered with huge masses of dry rock, &c. gives one of the most impressive pictures of monastic solitude and secret penance which the travelled eye can well behold. The bell tolled as we were silently gazing on the scene, and completed the effect. We now adjourned to the divan, or parlour of the monastery, and fared sumptuously on caviar, salad, cheese, and Bethlehem white wine. Heaps of small loaves were preparing near, for the pilgrims and the Arabs—the daily price which the monks pay for their forbearance to these Cerberi of the desert. There were about forty or fifty monks, at the time of our visit, in the Convent. They dated the origin of the building so far back as 1200 years, an antiquity to which few similar institutions in Europe can ascend. Their original institution was extremely rigorous. The superior shook his head at the degeneracy of the moderns; though to a less fastidious beholder, their pale and meagre physiognomy is satisfactory, and penitential enough. We left the Convent by a difficult ascent through an iron gate, and quitting the brook, continued our way back through the mountains to Jerusalem. On our route we met with a band of Greek and other pilgrims, amounting nearly to seventy or eighty, the greater part comfortably mounted. No women accompanied the caravan; they are not permitted to enter the sanctuary. These visits, at this time of the year, are frequent, and at all times acceptable. They break the dead blank, provide caviar for the monks, and fat purses for the Pasha. Towards evening we again saw the Holy City, majestically glittering in the setting sun, on its ancient mountain throne. We proceeded slowly up, through lanes of verdure, luxuriant hedges, groups of olives, mulberries, fig-trees, &c. to the gate of Jaffa, congratulating ourselves on having escaped the fate of the Levite, who went down from Jerusalem, though we also had passed through the hands of thieves. But we had other perils environing us, very nearly as bad as the Valley of Adummim. The Bedouin Mohammed rode beside us.

PASSAGES FROM A POET'S DREAM-BOOK, NO. III.

1.—*A Street Dialogue.*

ITALIAN AND ENGLISHMAN.

Ital. Look at that fellow near the archway,—there,
He who comes on us with mercurial steps:
Is't not a rogue? See, how he looks askance,
Denouncing death. Now, now he ducks and smiles,
While in his breast's a knife. He veils his thought
With cunning; but through the windows of his brain
Peeps forth the unwilling truth, and laughs—"a lie."

Engl. 'Tis but a player. These fellows ever claim
A larger licence than we common men.
Let him alone: he will not harm our thoughts.

(*Stephano enters.*)

Ital. Who art thou, knave?

Steph. A knave, Sir, so you'll have it.

Ital. Ay, marry, but whose knave, Sir? speak to that.

Steph. I cater for myself, Sir: nothing more.

Ital. Canst lie—or steal—

Steph. Ay, Sir, your wit,—were't worth it.

Engl. Thou art a smart knave.

Steph. Yes, Sir, thank my tailor!

Engl. Shrewd too—

Steph. My mother taught me. Ah! *she* fed
The young growth of my brain with smiles and tears,
And hush'd me with soft words. I could not fail:
Had I been dūlb, I should have sprung to specch
Beneath her kisses. Merry Nature made
My soul an element for joy to dwell in,
My heart courageous, Sirs, my wit not dull,
Yet Fate has made me curse, and weep—as you do.

Engl. Your mother was—

Steph. *Was!* True, Sir, true, she's gone
With the last snow-wreath. Like its frailty, she
Melted in sorrow, and was no more seen.
The poor Camilla Prodi!

Ital. I have seen her
Walk on our Milan stage, jewell'd and crown'd,
Like Tragedy, with all her pomps about her.

Steph. Then you have wept beneath her power, Sir;
None could withstand her,—none. Some dozen monks,
Who saw her in the carnival play in private,
Cried, and forgot their suppers. Some besieged her
With gold and reliques, and one shaven thing
Pluck'd from his pouch a flask, and swore upon't
He would turn Turk, so she would—smooth his pillow!
Nay, a fat abbot proffer'd half his hoards
If she would come and be absolved by him:
But, Sir,—she died! and then these tithe-fed rascals
Frown'd on her corse i' the church-yard,—would not let
The cheek they praised so sleep in holy earth,
Because—she was a player! Curses on them!

Ital. Perhaps—they—

Steph. When she lived they worshipp'd her,
And when she died they spurn'd her. May *they* die
Howling—despairing!

Ital. Peace! Respect the church.

Our Catholic religion's grave and prudent,—
Prudent, and very firm.

Engl. Um! Some fine day,
If they be built on many such rotten piles,
The Roman towers may totter.

Steph. In good time.
The world is weak, but mending: While 'tis weak,
'These scarlet superstitions fain must thrive,
Like rank weeds in bad seasons.

Engl. Yet,—after all,
'Tis a good world: 'tis weak perhaps, but good.

Steph. Good? Sir, 'tis excellent, as you say,—but weak.
The scale of Fortune hath a perfect beam;
The emptiest mounts, of course.

Ital. What dost thou mean?

Steph. A fool, for instance—if he lie, and strain
His neck with cringing—though he wear a brain
Bare as the Apennine, goes topmast high.
But the grey *thinking* sinner thinks—unfed.

Ital. Why, that is well. Wouldst have him pamper'd for 't?
He sins and starves: that's well. 'Tis a good world.

Step. Treason is in 't—rebellion—slander—rape—
Lying, and murderous deeds, and small remorse—
False friendship—tyranny—disdain and pride—
Hatred and ruin,—and despair—and death!
Still it turns round, 'tis true; but they who feel
Its turning stagger at the alarming change,
And sigh to soar far off.

Engl. You've dipp'd your brush
In the black hues, and shunn'd the fair bright colours.
Much may be true you tell of; but—what then?
Vice brawls, and pain shrieks out, and ruin falls
Like thunder in our ears, and *will* be heard.
Yet in that very world where Clamour rails,
Dwell Peace and Silence: so, near noisy ills
Live Joy—Content—(about our hearts and homes)
Kind deeds which have no name—Virtue that walks
Shrouded, unseen,—and tongueless Charity!

2.—*The Nymph Egeria.*

EGERIA!—By what bright spells or dreams,
Gather'd from out the moon, didst thou give aid
To Numa? Didst thou teach unholy themes,
Whereof the common herd are aye afraid?
Or was it with the star-like sparkling streams
Which shot from out thy green and haunted shade,
Thou didst all quench his thirst,—(as Phoebus fed
With drink of Helicon the poets dead)—?

Was it with crimson kisses which might fire
The Gods, that thou didst warm him to that strife,
Which Discord flung amongst the Olympian choir,
And fill'd the Pagan heaven with earthly life,
With thoughts all clay and burning bad desire,
'Till Jove's own brain with human thoughts grew rife?
Speak!—By what deathless words didst thou constrain
The great one to obey the Roman's reign?

Imperious conjurations and strong spells
Thou and the spirit Faustus (then thy slave)

Wrought till the God came down, as story tells,
 And stood there paler than the snow-white wave;
 Then stopp'd the waters of thy running wells,
 And Silence trembled, while the Phantom gave
 Dark secrets forth, of lightning and of thunder,
 And vanish'd, while the base ground quail'd in wonder.

... Thus doth the story speak:—but *I*, who know
 The power of women, and how little needs
 Magic, or spell, or conjuration, now,
 'To draw imperial man where pleasure leads,
 Believe that, by mere mortal beauty, *thou*
 Allured them both amongst the whispering reeds,
 And there soft sighs entranced them,—till they told
 The modest midnight tale believed of old.

3.— *The Sea.*

Why dost thou rage, O Sea!
 For what young hero slain, or lover flown
 Into the world unknown?
 What human error, or immortal ill
 Hath shaken thy white waters, late so still,
 Into such anger vast and useless strife?
 Peace, Ocean, peace! Hold thou more placid life;
 For, lo! a queen comes forth,—the maiden Moon,
 Whose beauty should abate thy stormy tune,
 And turn all wrath to gladness.

. He subsides,—
 The wild deep Sea, and quells his raging tides,
 Bow'd by a power so strong. O Love, bright Love!
 Thy gentle—gentlest sway seems everywhere,
 On earth,—in azure air,—
 O'er the vast Sea, and with the silent stars above!

A SHORT PLEA FOR "A JOE."

"Imagination, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created, or adopted."—SHERIDAN.

"Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to curcless ruin."—SHAKSPEARE.

"ACCURSED," said somebody, "be they who have uttered our good things before us;" and most ungrateful was somebody when he said any such thing. There are few, if any, professed wits, who have not owed their reputation as much to the good things which have been said before them, as to those which they have bona-fide broached for the first time. He who prides himself too much on the originality of his wit, and disdains to vent a joke which is not wholly of his own manufacture, will very soon find himself at the end of his tether, and must either be content to forego all claim to pleasantry, or be very careful of venturing twice into the same company. Mercury, the god of wit, was also the god of thieving; and Shakspeare has wisely represented the merry and facetious Falstaff, as not too scrupulously accurate in his distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*. Wit is evidently one of the last proceeds of civilization; it belongs to polished society, and is only called into being by the mutual co-operation of many minds. It has been asserted by certain writers, (who, as they were not by at the time, are most likely to have known the truth of the matter,) that Adam came into the world

in possession of every species of knowledge, infused (as they term it) into his understanding by his creator;* but none of them have pretended that he was a heaven-horn wit. Neither Scripture nor tradition attribute to him a single dictum approaching to the nature of a bon-mot; not an epigram remains of him, even against his wife; and the devil, with all his malice, seems to have been unable to provoke him into the perpetration of a pun. These good things belong to a happier epoch: the necessary must, in the course of nature, precede the superfluous; and Adam must indeed have rejoiced in a disposition singularly given to mirth, to have indulged in a joke, when his best nether integuments were of no warmer material than a fig-leaf. When one looks into an Encyclopædia, or thinks of all the patent inventions for cork-screws, lead pencils, adscititious mustachios, and false teeth, one cannot but acknowledge the value of that inheritance, to which every child of civilization is born, (not to speak of the ineffable advantage of ready-made systems of theology and politics, with ready-made reviews to comment on them, all destined to spare him the trouble of thinking on such matters once even in a long life :) but what are all these things to the beatitude of which every true-born Englishman is heir, in the legacy, bequeathed him by his ancestors of that repertorium of infinite and endless fun, that comprehensive volume, which passes under the style and title of Joe Miller. That singular compilation, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," the result of long generations of labour, owes its origin, like our glorious constitution, to no certain epoch. Like the universe of Democritus, they are both alike the result of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, in which chance has served mankind infinitely better than the happiest forethought and contrivance. No joke, in the one, and no legal quibble, which is no joke, in the other, can be traced to its proper inventor. No one piece, in either, has any relation of harmony and coincidence with the rest; but the entire assemblage, in each, forms one resplendent and miraculous whole, than which nothing, in its own way, is more grand, nothing more perfect, nothing more admirable. To judge of the value of Joe Miller, which, like the Koran, contains all things necessary for man, it is only requisite to mark how largely it enters into all the effusions of Thalia, how it predominates in the productions of the daily press, and how frequently it is pressed into the service of our public orators. Many a time have a ministry been saved, many a time has a great national question been carried by a serviceable quotation from its pages; and so influential is its authority in matters of public concernment, that we never read—"the house convulsed with laughter," without anticipating some strong measure, a game law, a corn law, or a good round increase of taxation. But the great utility of Joe Miller, perhaps, lies in its adaptation to the necessities of the unfledged wit-

* "On prononce que l'entendement spéculatif du premier homme était imbu de toutes les connaissances philosophiques et mathématiques, dont le genre humain est naturellement capable; et que son entendement pratique possédait une prudence consommée à l'égard de tout ce que l'homme doit faire, soit en particulier, soit en public; et outre cela, toutes les sciences morales, et tous les arts libéraux, la rhétorique, la poésie, la peinture, la sculpture, l'agriculture, l'écriture, &c."—(Bayle Dict. art. Adam.) Not forgetting, of course, animal magnetism, phrenology, and stock-jobbing. This method, by infusion, is very convenient, and would have saved a world of study; it is a great pity the privilege was not hereditary.

ling, in its service as an elementary work of instruction for all candidates for the honour of the bon-mot. As corks are necessary to support the incipient swimmer, during the first stages of his probation; and as men practise with a foil before they venture to handle a sword; so is it necessary for the jester to try his "prentice hand" upon a ready-made joke, and to train himself to the happy invention and graceful utterance of his own conceptions, by first playing off on his neighbours the witticisms of others. The influence of example in this matter is very great; and most professed wits might, if they were candid, trace the developement of their propensity to an early association with some individual whose influence first led them to embark into the brilliant, but somewhat troublesome career. I am aware of the odium under which the "servile herd of imitators" lie; and that, in all the fine arts, originality is nine points out of ten in every game. The finest painters, it is true, have reached to excellence rather by studying Nature than by copying the great masters; while the greatest poets are (though in a certain degree falsely) thought to owe the least to the labour of their predecessors. But notwithstanding all this, Rome was not built in a day; and the mechanical part, at least, of all arts is necessarily the slow product of the experience of ages. Providence has bestowed nothing on man without labour, and may rather be said to have bargained for, than given, its blessings to him. The jester must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, like a graver character; and the wit must learn and labour in that state of life into which it has pleased heaven to call him, if he means to get on in his vocation. What Horace has said of poetry is no less true of joking: although study is nothing without a rich vein of humour, yet an uncultivated wit is out of all chance of success; and although I would not go the length of advising the student to abstain from wine and Venus,* yet he will do well "to sweat" away at the perusal of his Joe. Vain, therefore, and most inconsiderate is it in the would-be wit to confide in the strength of his own genius, and to regard as his rivals and enemies the jokers of preceding generations. What sort of a statesman would he prove who should confine his knowledge of human nature to the teachings of his own experience, and who should deem the lights of history of no use but to withdraw the attention of the world from his own actions? If a mouse possessed of but one hole is justly considered "a mouse of very little soul," a wit who confines himself to the efforts of one mind is not deserving of a better reputation. The truth of these general propositions might be backed by numerous examples above all exception; but such is the *genus irritabile* of jokers, that to quote names might give serious offence to many worthy persons, with whom I would much rather crack a bottle than a pistol. It is sufficient to remark, that the greatest diners-out, the most celebrated men of wit and pleasure about town, the jokers for "The Bull" newspaper, the facetious author of "Broad Grins," with many others (as the quack doctors say) "too tedious to mention," who have the greatest personal resources at their own disposition, are the last persons in the world to rely upon them, and borrow the most liberally from their friend Joe. Set it down, therefore, as an indisputable truth, that

Multa tulit, fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit,
Abstinuit Venere et Vino."

memory has more to do with wit than imagination, (which, by the by, is the only good reason that suggests itself why actors should be such desperate jokers ;) and that, without its aid, the world might be deluged with single-speech jesters, but would want those ready-penny *beaux esprits*, upon whom the brilliancy of a dinner, or the success of a comedy, so mainly depend. Of all men, I detest the matter-of-fact personage, who inquires too deeply into the pedigree of a bon-mot ; who, reversing the rule of the Royal Exchange, refuses currency to the joke that has its endorsement, and who checks you in the career of your humour, with eternal references to that hateful monosyllable "a Joe." If good poetry will bear repetition, why not a good joke? I fancy these fastidious critics would be sorry to regulate their appetites by the standard by which they judge the wits ; and to deny their stomachs bread and small-beer, because these creature comforts have been daily served up to table beyond the memory of man. In this matter, as in most others, the people are the best judges ; and it cannot be doubted, that the frequenters of theatres laugh as heartily at a stale joke, as at one of recent formation. The practice of the stage would justify one in concluding that wit, like gold, requires a hall-mark ; so universal is the preference of the playwright for those good things that have been regularly assayed, and found to possess the requisite carats. If every man is to be trusted in the matter he especially professes, the question is decided at once by an appeal to fact ; since your wits, who are ever the idlest fellows on town, would not go through a daily course of reading to prepare for their evening's exhibition, if they were not thoroughly satisfied of the necessity for such an exercise. In some respects, a "regular Joe" has advantages over the primeval original. Spontaneous wit, depending upon unforeseen antecedents, must be blurted out in its first rude concoction,—“some dregs of ancient night not yet purged off ;”—whereas the antecedents of “a Joe” are under command ; the joke may be conned and perfected ; and the moment may be chosen for bringing it on the tapis most favourable to its success. A joke that is thrust on the world out of time and place, produces as villainous an effect as a ghost at mid-day : rarely, however, can the spontaneous jester resist the temptation of *letting fly*, the moment he conceives, however unseasonable his wit may be ; while the retailer of Joes, conscious of his power to choose his own time, is patient and prudent. But, above all things, a Joe admits of confederacy, a point of the last importance to a great reputation. Wits who hunt in couples have advantages out of number over the solitary sportsman ; and provided “the table be set in a roar,” it matters little by what agency so desirable an end is effected. The point is so evident, that I should be ashamed to dwell on it longer. A good cause loses by an overstrained argument ; so, without another word, I leave the matter to the “*belles entendoirs*”* of the intelligent public, and the rest of the sheet to matters of greater and more immediate concernment.

M.

* Rabelais.

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.—BY FELICIA HEMANS.

DREAMER! and wouldst thou know
 If Love goes with us to the viewless bourne?
 Wouldst *thou* bear hence th' unfathom'd source of woe
 In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
 That Power, the dweller of thy secret breast?
 A Dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
 Finding no place of rest:

A precious odour cast
 On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;
 A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
 And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine,
 Wouldst thou be blest?—too sleepless, too profound,
 Are thy soul's hidden springs; there is no line
 Their depth of Love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail,
 When thou wouldst fill them with that ocean's power?
 As thine own cheek before high thoughts grows pale
 In some o'erwhelming hour?

Doth not thy frail form sink
 Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,
 When thy heart strives, held down by many a link,
 Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
 Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,
 Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
 Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*,
 The burden and the shadow of thy life,
 To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss,
 With earthly feeling's strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh no!
 Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,
 That spirit of my soul should with me go,
 To breathe celestial air:

But as the sky-lark springs
 To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,
 As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,
 So must Love mount to Heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive
 There on weak words to pour a stream of fire;
 Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,
 As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessing *there*
 Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,
 Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,
 A joy of sunlight shed!

Let me then, let me dream
 That Love goes with us to the shore unknown;
 So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam
 In mercy shall be thrown!

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, NO. III.

DEAR D—, Once for all, I take leave to remind you that I am neither writing a tour nor transcribing a journal, but merely giving the reminiscences of my American excursions. What I neglect to mention has not been worthy of remembrance; but I should really be ungrateful, were I to forget to tell you of the attentions for which I am indebted to Commodore Chauncey, and the other officers of the Navy at the Dockyard.

I met the Commodore and Captain Reid at dinner, in the house of a mutual friend, and they politely invited me to visit the men-of-war at Brooklyn,—an invitation which I was the more pleased to receive, as I had some short time before seen the fleet and works at Plymouth, and was desirous of an opportunity to compare them:—not that the comparison could be fair towards the Americans; perhaps I should more correctly express myself by saying, I was actuated by curiosity to see the early sprouting of that acorn which is destined, according to the most confident predictions, to outgrow the mighty oak of England. I am not, however, one of those who have any fears on the subject. The application of steam to navigation is bringing on a revolution in naval affairs; and the nation which has made, and is making, the greatest progress in the use of machinery will still keep ahead.

At the time appointed next morning, the Commodore's barge was at the wharf. On my landing at the Navy-yard, the officers evinced the utmost kindness and attention; every thing was shown and explained in the freest manner,—I may justly say, indeed, with a degree of solicitude, in order that the information should be at once correct, full, and satisfactory. The interest of this visit was enhanced to me by the circumstance of the great ship the *Ohio* (larger, I have since understood, than our *Royal George*) having been built by an old school-fellow, Mr. Eckford. She is constructed of live, or evergreen oak, a species of the most durable timber, brought from the Floridas, and other of the southern States.

The celebrated steam-frigate the *Fulton* was, however, a greater curiosity; but, although nothing was said in her disparagement, I think the officers did not regard her with a right seaman-like affection. She is certainly a huge clumsy ark in appearance, and the masses of timber of which she is composed, would afford but a slight defence against Congreve's rockets, and those other organs and faculties of fire which chemistry has supplied the means of constructing.*

In speaking of the attentions I received at the Navy-yard, I am reminded of the great civility with which the Collector and Custom-house officers, (on the two several occasions of my arrival from England, as well as that of my family,) allowed my luggage to be passed unexamined. On the first occasion, as I was then in a public capacity, and shared the favour in common with my colleagues, I considered it as a customary mark of attention to our appointments; but it was not so in the other cases, and should therefore be regarded as evincing a laudable disposition to conciliate the good-will of travellers. I have great pleasure in recording such instances of liberality, because the civilities

* This vast vessel has recently been destroyed by fire.

shown by the Americans to British travellers, have not, in many instances, been properly acknowledged nor sufficiently appreciated.

To speak from my own experience, I have uniformly seen the kindest demonstrations of respect from the Americans towards the British. I am persuaded, where individuals have been treated otherwise, the fault has been in a great measure owing to themselves. Nothing can be more absurd than to expect in a newly-settled country the delicacies of England, or the same snugness of accommodation in the inns; and yet it is of these things that one oftenest hears complaints. If due allowance be made for the difficulties that must be surmounted before a settlement can be considered as established, it must be conceded that the Americans have much to be proud of. Four years ago, when I first visited Syracuse, in the Western country of the State of New York, there was but one small tavern, rude enough, and some ten or twelve houses; it is now a large handsome town, with several excellent inns and hotels; one of them, which was just finished when I lately passed through, contains, as I was told by the waiter, seventy bedchambers.

In New York, the hotels are on a superb scale. The American, in Broadway, is one of the best I have ever met with. In addition to all the customary accommodation of similar establishments, the suites of apartments for families are furnished with elegance, and the attendance is of the best description.

Hotels and boarding-houses are, in fact, much more important in the domestic economy of America than with us. They are the homes, generally, of the newly-married, even of those of the most respectable connexions, as well as the local habitations of the travellers; and many of them are calculated to afford accommodation to others, besides their own inmates.

In the American hotel, a vast *table-d'hôte* was spread every day at three o'clock, not only for the guests in the house, but for others who lodged elsewhere: probably, not fewer than a hundred persons dine at this table daily. There was also a smaller dinner served up a little later, at which the guests in the house, who were disposed to make themselves more select, usually assembled. But this was as they themselves might fancy; for parties are free to live in their own rooms as they please, and may be served as in the hotels of England.

This boarding-house way of life, ever too public to be quite comfortable, no doubt had its origin in the population coming faster than private houses could be prepared. One of the first things done in planting a settlement is the erection of an hôtel, where the better order of settlers may reside until they can get their own houses ready.

It has sometimes fancifully occurred to me, that the taciturnity of the Americans at table is an effect of the boarding-house system. The guests at the *table-d'hôte* being strangers to each other, and having come from no one knows where, must naturally have induced amongst them a degree of cautious reserve in making acquaintances, until distance and silence, and early separation, have become proprieties—at least customs—of the dinner-table.

Most travellers observe two strong peculiarities in the American character—a persuasion that the country is farther advanced in refinement than Europeans will be disposed to allow, and a solicitude to hear what strangers think of it, seemingly dictated by a thirst of praise.

I cannot, however, discern in either any particular weakness or vanity. The extraordinary progress—the forest converted in the course of season into a city—are circumstances calculated to cherish a great notion of national superiority; but the chief cause is in the readiness with which the inhabitants adopt new inventions. Every thing they require is of necessity new; and they judiciously, in consequence, avail themselves of the most recent improvements. Thus it happens that, on inquiry, finding often many things in familiar use among them, which Europeans have only heard of in the lists of patents, they conceive their knowledge is proportionally advanced in all things. Their anxiety to hear what strangers think of them arises from equal innocence: they know that they are “progressing,” to use their own phrase, and are curious to ascertain how near they may have approached towards those whom they acknowledge to be before them. I have, however, noticed but few instances in which the question was put with the expectation of flattery. Doubtless, there are foolish people who hope to have their claims of national superiority at once admitted; but are there not others as foolish, who withhold from the Americans the commendations to which they are justly entitled? A.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LANDAULET!

I DINED one day at a bachelor's dinner in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and my wife having no engagement that evening, I gave my coachman a half holiday, and when he had set me down, desired him to put up his horses, as I should return home in a jarvey. At eleven, my conveyance arrived; the steps were let down, and, when down, they slanted under the body of the carriage; my foot slipped from the lowest step, and I grazed my shin against the second; but at last I surmounted the difficulty, and seating myself, sank back upon the musty, fusty, ill-savoured squabs of the jarvey.

I was about to undertake a very formidable journey; I lived in the Regent's Park; and as the horses that now drew me had been worked hard during the day, it seemed probable that some hours would elapse before I could reach my own door. Off they went, however; the coachman urged them on with whip and tongue: the body of the jarvey swung to and fro; the glasses shook and clattered; the straw on the floor felt damp, and rain water oozed through the roof, (for it was a landaulet). I felt chilled, and drew up the front window, at least I drew up the frame; but as it contained no glass, I was not the warmer for my pains; so I wrapped my cloak around me, and rather sulkily sank into a reverie. The vehicle still continued to rumble, and rattle, and shake, and squeak; I fell into a doze, caused by some fatigue and much claret, and gradually these sounds seemed to soften into a voice! I distinguished intelligible accents! I listened attentively to the low murmurs, and distinctly I heard, and treasured in my memory, what appeared to me to be the “Lament of the Landaulet!”

The poor *body* seemed to sigh, and the wheels became *spokesmen*!

“I am about fifteen years of age,” (thus squeaked my equipage); “I was born in Long Acre, the birth-place of the aristocracy of my race, and Messrs. Houlditch were my parents.

"No four-wheeled carriage could possibly have entered upon life with brighter prospects; it is, alas! my hard lot to detail the vicissitudes that rendered me what I am.

"I was ordered by an Earl, who was on the point of marriage with an heiress, and I was fitted up in the most expensive style. My complexion was pale yellow; on my sides I had coronets and supporters; my inside was soft and comfortable; my rumble behind was satisfactory; and my dicky was perfection, and provided with a hammercloth. My boots were capacious, my pockets were ample, and my leathers in good condition.

"When I stood at the Earl's door on the morning of his marriage, it was admitted by all who beheld me, that a neater *turn-out* had never left Long Acre. Lightly did my noble possessor press my cushions, as I wafted him to St. George's Church, Hanover-square; and when the ceremony was over, and the happy pair sat side by side within me, the Earl kissed the lips of his Countess, and I felt proud, not of the rank and wealth of my contents, but because they were contented and happy.

"Oh, how merrily my wheels whirled in those days! I bore my possessors to their country-seat; I flew about the county returning wedding visits; I went to races, with sandwiches and champagne in my pockets; and I spent many a long night in an inn-yard, while my lord and my lady were presiding at county assemblies.

"Mine was a life of sunshine and smiles. But ladies are capricious: the Countess suddenly discovered that I was heavy. Now, if she wished me to be light-headed, why did she order a landaulet? She declared, too, that I was unfit for town service; gave new orders to Houlditch; took possession of a chariot fashioned eight months later than myself; sent me to Long-Acre to be disposed of, and I became a second-hand article!

"My humiliation happened at an unlucky moment, for continual racketing in the country had quite unhinged me; I required bracing, and had quite lost my colour. My paternal relation, however, (Houlditch,) undertook my repair, and I was very soon exhibited painted green, and ticketed, 'For sale, second-hand.'

"It was now the month of May, when all persons of the smallest fashionable pretensions shun their country abodes and come to London, that they may escape the first fragrance of the flowers, the first song of the birds, the budding beauty of the forests, and the fresh verdure of the fields. I therefore felt (as young unmarried ladies feel at the commencement of the season) that there was every chance of my finding a lord and master, and becoming a prominent ornament of his establishment.

"After standing for a month at Houlditch's, (who, by the by, was not over-civil to his own child, but made a great favour of giving me house-room,) I one day found myself scrutinised by a gentleman of very fashionable appearance. He was in immediate want of a carriage; I was, fortunately, exactly the sort of carriage he required, and in a quarter of an hour the transfer was arranged.

"The gentleman was on the point of running away with a young lady; he was attached to *her*, four horses were attached to *me*, and I was in waiting at the corner of Grosvenor-street at midnight. I thought myself a fortunate vehicle; I anticipated another marriage, another matri-

monial trip, another honeymoon. Alas! my present trip was not calculated to add to my respectability. My owner, who was a military man, was at his post at the appointed time: he seemed hurried and agitated; frequently looked at his watch; paced rapidly before one of the houses, and continually looked towards the drawing-room windows. At length a light appeared, the window was opened, and a female, muffled in a cloak and veil, stood on the balcony; she leaned anxiously forward; he spoke, and without replying she re-entered the room. The street-door opened, and a brisk little waiting-maid came out with some bundles, which she deposited in the carriage: the Captain (for such was his rank) had entered the hall, and he now returned, bearing in his arms a fainting, weeping woman; he placed her by his side in the carriage: my rumble was instantly occupied by the waiting-maid and my master's man, and we drove off rapidly towards Brighton.

"The Captain was a man of fashion; handsome, insinuating, profligate, and unfeeling. The lady—it is painful to speak of her: what she *had* been, she could never more be; and what she then was, she herself had yet to learn. She had been the darling pet daughter of a rich old man; and a dissipated nobleman had married her for her money when she was only sixteen. She had been accustomed to have every wish gratified by her doating parent; she now found herself neglected and insulted by her husband. Her father could not bear to see his darling's once-smiling face grow pale and sad, and he died two years after her marriage. She plunged into the whirlpool of dissipation, and tasted the rank poisons which are so often sought as the remedies for a sad heart. From folly she ran to imprudence, from imprudence to guilt;—and was the runaway wife happier than she who once suffered unmerited ill-usage at home? Time will show.

"At Brighton, my wheels rattled along the cliffs as briskly and as loudly as the noblest equipage there; but no female turned a glance of recognition towards my windows, and the eyes of former friends were studiously averted. I bore my lady through the streets, and I waited for her now and then at the door of the theatre; but at gates of respectability, at balls, and at assemblies, I, alas! was never 'called,' and never 'stopped the way.' Like a disabled soldier, I ceased to bear *arms*, and I was *crest-fallen*!

"This could not last: my mistress could little brook contempt, especially when she felt it to be deserved; her cheek lost its bloom, her eye its lustre; and when her beauty became less brilliant, she no longer possessed the only attraction which had made the Captain her lover. He grew weary of her, soon took occasion to quarrel with her, and she was left without friends, without income, and without character. I was at length torn from her: it nearly broke my springs to part with her; but I was despatched to the bazaar in London, and saw no more of my lady.

"It happened to be a dull time of year, and for some months my wheels ceased to be rotatory: I got cold and damp; and the moths found their way to my inside: one or two persons who came to inspect me, declined becoming purchasers, and peering closely at my panels, said something about 'old scratch.' This hurt my feelings, for if my former possessor was not quite so good as she might have been, it was no fault of mine.

"At length, after a tedious inactivity, I was bought cheap by a young physician, who having rashly left his provincial patients to set up in London, took it into his head that nothing could be done there by a medical man who did not go upon wheels; he therefore hired a house in a good situation, and then set *me* up, and bid my vendor put me down in his bill.

"It is quite astonishing how we flew about the streets and squares, *acting great practice*; those who knew us by sight must have thought we had a great deal to do, but we practised nothing but locomotion. Some medical men thin the population, (so says Slander,) my master thinned nothing but his horses. They were the only *good jobs* that came in his way, and certainly he made the most of them. He was obliged to *feed* them, but he was very rarely *feed* himself. It so happened that nobody consulted us, and the unavoidable consumption of the family infected my master's pocket, and his little resources were in a rapid decline.

"Still he kept a good heart; indeed, in one respect, he resembled a worm displayed in a bottle in a quack's shop window—he was never out of spirits! He was deeply in debt, and his name was on every body's books, always excepting the memorandum-books of those who wanted physicians. Still I was daily turned out, and though nobody called him in, he was to be seen, sitting very forward, apparently looking over notes supposed to have been taken after numerous critical cases and eventful consultations. Our own case was hopeless, our progress was arrested, an execution was in the house, servants met with their deserts and were turned off, goods were seized, my master was knocked up, and I was knocked down for one hundred and twenty pounds.

"Again my beauties blushed for a while unseen; but I was new painted, and, like some other painted personages, looked, at a distance, almost as good as new. Fortunately for me, an elderly country curate, just at this period, was presented with a living, and the new incumbent thought it incumbent upon him to present his fat lady and his thin daughter with a leathern convenience. My life was now a rural one, and for ten long years nothing worth recording happened to me. Slowly and surely did I creep along green lanes, carried the respectable trio to snug, early, neighbourly dinners, and was always under lock and key before twelve o'clock. It must be owned I began to have rather an old-fashioned look; my body was ridiculously small, and the rector's thin daughter, the bodkin, or rather packing-needle of the party, sat more forward, and on a smaller space than bodkins do now-a-days. I was perched up three feet higher than more modern vehicles, and my two lamps began to look like little dark lanterns. But my obsolescence rendered me only the more suited to the service in which I was enlisted. Honest Roger, the red-haired coachman, would have looked like the clown in a pantomime, in front of a fashionable equipage; and Simon the footboy, who slouched at my back, would have been mistaken for an idle urchin surreptitiously enjoying a ride. But on my unsophisticated dickey and footboard no one could doubt that Roger and Simon were in their proper places. The rector died; of course he had nothing more to do with the *living*, it passed into other hands; and a clerical income being (alas, that it should be so!) no inheritance, his relict, suddenly plunged in widowhood and poverty, had the aggravated misery of

mourning for a dear husband, while she was conscious that the luxuries and almost the necessaries of life were for ever snatched from herself and her child.

"Again I found myself in London, but my beauty was gone, I had lost the activity of youth, and when slowly I chanced to creak through Long Acre, Houlditch, my very parent, who was standing at his door sending forth a new-born Britska, glanced at me scornfully, and knew me not! I passed on heavily—I thought of former days of triumph, and there was madness in the thought—I became a *crazy* vehicle! straw was thrust into my inward parts, I was numbered among the fallen,—yes, I was now a hackney-chariot, and my number was one hundred!

"What tongue can tell the degradations I have endured! The persons who familiarly have *called* me, the wretches who have sat in me—never can this be told. Daily I take my stand in the same vile street, and nightly am I driven to the minor theatres—to oyster-shops—to desperation!

"One day, when empty and unoccupied, I was hailed by two police-officers who were bearing between them a prisoner. It was the seducer of my second ill-fated mistress: a first crime had done its usual work, it had prepared the mind for a second, and a worse: the seducer had done a deed of deeper guilt, and I bore him one stage towards the gallows. Many months after, a female called me at midnight: she was decked in tattered finery, and what with fatigue and recent indulgence in strong liquors, she was scarcely sensible, but she possessed dim traces of past beauty. I can say nothing more of her, but that it was the fugitive wife whom I had borne to Brighton so many years ago. No words of mine could paint the living warning that I beheld. What had been the sorrows of unmerited desertion and unkindness supported by conscious rectitude, compared with the degraded guilt, the hopeless anguish, that I then saw!

"I regret to say, I was last month nigh committing manslaughter; I broke down in the Strand and dislocated the shoulder of a rich old maid. I cannot help thinking that she deserved the visitation, for, as she stepped into me in Oxford Street, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all neighbouring pedestrians, 'Dear me! how dirty! I never was in a hackney conveyance before!'—though I well remembered having been favoured with her company very often. A medical gentleman happened to be passing at the moment of our fall; it was my old medical master. He set the shoulder, and so skilfully did he manage his patient, that he is about to be married to the rich invalid, who will shoulder him into prosperity at last.

"I last night was the bearer of a real party of pleasure to Astley's:—a bride and bridegroom, with the mother of the bride. It was the widow of the old rector, whose thin daughter (by the by she is fattening fast) has had the luck to marry the only son of a merchant well to do in the world."

The voice suddenly ceased!—I awoke—the door was opened, the steps let down— I paid the coachman double the amount of his fare, and in future, whenever I stand in need of a jarvey, I shall certainly make a point of calling for number One Hundred.

THE CRUSADE OF CHILDREN.

“ Sino i fanciulli,
 I fanciulli innocente,
 Non san perchè, ma sul comune esempio
 Van festivi esclamando, ‘ al tempio, al tempio.’ ”—MITASTASIO.

THE annals of human infatuation cannot present a more extraordinary fact than that which is the subject of our present observations, cannot supply a more powerful illustration of the effects of fanaticism, or so strikingly develop the most prominent characteristics of “ Holy Wars.” In other expeditions of this nature, it is true, there might be the same passion for novelty, the same love of libertinism, considerably more of the restlessness of chivalry, and the hope of conquest and glory. But never did religious fanaticism operate so powerfully as when it divested childhood of its fears, and urged it into the perilous pursuits of men. Never did delusion work so strongly upon the timid, or imagination so transform the nature of the weak. Never, in short, did humanity betray derangement so pitiable, or results so diffusively calamitous. And yet, singular as it may appear, our English histories of this time pass it without a comment. Even the indefatigable Gibbon has not noticed it; Mills, in his “ History of the Crusades,” does not allude to it—though, perhaps, it is not the only circumstance he has neglected to embrace. Hallam, indeed, manages to comprehend so remarkable a fact, in an insignificant note;* and yet the whole annals of chivalry will not present such a striking indication of the times, such a decided proof of the universal frenzy. We can account for this indifference of the historian of the middle ages only by the supposition that he had consulted no other authority than that of the Latin Chronicles of early English compilers; for, excepting Roger Bacon,† who lived about the period in question, and the Waverley Annals,‡ which speak clearly, though very concisely of the circumstance, it is overpassed by them all. These narratives, indeed, relate chiefly to the affairs of England; but in detailing the historical results of Richard’s chivalry, and more especially in going over the eventful reign of his successor, mixed up as it is with the occurrences of neighbouring nations, at the period referred to, we might expect to meet some intimation on the subject. At the first glance, perhaps, the sober character of history would tempt us to place among romantic legends, a story so replete with the absurd, and so pregnant with human infirmity. They who are unacquainted with the facile credence of our early chroniclers, might well be drawn into the belief that the absence of so strange a transaction from their records implied a conviction of its improbability, or the knowledge of a puerile fraud. Such inferences, however, would not be justified by the reality. The monkish writers of those days were incapable of discrimination; and would have been unwilling to discriminate, had they possessed the power. Whatever was uncommon, they judged miraculous; and as it seemed to serve the purposes of their different orders, they augmented the colouring, and added fresh actors to the scene. They loved, also, the marvellous for its own sake, and, therefore, could not be very solicitous to separate the chaff from the grain. Many a precious fable they have recorded; and though this truth might form a powerful objection to the narrative before us, yet the character of the interval corroborates even so exaggerated a feature, and is, in turn, illustrated by the excrescence it supplies.

The utter madness of crusade, which in 1212, according to the majority of historians,§ assembled a vast concourse of children, chiefly ten and twelve years old, can only be duly estimated by taking into consideration the mar-

* History of the Middle Ages, Vol. ii. p. 443, 4to.

† Opus Majus, p. 253-4, folio, 1733.

‡ Annales Waverleiensis, ap. Hist. Anglic. Script. Quinq. p. 180.

§ (1) Vincent de Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. xxxi. c. 5. (2) Alberici Monachi Trium Fontium Chronicon, p. 159. (3) Annales Godefredi ap. Marq. Freher. (4) Alberti Abbatis Stadon. Chron. p. 203. (5) Divi Antonini Chron. p. 104. (6)

tial frenzy of the period, and the artful policy of the clergy,—men who too often made religion the stalking-horse of their ambition, and the pander of their lust for power. One remarkable source of this their incessant assiduity, will be found in the superior information of some, and in the bigoted zeal of others—and that of the majority. The more intelligent readily perceived the facility with which power might be wrested from the ignorant, and they employed the furious passions of the excited enthusiast to accomplish their more insidious designs. In all probability, but for the absolute want of instruction in the lay part of society, and their consequent comparative inferiority, the clergy never would have dreamt of usurpation, and still less would they have attempted it. But with much of the wisdom of past ages in their own possession, and, what was of more importance, constantly on the alert, and strenuous in their measures, it was hardly in human nature to forego the power which they had only to grasp, or abstain from the abuse of it, when so easily attained. In brutal force lay all the influence of the mailed partisan of chivalry; and when was it ever known that what the strong hand seized on, did not finally revert to the stronger head? Gradually the whole of Europe lapsed into the power of the Church; but it was only while *acquiring* that the Church was safe. No sooner did it possess, than the gauntleted hand became its foe, and there was not perhaps a single throne throughout the bounds of Christianity which did not in turn unsheath the sword against Popish usurpation. It produced, however, but a momentary change. The swelling surges of hostility sank into a rapid calm; and again, with slow but certain result, the Church waved her triple banner over the succumbing waves. Again “the march of intellect” crossed the barren wilds of martial renown, and the triumph of mental subtilty over unchecked passion and physical strength soon grew conspicuously apparent. Then the consciences of men became the puppets of ecclesiastic control, raised or depressed, soothed or infuriated, as interest seemed to predominate. Then the “phantasms and the hideous dream” began to work the understanding into madness, while the mysterious jugglery of midnight rituals, the solemn exhortation, the rebuke for backwardness, and praise and promises for headlong pursuit, naturally created that factitious enthusiasm which engendered extraordinary events, as the fetid slime of the Nile propagates its monstrous anomalies. The infant, imbibing with its mother’s milk the germ of superstition and zealotry, taught by its other reckless parent to lisp only in the accents of an impure and bloody chivalry, must have breathed its earliest words in execration of the “land of Heathenese,” and devoted its earliest prayers to the overthrow of “Paynim hounds.” What wonder if cruelty and hate, and all the worst passions well derived from such abhorrent sources, sank deep into the heart of the youthful aspirant, and filled his untutored brain with romance and madness!

There was, however, another cause, more potent than that of chivalry, or even than that of superstition, which induced the misguided parent to supply so wild a stimulus to infantile ardour. The countries of the East, in that age, were looked upon as the only origin of unlimited wealth. “The vulgar, both small and great,” as Gibbon well observes, “were taught to believe every wonder, of lands flowing with milk and honey, of mines and treasures of gold and diamonds, of palaces of marble and jasper, and of odoriferous groves of cinnamon and frankincense.”* Here the poverty-stricken lost their indigence, and the wealthy started into more abundant wealth. Here was Aladdin’s lamp, and the diamond valleys of Sindbad. Here, and here only, piety could be united with worldly interest; and the cross of Christ decorated with gold and precious stones. Whether the worship of God, at the sepulchre of his

Bizar. Sentinati, Senat. Pop. que Genuensis historia, p. 30. fol. 1570. But (7) Jacob de Voragine mentions M.CC.XXII. evidently, however, a mistake for M.CC.XII. (8) Thom. Cantipratensis Chron. gives the year 1213. (9) Massaeus, 1210, and (10) the Fasciculus Temporum, (fol. 80. 1482) specifies 1214.

* Gibbon, Decline and Fall, Vol. xi. p. 20.

blessed Son, originally drew the crowds who visited that country, is somewhat problematical; but certainly the feeling soon became absorbed in the love of mercantile adventure. Traffic was the omnipotent magnet of popular attraction, and if, among the many millions of pilgrims, there were some exceptions to the rule—some over whom neither gain nor glory had assumed the dominion, they were few indeed. The caravan that annually went to Mecca, though instituted for the sake of religion, was a merchant-caravan,^{*} and the Christians had either set the example, or followed it with as much punctuality as profit. Their visits to Jerusalem were usually made at the time of a general mart;† and had not European commerce suffered material interruption from Saracen rapacity, the Crusades, in all human probability, never would have been heard of. There is no other view of this case which can account for the immense multitudes who annually proceeded to Jerusalem. As for religion, the reason commonly assigned, there is no doubt but that it was always a minor consideration. The age was fanatic, because it was ignorant, not because it was devout; and while the clergy instilled into the people's minds, that they could purchase remission of sins by large donations to the Church, *that* feeling alone must have made the accumulation of wealth a most important object of attainment. Wealth, then, *was* remission of sins; it was their stipulated value, and it was quite natural, that whatever might be their concern for the violation of their Saviour's laws, they should place unbounded affection upon that which, while pampering depraved passions, freed them from the consequences of sin. And, as the system united gain with pardon, so the holiness of Palestine, being united with its riches, conferred a preference upon that distinguished land which otherwise it might not have had. It connected, as they were but too happy to think, the temporal with the eternal, and enabled them, in despite of an assertion to the contrary of some importance, to serve at the same time God and Mammon. It demonstrated (what we wish easily finds proof!) that the orison must needs be redolent of holier incense, when accompanied by increased prosperity; and denoted the favour of Heaven, manifestly crowning their toils. Thus, while they took credit to themselves for a long and wearisome pilgrimage; while they conceived their transgressions blotted out, and their peace (with, or without, the donation!) fully established, they felt the charm of overflowing lockers and crowded magazines. It was reasonable, therefore, that they whose age or infirmities obstructed their pilgrimage, should impress the singular advantages it possessed upon the minds of their children's children. A little before the occurrence we commemorate, a crusade had been preached; the crusaders had embarked, but turned aside to besiege and occupy Constantinople. The continual rumours of this exploit, added to the general feeling; and we know not if the crusade proclaimed the preceding year by Pope Innocent III.—a monster of cruelty!—against the unfortunate Albigenses, contributed the least to its excess. On this occasion, the chiefs of the crusaders, in a council of war, enquired how they were to distinguish the good Catholics from the heretics of Albi—"Strike!" said Arnold, Abbot of Cîteaux; "Strike! the Lord will recognize those who are for him!"‡ And the massacre was consequently universal.

While such was the feverish excitement of the public mind, two ecclesiastics, captives to the Prince of the Assassins, the notorious *old man of the mountains*, were set at liberty, under an engagement to invigilate a multitude of European children into his power. Accordingly, entering Germany and France, they preached a crusade against the infidels, calling upon children of the tenderest years to put their trust in God, and commit themselves to the pious enterprise with the utmost confidence of success.

The object of the priests in thus duly accomplishing their promise to the Assassin chief, assuredly did not originate in any sense of an obligation en-

* De Guignes, *Mém. des Inscript.* t. 37. p. 475.

† *Ibid.* ap. St. Adamnan. It was held on the 15th of September.

‡ Sismondi, tom. 2, page 343.

tered into for their deliverance from captivity. It was *then* a well-known maxim of the Catholic Church, that no faith was to be kept with heretics; and undoubtedly if ever faith could be justifiably violated, it ought in such an inhuman treaty. Besides, the papal absolution was so conveniently at hand, as to present no difficulty to a conscientious servant of the Roman Church. But the truth is, these priests were disposed to engage in an advantageous traffic, which, to the eternal disgrace of humanity, was at that time frequently resorted to. The sale of Christian slaves was by no means uncommon, and appears to have been carried on with as little remorse as interruption from the state. The ecclesiastics, therefore, under the pretence of a crusade, intended to dispose of the children to their employer; and if they had been in want of an exalted precedent for such an iniquitous transaction, they had it in the head of their own church. Pope Zacharias, A.D. 748, bought a considerable number of Christian slaves from the Venetians; youths who had been conveyed to Rome for that benevolent purpose. As the Pope himself gave a public sanction to the proceeding, and as they appear to have been brought to Rome openly, and with the same liberty as any other lawful merchandise, this infamous traffic must have spread over an extensive circuit. Charlemagne, more humane, or more politic than the ghostly father, endeavoured to suppress it; and in 785 commanded certain Greeks, long accustomed to indulge in the practice, to quit his kingdom.* The people of Verdun, however, according to Liutprand, carried their barbarity yet farther. They sold to the Arabs of Spain a large number of young men whom they had emasculated, with the view of qualifying them to act as the guardians of eastern seraglios. The Pope is said at this day to be a considerable purchaser of such kind of commodity. They were called Carsamattia; and as the passage from Liutprand is sufficiently curious, and to the purpose, we present it to the reader. The historian was sent ambassador to Constantinople, and, in the name of his master, received the following gifts:—"I obtained," he relates, "nine surpassing coats of mail; seven excellent shields with gilded studs; two silver cups gilt; swords, lances, rapiers, slaves; four Carsamattia, more precious to the Emperor than all the foregoing. Now the Greeks call Carsamattium an eunuch-boy, whom the merchants of Verdun are accustomed to provide on account of the immense gain which they derive from the sale, and whom they conduct into Spain."† Those sold by the Venetians were subject to the same cruelties. At this period Verdun carried on an extensive trade, and history often mentions Bracenses negotiatores, merchants settled in the neighbourhood of Verdun.‡ It is clear then, we should think, that in a barbarous age interest is more powerful than religion; and, therefore, when we read of Holy Wars, and constant pilgrimages to the sepulchre of Christ, we are led, with much appearance of justice, to infer, that their object was less that of devotion than of conquest and trade. In considering, indeed, the chief characteristics of a barbarous age, we have often been struck by the facility with which human passions are intertwined with religious exercises. One of the prime deities of the Greek mythology was Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Ulysses was her especial favourite, and accordingly Ulysses has been pointed out as "the man for wisdom's various arts renowned." Investigate the conduct of this man under its most propitious circumstances, and we shall find it a complete tissue of deceptive practices. Now the Greeks were notorious for their craftiness,—therefore they established it as part and parcel of their religion under another name. The ages of chivalry were turbulent and warlike; so they formed a religion out of war. In the prosecution of it they committed unheard-of crimes,—so they turned their plunder into an atonement; and whilst they battled and pillaged in gratification of the heart's strongest and most unhallowed provocatives, they styled it devotion; a boundless love of Christ, and zeal for the honour of God! But we do

* De Gogues, *Mém. sur le Commerce des Français*.

† Liutprand, "*De rebus per Europam gestis*," lib. vi. c. 3.

‡ De Gogues

wrong to limit such artifice to barbarous times: it is a too general illusion. It arises in the corruption of human nature, and prevails at every period. Civilization lends it but a gayer gloss, and hides its grossness with a more refined and graceful exterior.

Whether the ecclesiastics in the hands of the Assassins soothed their consciences, by vowing part of what their guilt should produce, to the Virgin, or by some other equally efficient measure of the kind, does not certainly appear. We fear they were too abandoned in their iniquity to have consciences at all. They were learned clerks, and deeply skilled in the prohibited science of necromancy; given to unholy arts, and in close compact with the Evil One.* They were aided in their attempts by "false visions, and portents;" by nocturnal clamours, we imagine; phosphoric lights, speaking statues, miraculous relics, and other *tracasseries*. Be this as it may, their efforts were so far effectual that they aroused an immense congress of both sexes, clad as pilgrims, marked with a cross, and each furnished with a staff and scrip.† Full of confidence and enthusiasm, they hurried on their route, possessed with the incredible belief, as one of the records of the time intimates,‡ that God, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings would perfect strength, because of his enemies." Thus, indeed, must have been a rare text in the hands of two subtle priests, sermocinating to a crowd of ignorant ligots, stimulated by a variety of overwhelming passions; full of enthusiastic hopes, vehement desires, and superstitious feelings. Who could suspect the motives of the instigators? The project was in strict accordance with the opinions of the time; it took most accurately "its form and pressure," and the very thought seemed only to have had its origin in immediate inspiration. Many of the foolish multitude were the offspring of noble families; but, as if to show the prevailing temper of the expedition, Jacob de Voragine confesses that "*ipsi etiam cum meretricibus destinarent.*" §

About thirty thousand of these crusaders (from whom Swift might have borrowed the idea of his Lilliputian squadrons, though it is probable that he took it from the fable of the Pygmies,) were collected at Vendôme, a few leagues from Paris; from whence they marched in the utmost disorder through Burgundy to Marseilles.|| Another portion, from Germany, under the conduct of a boy, called Nicholas,¶ and amounting to upwards of seven thousand souls, passed the Alps, and equipped in the costume adopted by the others, proceeded to Genoa. They traversed all this space of country, supported only by the voluntary contributions of such as put faith in their enterprise, or compassionated their folly. But donations of this nature, divided among a hungry, and in all probability a wasteful crowd, could not be of any great extent or importance. They suffered accordingly, but they still persevered in the undertaking. In vain their parents and friends endeavoured to detain them. For however brilliantly depicted the expedition might have been, however great and glorious it might actually appear to the majority of the elders, yet the powerful yearnings of nature got the better of their zeal; and apprehension spoke more loudly than superstition. Many, no doubt, were the maternal eyes that overflowed with moisture; and many the maternal bosoms that palpitated with unusual velocity. But in truth it was an idle waste of time to represent to these young truants all the madness of the exploit; all the horror of the situation into which they would be precipitated; the agonies of a Saracen martyrdom, or the long and lingering captivity to which they might be fated. Difficulties but increased

* Divi Antonini Chron. pars Tertia, p. 104.

† Jacob de Voragine.

‡ Fasciculus Temporum, fol. 80.

§ Page 45. See also Bizaro Sentinati, p. 30.

|| Alberici Chronicon, p. 459.

¶ Albertus, Abbot of Stade, says expressly, "*sine rectore, sine duce,*" p. 203, and though Sentinati calls Nicholas a boy, "*cujusdam puelli Tentonici, Nicolai nomine,*" Jacob de Voragine seems to intimate the contrary—"Quidam Tentonicus nomine Nicholas in habitu peregrini."

the ardour of their resolution; and added one more extraordinary proof of the impetuous and sweeping enthusiasm by which they were carried away. They evaded confinement, they scaled high walls, or penetrated their amplest imperviousness; they even contrived to escape from the thralldom of heavy fetters. If questioned as to the object of their pilgrimage, their cry was,—“We are going to Jerusalem, to the conquest of the Holy Land.”⁺ And though an expedition commenced under such auspices, and prosecuted with every species of wild excess—with the riotous buoyancy of children, united to the energy of men, the result of a momentary ardour—could not but be an object of scandal, yet were there those who could perceive in this blind hallucination of the human intellect, the foot-print of Omnipotence! Driven by this insane idea, men and women quitted their homes, and joined the less crazy multitudes of juvenile crusaders. But the impulse they pronounced to be from Heaven: “a call,” they thought, from celestial power! Thus it is that, in all times, ignorant and presumptuous fanaticism converts mental infirmity into the will of God; consecrates delirium, and listens to the whispers of a sinful heart as to unfailing oracles! Thus it is that, hurried on by overwhelming passions, men sacrifice all things to the golden idol which folly has set up; and, in the dull bigotry of their souls, hoodwink reason, and disparage truth!

So inconceivably out of measure ran the frenzy of the moment, that they implicitly believed a story, most probably derived from the original movers of the proceeding, relative to the drought of that year, which, it was predicted, should be so intense as to dry up the very ocean, and enable the children of Crusade, like the Israelites of old, to pass with unmoistened foot through its abysses. And certainly, since the arm of God was to be visibly employed in their behalf; since it was by a miracle that they were to possess themselves of Jerusalem, and disperse the Saracen, there was no objection to a farther trial of faith. It was quite as easy to credit one as the other; and it was even somewhat more encouraging to be persuaded of the last, because it promised an earlier fulfilment, and, withal, might be considered as one of the most curious and entertaining portions of their travels. Perhaps it was this additional hope of gratified curiosity which drew so numerous a *cortège* of females into the ranks of the tumultuary throng. If it were, they paid something more than the penalty of the inquisitive; for even on their passage to the ports of Marseilles and Genoa,[†] they experienced no slight foretaste of that ruthless destiny, which so ill-advised an undertaking might naturally be expected to produce:—“making it clear,” says the *Fasciculus Temporum*, “how the Devil preaches his crusades.”

As each of the two expeditions proceeded by different routes, and to different ports, we must follow their histories apart. Of the thirty thousand from France, but a very small portion ever returned; the remainder perished in the waves, or became an object of treacherous speculation to two merchants of Marseilles, named Hugo Ferrens, and William Porcus.[‡] These persons, like many others, traffickers, as we have shown, in human blood, carried on an extensive commerce with the Saracens for the sale of children. Here was an occasion too favourable to be lost sight of; and, accordingly, the iniquitous varlets proposed furnishing ships to convey the pilgrims to their destination exempt from every charge. Their atrocious designs they cloaked under the common pretext of those times, as well as of many later—charity to man, and piety to God. The proposal was, of course, joyfully accepted; since the ocean had changed its mind, and no longer chose to have its secrets spread abroad. Seven large vessels were filled with the devoted sacrifice. They set sail; and after two days' navigation, were overtaken by a violent tempest, near the island of St. Pierre. Two of the vessels foun-

* Albertus Stadensis.

† Vincent de Beauvais, St. Antonine, and John Laziardus, (*Hist. Univer. Epitomia*, cap. 223. fo. 157.); add also Brandisi.

‡ Alberic. Mon. Tri. Fon. Chron.

dored on a rock; called the Rock of the Recluse. Every soul on board perished, happily preserved from apostasy, and the doom of their less fortunate companions. The bodies, thrown up by the waves, were interred upon the island; and the Pope, some years after, (then Gregory IX.) founded a church upon the site, which he entitled "the Church of the Young Innocents." * In the mean while, the five remaining vessels pursued their way to Alexandria in Egypt, and to Bagia in Africa, where the whole living cargo was inhumanly disposed of to Saracen chiefs, or to slave-merchants. The Caliph of Baldach,† who, as it is related by Alberic, had dwelt twenty-three years at Paris in the habit of an ecclesiastic,‡ and there acquired an intimate knowledge of European accomplishments, now purchased four hundred, all of them in holy orders, and eighty of them priests; by which it would appear that they had ransacked the monasteries, and levied as many of the young religious as they were able to influence. The Caliph, however, appears to have behaved decently to his clerical captives; and his reason for the purchase is thus explained by Alberic—"because by these means he would withdraw them from the rest." This separation probahly saved their lives; for, in the same year, a number of the Saracen princes having assembled at Baldach, eighteen of the unfortunate children were slaughtered before their eyes with every kind of torture. Their crime consisted in valiantly refusing to deny their faith; but we are a little sceptical upon this matter. Children, of ten and twelve years of age, might have been induced to quit their country under the influence of novel excitements; but we think they could not have been brought to the torture, and yet undauntedly maintained their religion in its despite. Human courage springs more from mind, than from the physical temperament of the body; and the mental energies of a child cannot be expected to hold firm in any great degree. We look upon this tale, therefore, recorded by the "monk of the three fountains," as somewhat apocryphal; as proceeding rather from the spirit of the cloister, than from the spirit of truth.

For the treacherous merchants, Hugo Ferreus and William Parcus, the doom they had richly merited finally overtook them. Entering into a conspiracy with Mirabel, the Saracen Prince of Sicily, in order to betray the Emperor Frederic II.—probably during his abode at Genoa, when on his way to Constance,—their projects were happily defeated, and Mirabel, his two sons, and the child-merchants, were suspended from the same cross. Eighteen years afterwards, Machmout, of Alexandria, still held in bonds seven hundred crusaders of all ages.

The German adventurers, on the other hand, after a painful and luckless pilgrimage,—after having been subject to constant spoliation from handitti ever on the watch, and one of whom they apprehended at Cologne, and hung,—after experiencing all the extremes of heat, hunger, and thirst, their numbers daily diminished by every species of distress, many perishing from very want in woods and desert places,—a residue, at last, reached Genoa.§ The Senate, naturally alarmed at such an increase of population, so utterly unprovided for, refused to admit them within the city. They encamped, therefore, under the walls; and during an interval of six or seven days, the Senate took their forlorn predicament into consideration. Perceiving in their designs—what, indeed, it did not require very great penetration to perceive—nothing but the rashness and precipitancy of childhood, apprehending likewise a scarcity of provisions from the augmented consumption of such a numerous body, as well as the disorders incident to it, they issued an edict for their immediate departure from the Genoese territory. Another reason, of a yet more cogent nature, was the fear that the Emperor Otho IV. (then at war with the Pope, and hostile to the Genoese States on account of the support they had given to Frederic II. of Sicily, son of the Emperor Henry VI.) should take advantage of such a crisis, and involve

* Alberic. Mon. Tri. Fon. Chron.

† *Balkh*, the ancient Bactra, according to De Guignes.

‡ Alberici Chron. p. 404-5. and p. 459.

§ *Annales Godefredi Monach*

them in new perplexities. They dreaded, also, that a party spirit, soon enkindled and scattered, should excite discord among themselves, and convulse the state with internal commotions.* The insanity of the expedition was so manifest, and the ridicule which it must involve, when the veil thrown over it by fanaticism should be withdrawn, was so obvious to a reflecting mind, that it hardly needed the powerful aid of interest to present it in its proper light. And yet the influence of popular opinion had risen to such an extravagant excess, so violently had it swept away common sense in its career, that when a few of the more enlightened of the clergy, a few of those who in the darkest times hold up their glow-worm taper to mankind, attempted to repress the infatuation of the moment, they were bitterly taxed with avarice; aspersed with incredulity—the weightiest charge, perhaps, of the era!—and almost excommunicated for an heretical abnegation of the power of God. To ensure themselves, therefore, from public odium, they were constrained to hide their light under a bushel—to commiserate the intellectual opacity of the day—to see, and to be silent.†

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Crusaders, forsaking the inhospitable walls of Genoa, turned backward, destitute of every comfort, barefoot, worn with fatigue and the unexpected obstacles they had encountered.—“With the same levity,” says the historian,‡ “which they had evidenced on quitting their homes, they returned to their household deities.” On being asked the cause of the expedition, and of its abandonment, they answered with exquisite simplicity (and, no doubt, with equal truth,) that they were ignorant.§ Whether to soften the harshness of repulse, or for some other motive, the Genoese Senate presented the freedom of their city to certain of the young German nobles who accompanied the pilgrimage. These youths, it seems, continued in Genoa, became domesticated, and in process of time rose to the rank of patricians. In the seventeenth century, some of those most distinguished for their nobility and wealth are found to have issued from such lineage. Amongst these, the house of Vivaldi is pre-eminently noticed.||

When the reigning Pope, Innocent III. was apprised of this expedition, he groaned heavily, and exclaimed—“These children reproach us; while they hurry to the defence of Palestine, we are asleep.”¶ Innocent was a man of talent and intrigue, and could not but perceive, in the perversion of human understanding, another chain by which to fetter humanity. They who returned to their homes, or remained in Europe and attained maturity, were constrained by the Pope (Gregory IX. it is probable,) to complete their vows, and assume the cross once more: so at least we are told by Alberic of the Three Fountains; but it might have been thought that their sufferings, on its first assumption, had amply redeemed their vow. Amongst the other peculiarities of the period, it is recorded, that a number of naked women ran from city to city without uttering a word!*** and not less singular than the circumstance, is the fact, that the authorities permitted them to do so!††

We have a few words more to add, on what cannot be thought irrelevant to our subject—the Crusades in general. Many opinions have been given as to the principal causes that produced them: we think the interruption of European commerce the most natural one. Mr. Turner, in his “History of England during the middle ages,” observes,—“that a Turkish crusade was about to assault the eastern frontier of Europe, when the Christian crusade commenced, has not been sufficiently remarked;”†† and he “reads with pleasure, in Mr. G. Mills’s History of the Crusades, his remark, that in the eleventh century, ‘political events in the Grecian and Saracenian worlds occasioned a renewal of the endeavour to arm Christendom against Islamism.’” Now we will venture to say, that whatever “profound political reasoning,” to use Mr.

* Jacobus de Voragine.

† “Chronique Anonyme de Strashourg.”

‡ Bizaro Sentinati.

§ Chron. Albert. Stad.

|| Bizaro Sentinati.

¶ Albert. Stad.

** *Ibid.*

†† We are authorised to state that these extraordinary facts will form the groundwork of a novel of peculiar interest, now in progress.

‡‡ Vol. i. p. 314.

Turner's words, may be ascribed to Cardinal Richelieu's idea of a crusade in the seventeenth century, to which the above writer alludes in support of his argument, nothing, certainly, of *that* nature, actuated the instigators of the crusades during the middle ages. The policy of these ages was their passions; and as *they* worked, the event accorded. Power, plunder, or devotion, the restlessness of indolence, and the love of novelty, or gain, were, no doubt, the impulses by which these periods moved; and it was superior chivalry—a higher courage, and more complete address in arms, not superior art in the affairs of government, that chiefly yielded the advantages of the time. *That* art was then in abeyance, or rather in its infancy, and, perhaps, actuated men's minds in Europe as it now does men's minds in Turkey. A vision by night, or a capricious vow by day, often originated events which were totally unconnected with other sources; and pushed on by a fatal blindness, men then pursued their careers, much like the inconsiderate victims of the crusade we have detailed, until they were overpowered by unforeseen impediments, and their strength became wasted in its own bright but "ineffectual fires." The obstruction of commerce is of itself adequate to create events of still deeper importance. It is an *argumentum ad hominem*, easily understood and appreciated by the dullest; while political contingencies, to minds incapable, from ignorance, of estimating the future by the past, must necessarily make but faint impression, and, therefore, produce a feeble result. The influence of the clergy tended only to cement their own power, their own immediate advantage. Policy relates to a whole, not to a part.

Was it "political reasoning" that set on foot the crusade of children? yet Innocent III. the most *politic* head of the day, commended it. Will it be affirmed that profound reasoning made him feel it as a reproach? No, it was a directer influence; it was the *Saladine tenth*, which the crusades wrested to the Papal treasury. So far from accusing Innocent III. of policy, eminently gifted and ambitious as he was, to this very priest may be attributed, as Gibbon has pointed out, two of the most signal triumphs over sense and humanity—the establishment of transubstantiation and the origin of the Inquisition. We may also add, a crusade against the ill-starred Albigenses. But, in the language of the above philosophic writer, "the successors of St. Peter appear to have followed, rather than guided, the impulse of manners and prejudice. Without much foresight of the seasons, or cultivation of the soil, they gathered the ripe spontaneous fruits of the superstition of the times."* This account of the period is no less forcible than true. And when Pope Urban, in his speech to the people, as recorded by William of Malmesbury, and referred to by Mr. Turner,† reminds them that the Turks and Saracens were occupying Syria and the other countries of the East, and that Europe also would ultimately share their destiny, it is most probable, that far from believing such a result, he alleged it only as a motive for their more zealous co-operation in his intended projects. We are rather disposed to believe that the argument arose with William of Malmesbury, his historian, who might feel ambitious of copying Thucydides in the most defective part of his history; that is, in dressing by the lighted lamp the speeches of heroes, thus become incapable of recognising their own offspring; for how could a Roman pontiff, with the constant recollection of the infallibility and immutability of the Catholic religion, in the very zenith of a fanatical era, doubt—and yet more, express a doubt, of its constant triumph? The bare suggestion, in any but a Roman pontiff, would have been deemed a proper subject for crusades; would have holpen to light the faggot and upraise the cross!

But taking it for granted that the Pope did utter the purport of the language referred to, Mr. Turner would have us credit that it arose from sheer political foresight: as if he had said, "The Turks and Saracens are in possession of all the East; of Spain, and the Balearic Isles. Attack them on their own ground, or they will presently cope with you on yours. Encouraged by repeated victories, they will assail your hearth-stones with their

innumerable hosts ; they will cast down your altars, and desecrate your fanes, and overthrow your religion. Delay not to undertake the expedition, that at least, in these regions, Christians may live in peace." This, in truth, would be a rational deduction ; but can language more unsuited to the times and to the person be imagined ? Would he not sacrifice political expediency for political foresight, and infer the possible overthrow of that church which had always been held up as immovable and eternal ? Was it possible that the patrimony of St. Peter could cease to live at peace ? or that the credulous auditory could cease to believe it ? In the Council of Clermont, Urban published a plenary indulgence to all those " who for the sake of devotion alone, and not for the attainment of *honour*, or *money*, (wherein he intimates the popular feeling !) would journey to Jerusalem to free the Church of God ; *that* journey should be accounted to him for every repentance." Now here the liberation of Jerusalem from the infidels is inculcated as the object of the crusade, and not the preservation of the patrimony of St. Peter. This, surely, is not political consistency, and does not resemble political wisdom. If the argument were strong and fitting in a speech to the people, it was equally cogent and decorous in the proclamation of a plenary indulgence, which Guibertus justly terms " a new sort of salvation."† And what was the result ? A crusade, composed of sixty thousand persons of either sex, headed by Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless, under the tutelar guidance of a *goose* and a *nanny-goat*, which (was it the spirit of chivalry that led them to prefer the females ?) they believed full of the divine effluvia, and which they venerated accordingly.‡ Another instance of the insanity—that is to say, of the *policy* of the middle ages !

But what, after all, are the words of Malmesbury which have given rise to this inference of political sagacity ? " Reliquum est spe devorant,"—they hope to get all the rest ; evidently a mere flourish of Malmesbury's rhetoric. He speaks upon hearsay, and does not even profess to give Urban's words.§ It is only a stale moral apophthegm, indicating that ambition is never satisfied, and would gladly grasp the whole world.

Peter the Hermit, the leader (after the *goose* and the *goat* !) of this famous expedition, is also lauded by Mr. Turner for his political talents, and associated in the same canticle with the Pope. " But the four great principles on which the Pope and Peter the Hermit founded their appeal, and which appear to have been the main operating springs to the enterprise, were the political necessity of resisting the progressive conquests of the Mahomedans ; the evil of their own warlike conflicts ; the sufferings and insults which all the Asiatic Christians, as well as the unoffending pilgrims, were made to endure from Turkish brutality, and the shame and dishonour of leaving the tomb of the Saviour in the possession of his fierce and implacable enemies."|| Of this same politic Peter the Hermit, whom Pope Urban received as a prophet, and who, therefore, deserves to be united with him in the closest affinity, Gibbon thus speaks—and Gibbon is always well worth listening to:—" His body was emaciated, his fancy was inflamed ; whatever he wished, he believed ; whatever he believed, he *saw* in dreams and revelations."¶ And this accounts distinctly for the second " great principle," of which he was persuaded, and which he laboured so hard to carry into effect : viz. setting people by the ears to remedy " the evil of their own warlike conflicts " Alas, for human wit ! alas, for the consistency of human theory ! When once the understanding catches up a system, heaven and earth may go to ruin, but the system shall be complete ! **

* Canon. Concil. Claramont. ii. p. 829.

‡ Albert. Aquensis, lib. i. c. 31. p. 136.

|| Hist. of England, vol. i. p. 216-7.

+ Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 471.

§ Vide Mabns. lib. iv. c. 2. p. 74.

¶ Deebue and Fall, vol. xi. p. 3.

** We cannot help expressing our surprise that a man of Mr. Turner's information should fall so constantly into the vulgar error of supposing that the plural of Mussulman is Mussulmen. See pp. 343, 345, 349, 356, 366, and everywhere else. We can but suppose that he means " men of muscle !"

“ ADIEU TO THE CHARLEYS.”

“ When honest watchmen are (alas ! *were*) all asleep.”—FIELDING.

“ The Charleys were my darlings.”—*Old Song revived.*

ADIEU to the Charleys, whose slumbers
Or real or fictitious, ne'er more
Shall be lauded in prose or in numbers ;
Those slumbers (so harmless) are o'er !

No more shall young beaux scale the area,
And the depths of the coal-hole explore ;
When Dolly, or Sally, or Mary,
For her confident swain oped the door—

While Charley sate nodding and blinking,
A Cerberus silenced by beer ;
Or appearing to wink, or else winking,
Nor beheld aught suspicious so near.

No more shall the daughter of Venus
Give Charley the sign to walk on,
Crying, “ Oh ! there is nothing between us,”
And in “ light o' love ” language talk on.

No more shall the pupil of Isis,
Or pupil of Cam, reel before
A Charley, in “ vein of Cambyses ”
Denouncing, and floor'd but to floor—

From the cellar of Cider returning,
A captive not easily caught,
With vengeance, and wine, and rum burning,
Before the night-constable brought.

O then 'twas sublime and imposing
To look on and behold (if at large)
Rhadamanthus, in leathern chair dozing,
Mutter forth, “ Now bring up the next charge.”

Then was eloquence maudlin' exerted,
In speech stopp'd by many a hiccup,
College syllogisms often inverted,
Till the doom was pronounced—“ Make it up !”

An eye for an eye was not wanted,
Soft smiles took the place of grim frowns,
The sovereign was readily granted,
Or crowns proved a plaister for crowns.

O those are the nights that are over,
Nights, like Troy, that we ne'er more shall view,
While damsel, and toper, and lover,
Exclaim, “ My sweet Charleys, adieu !”

T. S. M.

EFFECTS OF EMANCIPATION.

“ *Ridiculum acri*

“ *Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secatur res.*”

“ **WHAT** effects,” said a friend of mine, with whom I chanced, not very long ago, to walk through College-green, “ has the attainment of that object, for which the Catholics have been for years contending, produced in Ireland?” I was about to reply to this interrogatory with an elaborate dissertation, when, fortunately for my companion, and not unluckily for myself, Dr. Magee, the celebrated author of “ *The Atonement*,” and notorious commentator upon the Creed of St. Athanasius, chanced to go by. He was not mounted, as was his wont, when he went cantering to the Castle, not very much in the fashion with which his Divine Master entered Jerusalem. He was on foot, and in his aspect, and in his walk, he bore all the evidences of Catholic Emancipation. “ **Look!**” said I, as the Doctor approached; “ do you perceive, in the renowned professor of polemics, in the mitred patron of controversy, the consecrated bellows-blower of the theological furnace, the last and most faithful champion of the Church, no evidences of the effects of Catholic Emancipation? **Mark!**” I exclaimed, “ with what an altered step he advances: where is the elastic tread with which he glided with the agility of David when he danced before the ark, and contrived to unite the dignity of the chief-priest with the gracefulness of the saltatory art? His legs are, indeed, as finely tapered as before, and swell in their exquisite proportions through the thin and glossy stockings that inclose them; but what is become of that animated movement, that, taking its origin from the hip, sent forth the Doctor in all the ambulatory vivacity of tread, and threw out his limbs in that straight, direct, unbending march for which he was conspicuous? His fire-shovel hat, too—it is no longer perched with airy lightness, and half awry, upon his head. The powder upon his hair looks more like the ashes with which the prelates of Nineveh covered their heads, than the fine pomatumed sprinkling with which Bassegio, the Italian hair-dresser, and only genuine ornament of the New Reformation, was wont to trick him out. Observe his jerkin, too; it is as closely buttoned as before, but the diminution of the archiepiscopal abdomen would make one think that he had been fasting a black Lent. There are enough of the indications of Emancipation, without resorting to the Doctor’s face;—but if you have any doubt remaining, does not his black, but lack-lustre eye, from which all the prelatic pride and glory of religion have departed—does not his dejected brow, from which the mitre of Dublin and Glendalough seems ready to drop—does not his pale cheek, and the expression of bitterness and humiliation that sits settled upon his lips, from which the famous antithesis was darted—does not the whole expression of the man, and, above all, a certain stoop, which has superseded his erect and anti-apostolic attitude, convey to you the strongest proofs of the amazing and miraculous effects of Catholic Emancipation?” At this instant, the Doctor paused, and cast his eyes up to the statue of King William. The moment my friend beheld him, he exclaimed, “ I am satisfied—that look is enough!” There was, indeed, something in the Doctor’s aspect, as he surveyed the hero of the Boyne, that would have given assurance to a sceptic, and made a political Pyrrhonist

cease to doubt. He looked so utterly disconsolate, that I should not have been surprised if I had afterwards heard that he had, like Wolsey at the gates of the convent, begged from Maynooth "a little earth for charity." The Doctor passed on, and presently we beheld old William Saurin coming in the same direction. It occurred to me that he would afford in his physiognomy a corroboration of the arguments which I had found in the Doctor's bearing, and I proposed to my friend that we should take our stand upon the steps of the arcade, from which we could command a distinct view of such characters as might furnish a clue to the discovery of political effects. I imagined that the quondam Attorney-General would have set the matter at rest; but what was my astonishment when I perceived that he was full of vigour and renovation! I was not a little discomposed at observing his look of cheerfulness and satisfaction, from which I should have been led to conjecture that he regarded Emancipation as a mere nullity; or at least, as such a measure as might, with a little dexterity, be rendered wholly nugatory. However, my friend relieved me from my apprehensions, by recalling to my recollection that Government had just given to Mr. Saurin's son a place of 2000*l.* a-year, which was probably thrown in as a sop to the Cerberus of the Constitution, whose growlings the servants who had opened the doors to the robbers, even when they had rifled it, thought it might be as well to check. I therefore set down the air of hilarity which prevailed about Mr. Saurin as only evidence that he had received the materials of domestic consolation, and that his individual gratitude had overcome his public resentments. Mr. Saurin did not look at King William; indeed, he hurried more rapidly along as he was passing beside the effigy of the idol; but whether it was that he was conscious of having deserted his worship, or that he felt that the divinity had departed from the temple, I cannot take upon myself to declare. Just after Mr. Saurin came another personage, who, although little known in London, has attained in Dublin the highest celebrity which a devotedness to provincial faction can confer. In a stout little gentleman, with a militia, but not a military look, I recognised the famous Poteen Colonel (famous, I mean, in Orange convivialities), who, from his achievements in smuggling illicit whiskey into the Castle, has earned as much notoriety at the Custom-House as he has gained distinction in the Brunswick Clubs. I imagined that I should have observed the effects of Catholic Emancipation in that rotund protuberance in front, into which so much of the life-blood of John Barleycorn has been surreptitiously emptied—but in the Colonel's belly I could detect no important change; it carried no traces of calamity, but was as full and circular as ever, making the proprietor resemble the black and rotund alembic in which his favourite beverage had been distilled. But the rest of the outer gave an insight into the interior man. The Colonel's waddle was less important and peremptory; and as he rocked himself along, it was evident that he was no longer sustained by the sense of his own constitutional dignity, and that he felt that if another deposit of Poteen were smelt in his chambers, it would not be through a mere fine that the escape of a good Protestant would be effected. The Colonel, albeit enveloped in strong black whiskers, left enough of his countenance apparent to discover the mortification which his once profitable loyalty had sustained. Still there was as much of malevolence as there

was of dejection about this gallant personage; and in the abstract mood into which he seemed to have fallen, I thought I could discover the symptoms of authorship, and that by way of banishing distasteful thoughts, he was engaged in composing a consolatory pasquinade in one of those constitutional journals, into which it is said that he occasionally evacuates the overflowings of a bile, of which splendour is not the most distinguishing attribute. The Colonel was followed by Mr. Sergeant Lefroy. I imagined that he, too, would have paused, in order to offer his valedictory homage to the emblem of that principle which had engrossed so much of his political devotion;—contrary to my expectation, his eyes did not even rest upon the image of King William. They were fixed in indivertible intentness upon the College,* whither he was proceeding, though at the same time it was evident that there was little of the alacrity of hope in his uneasy and solicitous aspect. The Sergeant was succeeded by Davie M'Cleary, the tailor, who is so celebrated for his oratory in the Common Council. Before, however, he reached the statue, he suddenly turned off, in full chase of the Reverend Tighe Gregory, who, I perceived, was making long strides to elude the William-street statesman, who alternately cuts up a bye-law and a coat. It was in vain that Tighe put all his nimbleness to the test. Davie speedily reached him, and presented the parson with a long sheet of paper, the which, from the horror with which Tighe Gregory recoiled at the sight of it, I took to be a bill; and although at the distance I could not hear him, yet from the strenuousness of his gesture, and Tighe Gregory's dismay, I conjectured that Davie was declaring that since the Constitution had been ripped up, and every principle had been torn to tatters, he could no longer venture to give the parsons credit. My attention was diverted from the great ornaments of the Orange pulpit and nostrum, to a far greater personage than I had yet seen. This was no less than the renowned Sir Harcourt Lees, who came down Dame-street, with his hands plunged into his leather breeches, his top-boots without a gleam of Hunt's blacking, a little whip, which, instead of being lightly poised in his hands, was thrust under his arm with a close compression of the shoulder, while his coat was buttoned up in such a fashion as to give him leave to hide his chin, and his hat, slouched over his eyes, concealed nearly the rest of the sacerdotal countenance. Alas! for Sir Harcourt; the slouch in his walk, and the inflexion of his knees, were so much increased, that instead of suggesting that buoyancy and elasticity of spirit which in happier times were intimated by his gait, he looked like a discomfited jockey who had just lost a race. As he approached King William, he endeavoured to rally a little, and made an effort to whistle the "Boyne Water," but after a cadence or two, that sounded like the dirge of the Constitution, he sank into taciturnity. I conjectured that he at least would have stopped to cast a lingering look at old Glencoe, but suddenly he rushed forward with a precipitate step, and took to his heels.

* "The learned Sergeant is candidate for the University of Dublin. It is not a little edifying to observe him in the Chapel of that distinguished seminary upon Sundays. His countenance contrives to pay a 'double debt' during divine service; for while he seems wrapped into the heights of Calvinistic inspiration, he still manages to recognise every scholar of the house with a look of Sabbatarian canvass."—*Note by Mr. Boyton.*

I was astonished at this movement, until looking back I perceived two persons, whom Toby Glascock declared to be keepers from Swift's Hospital, in full chase of Sir Harcourt, and furnished with a straight-waistcoat upon a new plan, which has not only the effect of restraining the arms, but, what is far more important, prevents the fingers from holding a pen. It is unnecessary to say, that long ere this last melancholy exhibition of the effects of Emancipation, my companion was fully satisfied that the great measure had not been so inoperative as he had imagined. We were about to retire, when a long procession of gilded carriages, which suddenly appeared at the entrance of College Green, arrested our attention, and it was not until we saw Mr. Alderman West in a huge coach, glittering with as much splendour as his own shop, and attended with all the pomp and circumstance of civic majesty, that we recollected it was Lord Mayor's day, and that the great functionary was proceeding to the Castle for the purposes of inauguration. Upon occasions of this kind, it was usual to decorate the harnesses with orange ribbons, and to display all the types of loyalty; while the air rang with acclamations, and disturbed the rhetoric of the associators at the Corn Exchange. But now a profound silence prevailed; the Lord Mayor's coach seemed to be the hearse of the Constitution, and the horses themselves, like the steeds of the heroes of old, participating in human sympathy, hung down their heads, in which the festive decorations of Protestantism were no longer visible. The only person in the array of melancholy citizenship, who seemed to preserve his pristine dignity of bearing, was Mr. Quinton, the mace-bearer, who still maintained his noble port and his habitual elevation of demeanour; or if he seemed at all to droop, he still reminded you of one "greatly falling with a falling state." The sight of this procession reminded me, that there was to be a grand civic dinner at the mayoralty, and it struck me that it would be a pleasant sight to witness: accordingly, instead of going to hear the Recorder's speech, touching the greatness of a Lord Mayor from the era of Whittington and his cat, I determined to use my utmost efforts to procure a ticket of admission to the gallery of the great room, which was built at the expense of five thousand pounds, in order to give a dinner to his Majesty, and to enable his loyal subjects of the Corporation to gorge themselves more conveniently ever since. I at first thought of applying to Mr. O'Connell to give me a note of introduction to the ex-Sheriff Bruce, or to his friend Hickman Kearney, who was foreman of the Balmar Grand Jury; but I recollected that he was at Nenagh, engaged in studying, on his celebrated white horse, how to ride rough shod over the battalions of corruption in St. Stephen's Chapel. It then occurred to me that O'Gorman Mahon could assist me, as I had seen him dancing with such effect with the wife of a city knight, in the Ball-room at Seapoint, as completely overcame her antipathy to the future member for Clare. I found my excellent friend just slipping into a pair of tabinet pantaloons, which he wore merely for the purpose of encouraging Irish manufacture. He took me by the hand, with that grasp of good fellowship which bespeaks his honest nature, and inquiring whether I had breakfasted (it was about four o'clock), ordered toast, coffee, eggs, and a beefsteak for himself. I begged him to get me into the gallery, and reminded him that Lady Bombazine (my defective pronunciation made

him smile) had done her best to blush through a whole rouge-pot when he met her last. "My dear fellow," said the candidate for Clare, "I would do any thing in the world to oblige you, excepting that; but since I have been at Almack's, I assure you I never keep much company, and if I were to ask a favour, d—n me but she might ask me to a party to the waterfall on Sunday next." As he was saying this, he touched his whiskers in such a fashion, that I could not venture to urge a request which would have the effect of involving him in so ungenteel a familiarity. I took my leave; and wishing my excellent friend every success against whoever should stand in his way, either at Almack's or St. Stephen's Chapel, I proceeded to Father L'Estrange, who I understood had been lately engaged in converting the daughter of an alderman, as a beautiful set-off against the New Reformation, and attained my object. At seven o'clock I proceeded to the civic palace, and found some four hundred assembled. Dinner being announced, a tremendous rush took place. I found some difficulty in effecting my entrance; but being once in, I derived suppleness and agility from my somewhat slender configuration, and got nearly to the top of the banquet-room; but here I started back with astonishment. What did I behold! It was not the Duke of Northumberland who had amazed me. In him I saw what I had been prepared to expect,—a fine and open-faced Englishman, with great suavity and kindness of look, combining a manly good-nature with the bearing that belongs to his station. Neither was it Archdeacon Singleton, though I might have been surprised to find in a northern parson the easy, affable, and polished gentleman, which he is known to be. Neither was it the stupendous load of viands, and the array of champagne and burgundy, and the still more remarkable avidity with which the civic spectators beheld the repast, from which the tantalising necessity of grace delayed them. No; if I was lost in wonder, it was under the influence of a more justifiable motive for astonishment. It was the sight of Mr. Blake! To see a Catholic in that room at all was notable; to see a Catholic distinguished for his zeal and talents, as well as high station, was remarkable; to see Mr. Blake, the friend of Lord Plunket, was extraordinary; but to behold him placed almost next to the Lord Mayor himself, and occupying the chief place in the very penetraha of the Corporation, was prodigious. It was only when the clatter of knives and forks had warned me that the main business of the evening had commenced, that I recovered from my astonishment. At first, a profound taciturnity prevailed. This I attributed, in a great measure, to the engrossing assiduity with which the company were discharging the chief office for which a Corporator should exist; but even after the process of digestion had commenced, and that of eating had terminated, when the huge frame of many a city functionary was thrown back upon the chairs that creaked beneath their burdens, a deep melancholy prevailed. Their dismal aspect, however, gave way to a more animated expression, when the corks flew from the flasks of champagne, and they began to wash away, in their draughts of oblivion, the recollection of the national disasters. Still, whenever they looked up towards "the Remembrancer," as if his name operated as a talisman to the memory, the scowl upon their visages returned. Nor was his physiognomy at all calculated to cheer them. Catholic emancipation seemed to be written upon it. The deep, thoughtful, and far-sighted

expression which habitually belongs to Mr. Blake had been superseded by an hilarity, which made him look as if he came to make merry at a festival which he regarded as the wake of the Constitution. The feelings, however, which pressed heavily upon the corporators, were alleviated by the announcement of a toast, which produced an immense excitation. The health of the "Duke of Cumberland" ignited the whole assembly. The damp which hung upon them was set on fire, and diffused itself round the room in a splendid blaze of loyalty. They did not confine themselves to the ordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm. Shouts, yells, and whoops rose from hundreds of widely expanded throats, as they prepared to offer a libation to the spirit of genuine Protestantism, which is concentrated and embodied in that beloved Prince! I imagined that Mr. Blake would have lost his composure, but his expression of exultation was only heightened by the smile of sardonic derision with which he contemplated this exhibition of wild uproar, which resembled the drunkenness of sailors who shout for the captain while the vessel is going down. The health of "The Duke of Wellington, the saviour of his country," was of course received with all the execration which it deserved. The Lord Mayor proposed the Lord Lieutenant. His grace rose with that plain dignity and unembarrassed frankness which characterize him, and told the assembly that the administration of justice should be impartial in Ireland. This intimation, which was a broad hint that the Dublin sheriffs should no longer be nominated by the corporation, diffused through the meeting a presentiment of annihilation. They stood as dismayed as the Babylonian feasters in Mr. Martin's picture. The Duke having given them this broad hint, took his leave. Mr. George Moore seized immediate advantage of his absence to prove the justice of the appellation which is given him in the House of Commons, where the strenuousness of his opinions, contrasted with his manner, has caused for him the title of "Sir Forcible Feeble." He delivered himself of an elaborate discussion upon "the Protestant colonies," suggesting that the bogs and fens of Ireland afforded the only appropriate place of refuge to the mourners over the Constitution of 1688. At the sound of 1688, even his constituents could not help laughing, recollecting the immortal ridicule with which the everlasting burthen of his parliamentary psalmody had been covered by the Solicitor-General. However, the soporific powers of Mr. Moore prevailed over this sudden burst of merriment, and dulness, under his auspices, was not slow in reasserting her dominion. The general oscitation that distended every jaw, brought the learned and honourable member for the City of Dublin, and guardian of the Registry Office, to his seat. The effect of his eloquence remained for a considerable period manifest in the sense of weariness that pressed itself upon the assembly. The Lord Mayor at length bethought himself of an expedient to dispel the torpor, by proposing, by way of antithesis to the Lord Lieutenant, "The Duke of Northumberland." This suggestion generated a very important incident, and, as my readers may be disposed to suspect that the tone which I have hitherto adopted is not one exactly suited to the fidelity of grave historical narrative, I think it better to quote, verbatim, from the Dublin Evening Packet, the detail given by Mr. Sheriff Mansfield, the proprietor, of the catastrophe with which these festivities were closed:—

"On the Lord Mayor proposing the health of 'The Duke of Northum-

berland and the Noble House of Percy,' Mr. John Judkin Butler, who was sitting within four persons of the Lord Mayor, rose, and said aloud, 'I have drunk that toast before; and damn me if I drink it again, for he is a base apostate.' The Lord Mayor, on hearing so unexpected and so gross an insult passed on his Majesty's representative, immediately rose and said, 'I will not sit here and allow any individual at my table to make use of language reflecting on the Noble Duke who honoured us with his company this day; I therefore will insist on the individual who has been guilty of such conduct to withdraw.' Mr. Butler refused to obey the Lord Mayor's request, and still went on saying the Duke was an apostate, when a near relative of the Lord Mayor's advanced to Mr. Butler, and said he hoped he (Mr. Butler) would see the propriety of complying with his Lordship's request.

"Mr. Butler demanded, 'Do you, sir, tell me to leave the room?' The Lord Mayor's brother—'I tell you that you ought to leave it.' Mr. Butler—'I tell you that I will not leave the room for you, sir, or the Lord Mayor; and I demand, if you are a gentleman, sir, that you will give me your card!' The Lord Mayor hearing and seeing such violence of language and the gesticulation that accompanied it, and apprehending a breach of the peace, desired two peace officers to be stationed in the room. Mr. Butler, notwithstanding, went on for some time muttering imprecations upon apostates of all kinds, when at length an Alderman proposed 'The health of the Lord Mayor, and good night,' which being drunk, his Lordship retired; and thus ended this unseemly affair."

However, it was not here that an affair which, in such an assembly, cannot be justly designated as unseemly, concluded. Mr. Sheriff Hoyte gave a dinner, which the Lord Mayor declined to attend, as Mr. Judkin Butler had been invited. The only remaining event which remains to be recorded is, that Mr. Judkin Butler, on being called on for a toast at Mr. Sheriff Hoyte's dinner, proposed the health of a gentlemen whom he declared to be far better entitled to the name of "the Liberator," than Mr. O'Connell. He alluded, he said, to Mr. Peter Burrowes "the Chief Commissioner of the Insolvent Court," and, although his political principles differed essentially from the opinions of Mr. Burrowes, yet, as that impartial administrator of a very salutary law (loud cheers) had conferred repeated obligations on a great majority of the gentlemen whom he had the honour to address, (loud cheers) he should be the first to hold out an example of the propriety of merging public animosities in the sense of individual benefit, and he should, therefore, propose the health of the man to whom the guild of merchants, and indeed almost the whole Common Council were so largely, and many of them were so recently, and were likely to be again so speedily, indebted." It is almost unnecessary to add that the effect of this speech was electrical, and that the health of "the Liberator" was drunk with grateful acclamation.

DEMOCRITUS.

A VISIT TO NEWSTEAD* IN THE YEARS 1815 AND 1829.

I AM just returned from Newstead Abbey, a place which is associated in my mind with the most interesting recollections. I remember the first time that I saw the place was in my early days, and soon after Lord Byron's marriage.

The Abbey was not, at that time, usually shown to strangers, but, through the favour of a female domestic, we were permitted to spread our cold collation in the hall. I remember walking through the venerable cloisters, with my head full of romance, and a volume of the "Hebrew Melodies" in my hand, lent to me by "my Lord's own gentleman."

This said personage, whose intimate connexion with the great poet invested him with considerable importance in my estimation, condescended to escort our party to see the "ragged rock," that monument of folly, raised at so much expense and trouble by the old Lord. I remember listening, for the twentieth time, to the traditional story of the ship which was launched upon the lake by the whimsical old gentleman, realizing the prophecy of Mother Shipton, that "a man of war would sail over Sherwood Forest." In the castle, which is an octagon building of a modern date, our guide pointed out to us some curiosities which they had purchased during their late sojourn abroad—such as a large Turkish coat of horse hair, and some Albanian trifles. On our return to the Abbey, my insatiable curiosity relative to Lord Byron's adventures was met by a plain unvarnished description, which, in some degree, weakened the illusion created by the glowing tint thrown over the graphic sketches of the "Childe."

My companion was the son of a farmer, and, according to vulgar phraseology, a "chip of the old block." He was certainly a decisive proof that education alone cannot confer ability; for though Lord Byron had bestowed much culture upon him, the soil did not appear to me of a productive quality: he was of the inferior mental stature, or, at least, with a capacity formed for the ordinary duties of life. How far the noble bard might be disappointed in his project of manufacturing a convenient travelling companion out of such humble materials, I cannot pretend to say; but the honest enthusiasm with which his *protégé* dwelt upon the good qualities of his patron, proved that he was not deficient in the sterling virtue of gratitude. "Ah!" said he, "my Lord may be odd, but he has such a good heart!" But to return to the Abbey.

It was in a very dilapidated state, and the garden a complete wilderness. In the front court was the fountain described in "Don Juan"—

* Newstead Abbey, the hereditary seat of the Byrons, is situated in the middle of Sherwood Forest, and was built by Henry II. as an expiatory offering to the manes of Thomas à Becket. The monks enjoyed uninterrupted possession of the abbey till the reign of Henry VIII. who persecuted them with merciless cruelty, and compelled them to abandon the place.

It was bestowed by this monarch upon Sir John Byron, and sustained a siege during the civil wars in Cromwell's usurpation.

On the restoration of Charles II. its lawful possessors, who had followed the fortunes of their exiled sovereign, were reinstated in their possessions.

“Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint,
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monk, and there a saint.”

The cloisters were, at that time, peculiarly dreary and desolate-looking. They formed an area, in the centre of which stood a stagnant fish-pond. The green sward surrounding it—the Gothic windows, overgrown and partially obscured by the dark foliage of the spreading ivy, carried the imagination back to the dismal period of the monastic ages, an impression which gathered strength as we examined the cloisters. Here the different cells were separated by low Gothic arches; and a narrow slip, partitioned off by bricks, was pointed out to us as the grave of each solitary inmate. Several workmen were busily employed in digging around the foundations of the cloisters in search of concealed treasures—an hypothesis founded upon the discovery of a large brazen eagle at the bottom of the lake, containing a number of MSS. This research, however, like many others of a similar kind, proved a fruitless one; and after several of the peaceful tenants of the cloisters had been sacrilegiously torn from their long resting places, the pursuit was abandoned. Two or three of the skeletons were laid up in the chapel. Our entrance to the Abbey was up a flight of stone steps opening into a large hall. The walls, formerly covered with figures placed in niches, were deprived of their ornaments during the life of the late lord. The mantelpiece was curiously formed of inlaid marble in various colours, and on each side were portraits of two favourite dogs. In the dining-room, which was of a moderate size, and handsomely furnished, were six family portraits, one of which represented a handsome man in judicial robes. This same portrait I have lately seen in those apartments in St. James's Palace occupied by the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, half-sister to the poet. The state bed-room opened out of the dining-room. The bed furniture was black and crimson, with an infinity of gilt ornaments, and surmounted by the large eagle found in the lake. Lord Byron's bedroom was furnished comfortably, or rather, I should observe, luxuriously; indeed, the embellishments throughout the habitable part of the old mansion, seemed more calculated to yield temporary than permanent accommodation, and formed a melancholy contrast to the spirit of desolation which yawned through the venerable archway.

Whether it arose from a sentiment in the poet's mind, that his eventful life was not exactly *couleur de rose*, or whether the choice of the bed-furniture was left to the taste of the upholsterer, is a matter of idle fancy; but I certainly recollect that the whole drapery blushed “celestial rosy red.” There were two travelling cots of brass, with hangings of mosquito net, lined with pink. A small niche, now thrown open into the room, was at that time used as a closet. It was from this spot that Lord Byron, who is well known to have been infected by that involuntary belief in supernatural influences which always attends a high degree of excitement in imaginative minds, used to fancy that he heard certain miraculous sounds.

His page, who slept in an adjoining chamber, was often locked up in this closet by way of experiment; and it is said that he never entered the room without examining it.

Indeed, so early as his youthful connexion with the “Mary” of his muse, Lord Byron was accustomed to the visitation of “Bogles,” on his way from Newstead to Annesley Park.

Mrs. Byron's room, which was suffered to remain exactly in the same state in which she left it, was small, and opened into a breakfast-room, containing nothing worth observation except a fine picture of the Annunciation. The library was neatly and elegantly furnished. Amongst the numerous paintings was a print of the Senate House, Cambridge; and near the fire-place were two finely polished skulls fixed upon pedestals. The grey walls of the banqueting-room were studded with heads of plaster of Paris. The ceiling was beautiful, and the chimney-piece covered with figures in different devices.

At the end of this long, narrow room, lay the stone-coffin found amongst the ruins, and the cup formed of a human skull. Both these awful mementos of mortality were used in Lord Byron's convivial parties—the one as a wine-cooler, and the other as a drinking vessel. In a small room adjoining, was the portrait of old James Murray, who had lived in the family upwards of seventy years. The inscription on the favourite dog Boatswain lay in the musical gallery, and a quadrangular monument of the purest marble, crowned by a lambent flame, records the attachment of the poet to his sole faithful friend, whose virtues are proudly exalted above the boasted claims of humanity.

From this gallery you overlook the whole range of cloisters, which I have before described. There was one particular incident which is strongly impressed upon my recollection.

As our party were ranging and prying into every nook and corner with all the restless curiosity of youth, in the full glow of health and animal spirits, we suddenly ran up a flight of steps, and incautiously lifting up the latch of an inner apartment, came full upon the old Steward. The old man, who was busily engaged in his sanctum-sanctorum, which he had converted into a workshop, threw down his tools, and trembling with suppressed agitation, sternly bade us “begone!” We fled with precipitation; but I remember lingering behind with a feeling of remorse, as I gazed upon the venerable domestic, whose silvery locks and impotent rage, as with tremulous movements he pursued his craft, formed a striking contrast to the light elastic steps and heedless gaiety of my companions, and whose incoherent mutterings and saddened aspect reproved the distant strains of mirth which concluded the unseasonable adventure. The old man relented at my sympathetic looks and broken apologies. “I don't mean to alarm you,” said he, “you seem to be a civil person; but there are so many vagabonds coming here and destroying things. I have lived here many generations, and it is sad to see the old place tumbling to pieces.” Such was Newstead in the summer of 1815. Fourteen years had made no greater alteration in its general aspect than such as the hand of industry and taste had effected. On the glassy surface of the smooth lake, as heretofore, the deep shadows of the surrounding woodlands were reflected in miniature proportions, and the sloping banks—

———“*Stood*
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.”

Some light pleasure-boats lay at anchor, and a brood of ducks replaced the milk-white swans that formerly “brooded in their liquid bed.” The abbey had undergone considerable repairs; the Gothic ruin of the

archway was carefully preserved; and the rolling volumes of clouds seen through the open space, presented no unapt resemblance to a panoramic view of the northern regions. The court was laid open, and the antique fountain transplanted into the inner court, where it supplied the place of the green fish-pond. Several of the quaint figures ornamenting the fountain were ranged in the passages; there were two or three stone crosses; a huge gaping frog; a monstrous specimen of the human face divine, and the head of an Egyptian mummy. The stone steps were displaced, and our entrance now lay through the large Gothic archway of the cloisters. These last-mentioned monkish dwellings are now converted into servants' offices, and a whole range of gloomy cells transformed into places of substantial enjoyment; no longer the abodes of penitence and prayer, these walls resound with other strains than *ave marias*, and merry peals from laughter-loving mortals succeed to the dull chime of the midnight bell. Before you ascend the staircase, a smart, dapper groom of the chambers, who officiates on the occasion, presents you with a patent pen, for the purpose of inserting your name in a book kept for the use of the visitors.

In the gallery, I recognised the portraits of the two favourite dogs. Colonel Wildman was in the act of explaining them to a party of gentlemen, and seemed to do the honours of the old abbey with peculiar grace and satisfaction.

The designation of the rooms, of course, was altered, but the character of the place appeared to have been an object of studied solicitude. Instead of a ruinous building, partially furnished with local comforts, Newstead had been metamorphosed into a handsome piece of modern antiquity—a receptacle of high-backed chairs, finely varnished—cabinets of the reign of Elizabeth, and giants dressed in complete suits of armour.

The banqueting-room was turned into a delightful drawing-room, hung with portraits, and embellished by one of Broadwood's grand cabinet piano-fortes; a small, elegant harp, and work-tables profusely covered with fashionable nick-nacks, and unfinished samples of female industry. The stone coffin was exchanged for a superb cabinet, representing the battles of Julius Cæsar. But the principal object which arrested my attention was a half-length portrait of Byron, by Philips, which hung over the mantel-piece, in poetical character and classical costume. There is, in the countenance, a mingled expression of melancholy and reckless daring, truly characteristic. The other principal portraits are those of Sir John Byron; H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, in his coronation robes; the colonel in full uniform—his lady, and some other members of the family.

In one of the cages in the window I noticed patches of sewing silk threaded in the wires, and upon inquiry found that it was the workmanship of the "weaver bird," who was regularly supplied, by the ladies of the family, with materials for his trade. The old hall, dining-room, and inner oak room, remain in an unfinished state, but the rest of the apartments are fitted up in a comfortable antique style. In the room which is generally appropriated to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, during his frequent visits to the abbey, stands a large bed with tent-stitch hangings lined with rich lutestring, and the walls decorated with tapestry. Amongst the principal pictures throughout the

place, I noticed the Duchess of Cleveland, Nell Gwyn, and a fancy piece representing the charger of the Colonel breaking loose from the hands of a soldier at the sound of the distant trumpet. The best portrait I have understood to be that of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress. The gardens are highly cultivated, and laid out with much taste and judgment, so as to suit the general aspect of the place.

From a retired arbour, formed by a weeping birch, you have a delightful view of two sparkling fountains, and in the depth of the wilderness still remain the two satyrs, or, as the country people say, "the ould lard's devils," in all their unblushing graces.

There is also a French garden laid out very tastefully, and you are startled by the sudden flight of some remarkably fine Chinese pheasants.

On the other side of the abbey a large sheet of water, surrounded by hanging woods and running up into a narrow islet towards the gardens, forms a very picturesque scene.

The old chapel is fitted up very handsomely, and the windows are of stained glass. A few steps lead to an elevated flooring, furnished as a sitting room, in which the family attend every Sunday to hear divine service performed by the chaplain. Colonel W—— generally officiates as clerk, but the chapel is always particularly crowded during the period of H. R. Highness's visits, who is accustomed to supply his place, and whose clear, firm intonation is the admiration of the surrounding villagers.

By accident, I heard that Lord Byron's favourite sister was expected on the following day. Full of the ideas connected with a visit from this enthusiastic lady to the seat of her ancestors, I passed on to the cloisters, and stooping to caress the grandson of Boatswain, a fine noble-looking animal, who had followed the remains of his noble master from Greece, and who now lay crouching in the aisles, like the genius of the place, I passed through the Gothic arch and bade adieu to Newstead Abbey.

THE "ANNUALS."

AGAIN the revolving year has brought round the month of November, when these charming little works come forth, to enliven the dull days of our northern winter with their elegant embellishments and entertaining miscellaneous literature. Although it is not a long period since Mr. Ackermann introduced them amongst us, we begin to look for them, with the other luxuries of civilization, as fresh contributions to our funds of rational amusement. As we "progress" (to use a Yankee word) in refinement and artificial life, we see new objects spontaneously arising out of the industry of man to administer to our enjoyments, through the inexhaustible fecundity of human invention. We know not more agreeable presents than these annuals, on many accounts. They serve as receptacles for the fugitive poetry of the best writers of the day; they encourage artists, and bring every year into view the most exquisite specimens of book-engraving ever laid before the public; they direct the attention of the young to polite literature and the arts; and though they may contribute little or nothing to the stock of our national literature, they are useful as records, from year to year, of the changes in literary taste and style which are for ever taking place amongst us. What a contrast do they present to some of the preceding new year's gifts for young persons!—to the sickly trash which was formerly poured forth at Christmas in the shape of keepsakes and carols! It is the great mark of

national progression, that even the most trifling productions it sends forth are as highly wrought as possible; it tends to exalt the character of the country among foreigners; and it polishes the mind, which, accustomed to dwell on the most finished things, will not afterwards relish mediocrity. Thus art is stimulated and high excellence attained, a pure taste infused into the public mind, and even the air rendered graceful and the carriage polite; for familiarity with the best things in art insensibly affects the manners, and tends to increase refinement.

The first Annual which has reached our hands for 1830 is, "The Literary Souvenir," which more than supports its previous reputation in the embellishments, (of which we have given an account, under our head "Fine Arts;") and this is saying much, considering its former volumes, and what it has already exhibited. The literary part of the volume contains several pieces superior to those in the number preceding it, though, as a whole, last year the literary portion of the Souvenir was more select; and, as a necessary consequence, there is more inequality now in the merit of its contents. Last year, it was the superior of the family of Annals in this respect; not that in the present number there is any deficiency of talent, which is secured by the names of Praed, Hemans, Galt, James Montgomery, Dale, Barry Cornwall, Baile, Grattan, Mitford, Howitt, Bowring, Hervey, Caroline Bowles, Moir, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Norton, &c. besides the Editor's, and others. "The Legend of Drachenfels," by Praed, is one of the best pieces in the volume, full of ease and dignity, simple, and powerful. There is a very sweet poem by Caroline Bowles, breathing tenderness; and one of the same character by Mary Howitt, in triplets, a measure for such a subject. "The Pet Lamb" we do not admire, it having an air of stiffness when applied to familiar subjects. Mrs. Hemans is here, in all the glorious richness and beauty which stamps her the first female poet of the day: her powers are varied, yet always effective; and she never fatigues by that eternal sameness, that copious pouring-out of similar ideas, in set words that change their position but are ever the same, which is the sin of some writers of her sex. She has two or three charming pieces in this year's Souvenir, and we scarcely know which to prefer. "Oberon and Titania," by Hervey, is as beautiful as the engraving, which is saying no little. Barry Cornwall's "Ruins of Time" is in his best manner. But our space, which must admit a notice of all these interesting periodicals, forbids our particularising more, than that the Editor has contributed four pieces of merit, one of which we subjoin, after "Evening Time," by James Montgomery, the well-known, unobtrusive, and meritorious author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland;" not that we should not gladly copy more copiously had we room.

At evening time let there be light :
 Life's little day draws near its close ;
 Around me fall the shades of night,
 The night of death, the grave's repose :
 To crown my joys, to end my woes,
 At evening time let there be light !

At evening time let there be light :
 Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
 Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
 Dews, birds, and blossoms, cheer'd the way :
 O for one sweet, one parting ray !—
 At evening time let there be light !

At evening time ~~there shall~~ be light
 For God hath ~~spoken~~ :—it must be :
 Fear, Doubt, and Anguish take their flight,
 His glory now is ~~risen on~~ me ;
 Mine eyes shall his salvation see :
 —'Tis evening time, and there is light !

The following is from the Editor's pen, selected rather from its coming more within our limits for extract, than for its being superior to his other contributions: it is entitled a "Sketch from Real Life."

I saw her in the morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing,
Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon the sky!

I see her yet—so fancy deems—her soft, unbraided hair,
Gleaming like sun-light upon snow, above her forehead fair;—
Her large dark eyes, of changing light, the winning smile that play'd
In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth Expression's self had made!

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her way,
Nor dream'd the flowers that round her bloom'd would ever know decay;
She had no winter in her note, but evermore would sing
(What darker season had she proved?) of spring,—of only spring!

Alas! alas! that hopes like her's, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour should blight.—
Bow down her fair, but fragile form, her brilliant brow o'ercast,
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of the past!

Years came and went—we met again—but what a change was there!—
The glassy calmness of the eye, that whisper'd of despair;—
The fitful flushing of the cheek,—the lips compress'd and thin,—
The clench of the attenuate hands,—proclaim'd the strife within!

Yet, for each ravaged charm of earth, some pitying power had given
Beauty, of more than mortal birth,—a spell that breathed of Heaven!
And as she bent, resign'd and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seem'd to glow.

No wild reproach—no bitter word—in the sad hour was spoken,
For hopes deceived, for love betray'd, and plighted pledges broken;—
Like him who for his murderers pray'd,—she wept, but did not chide,
And her last orisons arose for him for whom she died!

Thus—thus—too oft the traitor man repays fond woman's truth;
Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth;
And sad it is, in griefs like these, o'er visions loved and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest hearts must always suffer most!

Among the prose it is difficult to point out the best, and it would perhaps be invidious. Mr. Grattan's "Love Draught," will be read with pleasure by those fond of national manners well described. An "Incident at Sea," is good. The "City of the Desert," striking. The "Forest of St. Eupheuna," is an exceedingly pleasingly told story, and "Ithran, the Demoniac," by W. Howitt, exhibits much power. We forbear to mention others; it suffices to say, that the Editor has shown his usual tact in getting up his work. His plates are very superior, and the literary contents of his volume will not disappoint his readers. We shall rejoice to hear that his assiduity, as well as that of his brother editors, find the due appreciation, according to their several claims; and Mr. Watts will thus have nothing to fear for the reward of his exertions.

The plates of the "Winter's Wreath," published by Whittaker and Co. we noticed in the "Fine Arts" of our last number. The literary part is remarkable for having many contributors whose names are not to be found in the other "Annuals," besides many well known to the public. It is edited and printed at Liverpool, by E. Smith, where it was projected originally, and is inscribed to the venerable Roscoe. In point of merit this volume ranks high. There is much charming poetry scattered through its pages, but its tasteful prose dwells rather too long on homely subjects. There is, however, a sprinkling of criticism and humour in it which the public will well judge. To mention the pieces of *Romans*, *Delta*, and others, well-known, who appear here, would be superfluous. One or two contributors are little or wholly unknown by the public and ourselves. Of these J. R. C. is both a

prose and verse contributor, and no mean one in point of power. J. C. "To the Departed," has merit; so has W. B. C.; Mr. Wiffin, and Miss Howitt, both appear in tasteful poetical contributions. Dr. Bowring, Miss Bowles, the Rev. J. Parry, H. F. Chorley, Archdeacon Wraugham, &c. contribute severally prose or verse, and make up a volume which, in the elegance of its typography, is not surpassed by any printed in London, and is a decided improvement on its predecessor. The following is from the pen of Mr. Roscoe, entitled, "Lines prefixed to the work on Monandrian Plants."

God of the changeful year!—amidst the glow
Of strength and beauty and transcendent grace,
Which as the mountain heights, or deep below,
In shelter'd vales, and deep sequester'd place,
Thy forms of vegetable life assume,
Whether thy pines, with giant arms display'd,
Brave the cold north, or wrapt in Eastern gloom,
Thy trackless forests sweep a world of shade,—
Or whether, scenting ocean's heaving breast,
Thy odoriferous isles innumerable rise,
Or under various lighter forms inprest,
Of fruits and flowers, Thy works delight our eyes;—
God of all life! whate'er those forms may be,
O may they all unite in praising Thee!

The next Annual which has come to us is the "Iris," a new religious one, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale. The plates are nearly all of them figure engravings from the old masters, and very well executed. Murillo, Carlo Dolce, Claude, Leonardo da Vinci; a striking engraving from J. Lievens, 1636, of the "Raising of Lazarus;" an antique of Christ in Gethsemane, and Caracci, Cignani, and Barrocio, are the masters and works on which the graver has been employed by Smith, Graves, Sangster, Eagleheart, and others. It is entitled by the editor "a Literary and Religious Offering," but, as may be supposed, is almost entirely of the latter character. The names of Howitt, Cander, Stebbing, Baynes, T. Roscoe, Heber, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Pringle, Browne, Watts, Bayley, Macanley, Strickland, Mrs. Godwin, Caunter, besides the editor's own, which, to us, occurs too frequently, are those best known as writers by the public. The attempt has the merit of novelty to recommend it, and they who deem the existing Annuals not sufficiently grave will be suited here. The idea of engraving the religious pictures of the Ancient Masters is a happy one, and deserves encouragement; several of the present are very finely executed. The picture from Lievens is a very extraordinary and singular one, highly effective, and producing a thrill of the supernatural on the observer's mind. In respect to the literary part, "The Madonna and Child," by the editor, reminds us somewhat of Milton's Nativity Hymn. "Wonders and Murmurs," by J. C. Hall, is good. "The Guardian Spirit," by Stebbing, does him credit; it is chaste and good; and "The Slave Dealer," by Thomas Pringle, whose sweet poetry is so well known to the public by his little volume entitled "Ephemerides," is in his most simple and pleasing manner. Of the prose we do not think so highly as of the poetry. The religious world is bound to give the editor credit for his attempt to please them, and will no doubt estimate his book in the value that can be fairly affixed upon it; for no little labour and talent have been expended in getting it up.

Ackermann's "Forget me Not," the fruitful sire of an increasing family, has made an improvement this year in its literary contents. The engravings we have noticed elsewhere. The literary contributors are very various, and among them is Mr. Jeffrey, James Montgomery, Miss Mitford, Galt, Bayley, Hoffman, Delta, Bowring, Malcolm, Barton, Wilson, Hugg, and numerous other names, well known to the public; and some of the pieces are of very superior literary merit. The prose articles, too, will be found entertaining, and the editor (Mr. Shoberl) has the merit of bringing out one or two names new to us in the Annuals; among these is Miss M. A.

Cursham. Her contribution does her honour ; it is entitled "The Destinies." The following lines of Byron, written in his boyhood, to "Mary," (Mrs. Musters,) about a year before her marriage, are a curiosity on many accounts.

Adieu to sweet Mary for ever !
 From her I must quickly depart ;
 Though the fates us from each other sever,
 Still her image will dwell in my heart.
 The flame that within my heart burns,
 Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows ;
 The love which for Mary I feel,
 Is far purer than Cupid bestows.
 I wish not your peace to disturb,
 I wish not your joys to molest
 Mistake not my passion for love,
 'Tis your friendship alone I request.
 Not ten thousand lovers could feel
 The friendship my bosom contains,
 It will ever within my heart dwell,
 While the warm blood flows through my veins.
 May the ruler of heaven look down,
 And my Mary from evil defend !
 May she ne'er know adversity's frown,
 May her happiness ne'er have an end !
 Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu !
 Farewell ! I with anguish repeat ;
 For ever I'll think upon you,
 While this heart in my bosom shall beat

"The Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer," edited by S. C. Hall, comes out this year with recommendations to public favour which it will be difficult to withstand. Two plates, of the most highly-finished character, are prominent features, engraved at an enormous expense, and certainly fine specimens of art, (including the usual number,) are among its attractions. The improvement of this periodical, and the industry of its editor, are unquestionable. Its contents are of the religious character, without any dry or fanatical hallucinations, tending rather to exhibit the parity of Christian morality, than exclusive doctrines or high-wrought enthusiasm. It is a work to be in the hands of all, and of young people particularly, to beguile an idle moment, and amuse a winter's evening. The contributors are nearly the same as those of last year ; and the entire work does not fall short of the expectations raised by the reported liberality of the proprietors. Our old friends Cunningham, Pringle, Hemans, and Banim, are among the contributors ; as are, Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, Mrs. Norton, Archdeacon Wrangham, Mr. Howitt, T. C. Croker, &c. Mrs. Hall has contributed an Irish tale, in her best manner ; and the Editor has not overlaid the reader with too many of his own contributions, as in some of the other annuals, but of his well-known poetical power has been too sparing. It is impossible, in these works, to particularize the various grades of literary merit in the pieces ; and it would be invidious. The "Amulet," however, it may be truly said, ranks high in this respect, and breathes a pure literary as well as moral tone, highly honourable to its management and professions. We do not think the verses entitled "The Crucifixion" do justice to the beautiful plate, which is one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Le Keux, and should have been equally grand and impressive. The "~~Minstrel~~ of Chamouni," and "The Crucifixion," are the two engravings to which we have already alluded ; besides these, the "Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians," by W. Greatbach, after a painting by Briggs ; "The Dotty Bairn," by Mitchell, from Wilkie ; "The Sisters of Bethany," by Danforth, from Leslie ; "The Pedagogue," by Goodyear, from Smirke ; "The Fisherman's Children," by Rolls,

from Collins, and others, do honour to British art; and the discrimination of the public will not fail to discover and reward the assiduity displayed in getting up the present and fifth volume of this elegant work. The following sonnet, entitled "Contemplation," is from the pen of Mary Howitt, "A Sketch from old John Bunyan."

He sate within a silent cave, apart
 From men, upon a chair of diamond stone,
 Words he spoke not, companions he had none,
 But steadfastly pursued his thoughtful art;
 And as he mused, he pull'd a slender string,
 Which evermore within his hands he held;
 And the dim curtain rose, which had conceal'd
 His thoughts,—the city of the Immortal King—
 There pictured in its solemn pomp it lay,
 A glorious country stretching round about;
 And, through its golden gates, pass'd in and out
 Men of all nations on their heavenly way.
 On this he mused, and mused the whole day long,
 Feeding his feeble faith till it grew strong.

The second of the family of Annals, "The Friendship's Offering," makes its appearance this month in a more superb binding than before. Truly elegant, solid, and unique, last year, it is now rendered splendid by the addition of a profusion of gold. Mr. Pringle, the Editor, has introduced several novelties into the literary part: a dedication to a lady of rank, in rhyme, and a prologue, in the way of the olden time, are prefixed to the volume. The plates consist of a beautiful engraving of Turner's view of Vesuvius during an eruption; it is engraved by Jeavons, and is well worthy of the artist, whose manner is accurately conveyed to the spectator by the copper: we have rarely been more pleased with any engraving. The frontispiece, "Lyræ," by Deau, after Wood, is a pleasing, soft picture. "Echo," is charming: quite Italian. "Reading the News," from Wilkie, by Robinson, we prefer to "Catherine of Arragon," by Humphreys, from Leslie. "Mine Own;" "Early Sorrow;" "The Honeymoon;" and "Mary Queen of Scots presenting her Son to the Church Commissioners," &c. are very pleasing engravings, and do credit to the work. The literary part, it is needless to repeat to our readers, evinces high judgment and taste. The contents are more choice than they were last year, and more care and aptitude have been displayed in their arrangement. "The Friendship's Offering" for 1830 will be a general favourite, we are persuaded, on the triple ground of its literary merit, its beautiful engravings, and its elegant garb. The literary part is furnished by well-known writers of no small literary merit: James Montgomery of Sheffield, T. Roscoe, the Howitts, Bannin, Mitford, Hall, Dale, Delta, Clare, Frazer, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Godwin, Bowring, Hoiland, Hogg, St. John, Kennedy, Cunningham, &c. The editor has also contributed several poetical pieces of his own, which abound in sweetness, and that simple beauty, which is, after all, the great charm in such works. There is nothing suffered to pass which is not tasteful and elegant; and this is, in our eyes, the great secret of making up an annual. Every thing should be good; nothing is expected that shall astound, and nothing can be excused which is low and coarse. We might cite as an illustration of this, the editorial tact displayed in an annual of great pretensions last year, one of the most exquisite in art ever got up—the illustrations spirited and superb, and well deserving patronage, but the effect of them deteriorated by unredeemed vulgarity in the literary department. We know not, from having no skill in heraldry, to whom Mr. Pringle has dedicated his volume; but as we are certain, from the description, that it cannot be her who "dignifies the ducal place" of his Grace of St. Alban's, we are satisfied. The prologue, in imitation of the olden time, is very happy. "Spoleto," by the editor, is the only piece we have room to copy, for it must be recollected we have, in this article, to dispose of ten or a dozen works, all similar, yet all different; all agreeable and beautiful, though perhaps not all equally so.

SPOLETO.

A scene such as we picture in our dreams ;
 Grey castled rocks, green woods, and glittering streams ;
 Mountains in massive grandeur towering high ;
 Spires gleaming in the soft Ausonian sky ;
 Groves, gardens, villas, in their rich array ;
 Majestic ruins, glorious in decay ;
 Marvels by Art and Nature jointly wrought—
 And every stone instinct with teeming thought :
 Such look'st thou, fair Spoleto !—And the Art
 That through the eye speaks volumes to the heart,
 Lifting the veil that envious distance drew,
 Reveals thee, bathed in beauty, to our view ;
 Each feature so distinct—so freshly fair,
 We almost seem to scent thy mountain air—
 Breathing upon us from yon clump of pines,
 Where the blithe goatherd 'mid his flock reclines.
 How rich the landscape !—opening, as we look,
 To many a sacred fane and sylvan nook ;
 While through the vale, by antique arches spann'd,
 The river, like some stream of Fairyland,
 Pours its bright waters,—with deep solemn sound,
 As it rehearsing to the rocks around
 The tale of other times. Methinks I hear
 Its dream-like murmur melting on the ear,—
 Telling of mighty chiefs whose deeds sublime
 Look out gigantic o'er the gulphs of Time ;
 Of the stern African whose conquering powers
 Recoil'd abash'd from these heroic towers ;
 Of him who, when Rome's glorious days were gone,
 Built you grim pile to prop his Gothic throne ;
 Of Belisarius, Narses—But 'twere vain
 To weave such names into this idle strain ;
 These mouldering mounds their towering aims proclaim
 —The historic Muse hath given their acts to fame.

Spoleto ! midst thy hills and storied piles,
 Thy classic haunts and legendary aisles,
 'Twere sweet, methinks, ere life hath pass'd away,
 To spend one long, reflective summer's day ;
 Beneath those quiet shades my limbs to cast,
 And muse o'er all that links thee to the past ;
 To linger on, through twilight's wizard hour,
 Till the wan moon gleam'd high o'er rock and tower,
 And, with her necromantic lustre strange,
 Lit up the landscape with a solemn change—
 Gilding its grandeur into sad relief,
 Like a pale widow stately in her grief.

So rose the scene on ROGERS' classic eye—
 And thus, embalm'd in words that ne'er could die,
 Its touching image had remain'd enshrined,
 Had he to verse transferr'd it from his mind.
 Far other fate awaits this rustic lay,
 Framed for the passing purpose of a day :
 Enough for me if he its tone commend
 Whom 'tis a pride and grace to call my Friend.

The prose compositions harmonize well with the poetry in point of merit, and the simple elegance of the volume. "*Il Vesuviano*," is well written and impressive. "*The Voyage Out*," is a pleasing narration. "*The Lover's Leap*," is a terrible story, but not so faithful to the truth of nature, as it should have been. The "*White Bristol*," by Banim, is good, as are all the other tales—equable and agreeable reading. But we must end, and proceed to the next Annual, in the order in which they reached us, and this is the "*Gem*."

Last year this Annual was remarkable, rather for the puns and conceits which were bestrewed over it without mercy by its editor, than for careful selection, or a literary excellence rivalling its compeers. Its engravings, however, were truly elegant, and are understood to have been superintended by that distinguished artist, A. Cooper, Esq. R. A. This has been now acknowledged in the modest preface of the editor; and the plates, which are thirteen in number, are elegant specimens of art. "The Ruins of Trionto," by Martin, engraved by Smith, is an effective specimen of a subject, in which that painter does not often figure. He has abandoned the gorgeons, gloomy grandeur of the East for a Salvator Rosa scene, of wild sublimity, which we could wish he would pursue farther; the success of his pencil so directed is certain. Lightning, it is true, is introduced, but if it were not, the character of the picture would remain the same. "The Love Letter," by Smirke, is a fine engraving of Warren's. "Verona," the sweet Verona, after Bonington, is good; and Cooper's "Mameluke," by Warren, is excellent; so is "Rose Malcolm," by the same artist, engraved by Rolls; nothing can be more spirited than the horses; the whole of the figures, too, are good. The infant "Bacchus," brought by Mercury to the Nymphs, after Howard, by Edwards, is only outdone, if it be outdone, by the "Oberon and Titania," of the same artist, in the present year's "Literary Souvenir." "The Coquette," from Chalon, and the "Stolen Interview," from Stephanoff, are very pleasing. "Tyre" is, to our seeming, a better engraving than painting, in the matter of composition. Where are her immense fleets and warehouses, the bustle of commerce, and the riches of the world? We suppose the former are at sea, and the latter in the cellars. Wilkie's "Saturday Night" is Wilkie himself, in his very best vein. The "Halt on the March" is good, and the "Gipsy Belle" very interesting and characteristic. We now advert to the literary department, and find a very great improvement indeed. We have Keats, Horace Smith, Delta, Malcolm, Norton, Bowring, Hogg, T. Roscoe, Don T. de Trueba, C. B. Sheridan, James Montgomery of Sheffield, Cunningham, Lord Nugent, Miss Bowles, J. Carne, Wrangham, Harvey, the indefatigable Howitts, Clare, Kenney, and several other well known writers, either in verse or prose; as usual, it is difficult to select, so as to have a due regard to our limits, and not be deemed partial. The following is from the pen of the late John Keats. The sonnet by Richard Howitt.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Tree!
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The North cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings grieve them
From budding at the prime!

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Brook!
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never—never petting
About the frozen time!

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle Girl and Boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never told in rhyme

SONNET TO AN EARLY VIOLET.

One on this shelter'd bank, and only one :
 Fair comer of rude March ! the first to show
 A smile of triumph o'er the season gone,—
 White in the winds as is the drifted snow.
 Untended thou dost wear a cheerful look,
 Cheerful as unto kindred sweets allied,
 And from thee seems content breathed round this nook,
 With thine own worth and grace self-satisfied.
 Here art thou safe, now largest ships are strewn
 In shapeless wrecks about the restless sea :
 Here dost thou smile, now giant arms are blown
 From oaks, and pines lie prostrate on the lea.
 Quiet in storms ! Beauty in dearth ! What power
 Is in thy lowliness, sweet simple flower !

The prose tales of the "Gem" are also very fair in merit, and we may justly hail this Annual as well established in its claims to public favour.

Since last year the "Anniversary" is defunct. The "Bijou," which came to our hands the last of the series, is this year got up with increased elegance. If we have fault to find with it, it is that we miss the stamp of antiquity about its beautiful embellishments which gave it before such an air of the olden time. One, indeed, we have, in Lady Jane Grey, from De Heere, engraved by Dean, most charmingly. We wish Mr. Pickering had kept up this unique feature of his Annual. The first engraving is by Ensom, from Laurence, a likeness of the King, when a much younger man than at present ; the second a beautiful little head by the same artist, called "Ada," quite a gem. The "African Daughter," from Bonington, follows, well engraved by Sangster. The "Bag Piper," by Fox, from Wilkie ; "Milton's composing between his two Daughters," by Ensom, from Stothard, and "Rosalind and Celia," (not at all to our mind,) from Stothard, by Phelps ; with the "Blue Bell," by Fox, from Hastings, complete this elegant little Annual. In the literary part, at which we could only cursorily glance from lack of time, there does not seem to be any failure of past character. We have only space to copy a striking sonnet by a man remarkable for talent and error. Ugo Foscolo, on himself.

A furrow'd brow, intent and deep-sunk eyes,
 Fair hair, lean cheeks, and mind, and aspect bold ;
 The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise,
 Bent head, and fine-form'd neck—breast rough and cold.
 Limbs well composed, simple in dress, yet choice,
 Swift or to move, act, think, or thought unfold,
 Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies,
 Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old.
 Oft-times alone and mournful. Evermore
 Most pensive—all unmoved by hope or fear
 By shame made timid, and by anger brave.
 My subtle reason speaks : but, ah ! I rave ;
 'Twixt vice and virtue, hardly know to steer
 Death may for me have FAME and rest in store.

Since last year, we have heard that another religious Annual is to appear, for which, of all names, that of "The Emmanuel" has been selected. This, from its title, will, no doubt, be something startling to the "faithful"—we say nothing about the adoption of the name till the work is before us. A zoological Annual has also appeared, which we have not yet seen.

Mr. Roscoe has brought out his "Juvenile Keepsake," which we noticed last year, when it commenced. It is designed for youth of more advanced years than that of Mrs. Watts, and is got up with care and attention truly praiseworthy. Its contributions are from pens of known celebrity ; it is scrupulously pure in sentiment, as may be expected from the high moral character of its editor, and may be safely put into the hands of those for whom it is designed. Mrs. Watts's "Juvenile Souvenir" is foremost in the excellence of the engravings this year, and is admirably adapted for children.

the contents being as simple and clear as possible ; a thing it requires tact to manage, and a knowledge of infant years to arrange. There are eleven pictures, none of which will accustom the young eye to distortion of form and ill-proportioned outline. The contents are by well-known authors, and the preface exhibits correct views of the true nature of such a work.

Mrs. S. C. Hall has brought out her "Juvenile Forget me Not" for 1830, in a superior style even to that of last year, which we then commended. The engravings are good, and the contributors distinguished in the literary world. The activity of this lady is highly commendable, and the powers she displays in many of her compositions are of the first order. Mr. Ackermann has also this year published a "Juvenile Annual," under the same title as Mrs. Hall's. The engravings are good ; it is edited by Mr. Shoberl. A sort of literary sparring has commenced respecting the adoption of the title, which it is not our province to enter upon, wishing all and every of these attempts the success they merit, and hailing them all as vast improvements upon the old works for youth.

We have now mentioned of these beautiful works all published, we believe, save one. We hear that a new and interesting work, called "The Landscape Annual," of which we have seen several of the plates, is about to appear ; and it is sufficient to say they are of the first order, being got up by that excellent artist Mr. Heath, whose activity and talent are so well known. There are to be twenty-six fine engravings of celebrated scenes : and in this work the literary department is in experienced hands, and the artists' engravings will have justice from the pen of Mr. T. Roscoe, whose ability for such a task it is not for us to question. We must now take leave of these interesting volumes until 1831, when we have little doubt we shall hail farther improvements. Such is the effect of honest rivalry, or, as Mr. Pringle has it in this year's "Friendship's Offering," "A generous rivalry in merit,"—the bold and emulative spirit of British enterprise and industry.

TO MARY.

An, joyous spirit ! radiant star !
 Through Sorrow's gloom discern'd afar,
 Still do those cheering beams impart
 Life, joy, and gladness to my heart !
 No meteor glance was thine which stole
 Through the dark confines of my soul—
 Thy light was Heaven's ethereal ray,
 Its path, devotion's hallow'd way.
 A rainbow thou, in troublous skies,
 A seraph form, in Love's disguise,
 With just so much alloy, as told
 Thy spirit cast in human mould ;
 And, should Perfection steal that dross,
 I'd count *thy* gain *my* heaviest loss !
 Since that alone has power to bind
 Thy steadfast to my erring mind !
 For, ah ! should Caution teach those eyes
 To hint the cold, the harsh surmise ;
 Or bid thy lip, in converse, feign
 A less heart-flowing, guileless strain—
 Should Time thy bosom's warmth impair,
 And goodness, only, claim thy care ;
 If in the balance duly laid,
 Each venial fault be strictly laid—
 Should Candour e'er forsake thy side,
 Or half these chilling woes betide—
 Though I might deem thy judgment mended,
 The history of our loves were ended

RAMBLINGS OF A DESULTORY MAN, NO. VI.

The Field of Poitiers.—The Diligence.

"It is very strange," said I, "that no one can tell me where it lies."

But I forgot that the French never remember the battles they lose; and as here, their kingdom was overthrown, and its king taken prisoner, they of course made the more haste to forget it. So I desired my guide to conduct me to the Pierre Levée, and resolved to seek the field of battle by myself.

It is simply a Celtic monument the Pierre Levée, and is only curious from its insulated situation; but as I always like to have the best information going, I asked the guide what he thought of it.

Common people have two ways of disposing of things that they would not else know what to do with. If they want to send them away, they send them to the devil. If they do not know where they come from, they bring them from heaven. This latter was the case with my guide and the Pierre Levée; so he told me, that it had dropped from the skies four hundred thousand years ago!

As this is a more probable account than any I have read or heard of concerning these Celtic monuments, and as it fixes the date precisely, I feel myself bound not to withhold it from the world.

I sought for the field of battle by myself, and a long and weary search it was. No one could give me any account of it, and many had never heard of any battle there at all. There was a spot struck me at length, as offering the most probable position. I pitched the Black Prince's camp on a small rising ground, and disposed King John's army round about him, so that he could not escape. There was a wood that covered the archers just in front; and a wide open space, having the advantage of the field, which I filled up with horse. Then there was a body of strong men-at-arms resting on the village below, flanked by the spears of the guard; and down between the English and the river, was the whole division of Ribemont and Clermont. I drew it out in my own mind as clearly as possible. It was as fine a battle as ever was seen; and I set my heart on its being just there.

There was a group of peasants playing at the door of a grange, and as I saw one whose face I liked, I went up and asked him whether there had not once been a famous battle there. But he made me half angry by telling me, "No, that it was farther on." He overthrew all my host, as completely as Edward did that of France. "Tenez, Monsieur," said he, "you see that high tree in the distance; if you walk straight towards it, about a quarter of a league on this side, you will find a heap of large stones, which we call *les pierres brunes*. You are then on the field of battle." I asked "If he was sure?" He was certain, he said; for that he had ploughed there often, and many a large bone and rusty piece of armour had he turned up with the plough-share.

They were almost the words of Virgil:—

"Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris."

I followed the peasant's directions, and found myself certainly in the midst of that field where the few struggled against the many, and conquered; where the mild warrior received his fallen enemy as a brother, and taught him, if not to forget, to bear his captivity. Were there many such adversaries, mankind would blush to draw a sword.

And it was here that there were deeds of valour and of strength, of cruelty and generosity, and fury and calmness, of inconsiderate daring and cool, calculating wisdom, and all that sum of good and evil which buys the bauble glory.

And for what did they bleed, for what did they fall—the heroes of that splendid field of carnage? To be forgotten? to have their bones turned up and ground by the iron of the plough, and their unhonoured dust trodden by the peasant's heel! The knight's sword rusting in peace beside his enemy's corslet, and the ashes of the coward and the brave amicably mingling in their native earth. To be forgotten! Their very burial-place unknown but to the hind whose ground they fattened with their blood, and the pale antiquary who rakes amongst their bones for something ancient! The deeds that, even in dying, they fondly fancied would be immortal, overwhelmed beneath the lumber of history, or blotted out by fresher comments on the same bloody theme! The names they thought engraved deeply in the column of Fame, erased by Time's sure destroying hand! The thrones they fought for, and the realms they won, passed unto other dynasties; and all the object of their mighty daring as unachieved as if they had not been!

Such is the history of every field of battle.

By this time we had given up the system of posting. A man who does not travel in the diligence loses one half of what he ought to see. From Poitiers to Angoulême, we had two places in the *coupé*, or front part. Our companion was a tall, good-looking man, who at first did not make any great show of politeness. He had been a military man, and perhaps took us for what French soldiers were accustomed to call *Pekins*. Marshal ——— once being invited to dine with Talleyrand, was much after the hour appointed. "We have waited for you, Sir," said Talleyrand, on his arrival. The Marshal said he could not help it, that he had been detained by a *Pekin* just as he was going out. "What do you call a *Pekin*?" asked the statesman.

"Nous appellons *Pekin*," replied the Marshal, "tout ce qui n'est pas militaire."

"C'est comme nous," said Talleyrand, coolly; "nous appellons militaire, tout ce qui n'est pas civil."

Our companion, however, soon fell into conversation. It is a bait that a Frenchman cannot resist; and now he was as polite and agreeable as he had at first been repulsive; but when he found that I was not only acquainted with many persons he himself knew, but was also fond of all field sports, his civility knew no bounds. Nothing would satisfy him but a promise that we would visit him at M——, where he was Receiver-general, and there he would give us inexhaustible amusement both in hunting and shooting. Pardon me, my dear Count, if this ever falls into your hands; but when you can be so amiable a companion as you afterwards proved, you ought never to repel a poor stranger, who lies at your mercy for the comfort of a long journey!

We stayed but a day at Angoulême. Indeed, there is nothing beautiful in the town, except the view from the height on which it is placed; and nothing amusing, except the Marine School, which the French Government has placed here, in the most inland position it could find.

On the arrival of the diligence which was to carry us on to Bordeaux, we found that all the places were taken but four. I forget who was in the *coupé*; in the centre there was the strangest mixture that can be imagined. There was a Bordeaux merchant, three nuns, a libertine officer of dragoons, and two pointer dogs his companions.

In the *rotonde* with us were the keeper of the *bureau des diligences*, (or stage-coach office,) and his daughter. If any one was to draw her picture from the same class in England, how much mistaken they would be. She was every thing that youth, and beauty, and simple elegance could make her. Set her in a drawing-room and call her a princess, and there was nothing in her manners to give the lie to the appellation. She had never before been from her home, and was now going to see the great fair at Bordeaux; and she was as eager upon it as youth and curiosity could make her. But there was no inelegance about it; her sensations were always gracefully expressed, and seemed to amuse her as much as any one else.

As the sun rose the next morning, and shone in at the window of the diligence, the light fell upon her fair face and braided dark hair, as she lay asleep upon the shoulder of her father, who gazed upon her closed eyes and motionless features, with that peculiar look of soft affection alone to be seen in the face of a parent. It was as lovely a picture as I ever saw.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

I HAD a heart that doated once in passion's boundless pain,
And though the tyrant I abjured, I could not break his chain;
But now that Fancy's fire is quench'd, and ne'er can burn anew,
I've bid thee, Love, for all my life, adieu! adieu! adieu!

I've known, if ever mortal knew, the spells of beauty's thrall,
And if my song has told them not, my soul has felt them all;
But passion robs my peace no more, and Beauty's witching sway
Is now to me a star that's fall'n—a dream that's pass'd away.

Hail! welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous billows roll,
How wond'rous to myself appears this halcyon calm of soul!
The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner quit its shore,
Than I would cross the gulf again that time has brought me o'er.

Why say they Angels feel the flame?—Oh, spirits of the skies!
Can love like ours, that doats on dust, in heavenly bosoms rise?—
Ah no; the hearts that best have felt its power, the best can tell,
That peace on earth itself begins, when Love has bid farewell. C.

RICHELIEU : A TALK.

THE Cardinal de Richelieu has, we think, at last met with a competent historian. His eminence (his "bad eminence,") required a Pliny to show forth in proper colours the sad doings of his reign, and lo! one has started forth suddenly in the person of Mr. James. The times of Richelieu were fertile in events,—so fertile, indeed, that we ourselves (he it said in modesty) have frequently had it in design to try the patience of the town with a story or a drama on the subject. We are very willing, however, to resign our pen to the agreeable author before us, whose work we will now proceed to consider.

The faults of a book form, to our mind, the most tedious part of the critic's labour: unless, in truth, they are of that racy and florid sort which we once were accustomed to meet with, when some gentleman of the Emerald isle, or Shakspeare-clipping clergyman, ventured out for the first time, and wrote himself down "goose" in pompous print. Then it was sport, as well as justice, to tame the rashness of the one and diminish the conceit of the other. But now the Irish are, (with one single exception,) perhaps our best novel-writers; and even the Church has sent forth its powerful children, who have gathered abundant laurels in the fields of letters. Neither does our author afford us any opportunity of manifesting our wit at his expense; his faults being of a somewhat ordinary character, and bearing, we think, but a very slender proportion to his excellencies. To sum them up in a few words and dismiss them,—they are, occasional flippancies, (especially at the heads of his chapters), now and then a want of purpose and consequent tediousness in the narrative, and a too great generosity in bestowing upon his inferior characters more opportunity than they deserve of wearying the reader with their conversation.

To make amends for these things, however, (and he makes rich amends,) our author has thrown together a series of characters and scenes which bear extraordinary promise. The book is a book of performance also, but it is a first work, and there is therefore, at times, a show of immaturity about it, which detracts somewhat from its positive merit, at the same time that it raises greater hopes of the future. And we confess that we do not care to see the first work of a young man carrying an air of precision and completeness about it. We prefer something spontaneous,—a daring and a confidence in the subject,—a strong, although irregular, exhibition of talent—alternating from excellence into defect,—beyond a more level accomplishment of purpose, which leads one to suspect that the writer has cautiously put forth his uttermost strength at the outset, and that we must look for nothing greater hereafter.

The story of Richelieu is the story of the decline and fall of the great Cardinal of that name, who, according to all account, appears to have combined the talent and ambition of Wolsey with all the tyranny and ferocity of Nero. The main interest of the book consists in the development of the fortunes of the Comte de Blenau and Pauline de Beaumont,—relieved, however, and enriched by some account of the transactions and characters of the period. All these are sketched easily and

unaffectedly, and some of them with uncommon felicity. Indeed, we are not sure but that a considerable portion of the pleasure which we derive from reading the volumes before us, consists in the want of pretension of the author, and in the non-exhibition of that morbid sensibility which runs through the works of so many contemporary writers. This, and the talent for painting and separating characters, in which our author may challenge a comparison with any writer of the time,—excepting only the great Scotch novelist, and perhaps one or two Irish authors, are the distinguishing good qualities of Mr. James. He does not struggle too much for effects, nor sacrifice one portion of his history, in order to make a few points tell with redoubled force; but steers on quietly and gallantly to the main objects: and when there, wisely trusts to the circumstances before him for inspiration. This is the safer and more legitimate plan; and we cannot forget how well it has answered in the Waverley novels, or how much it excels those feverish and unnatural displays of passion which occur occasionally in the works of our present writers, betraying weakness in themselves, and yielding almost as much pain as pleasure to their readers. They are, to the interest excited by the Scotch novels, what the German horrors are to the dramas of Shakspeare—more exciting for the moment possibly, but revolting to our common-sense, and seldom impressing us with a permanent interest.

But we have spoken of the character of Richelieu, and it is but fair to specify those which we consider as good. They are Louis the Thirteenth (in the latter part of whose reign the story is cast); Anne of Austria, his wife; the Cardinal de Richelieu, and his *élève* Chavigni; Cinq Mars; Fontenilles; Lafemas, and others, of the higher class, together with Marteville, the governor of the Bastille; Jacques Chatpilleur; Villa Grande; and various other worthies of a lower grade. There is no mistaking one for the other of these personages. Louis, the king, is touched with very great skill, we think—he is not overdone. We do not think that any one (we make no exception) need be ashamed of having drawn this character. Anne of Austria, his wife, is well-managed; and the portrait of the heroine is agreeable enough. Of Richelieu himself there is but a slight sketch, but what there is, is good; and Chavigni is admirably imagined. If the execution of his character had been equal to the conception of it, (and we scarcely think that this is the case,) it might have stood a competition with any thing of the kind. It is, as far as we recollect, original; and the elements of good and ill—of prejudice and good sense—of kindness of heart and cruel policy, are so intimately mingled, and so true to nature, as to compel from us the acknowledgment of our unqualified approbation. The Sieur Marteville, too, who writes himself “gentleman,” (a Norman gentleman,) is a capital compound of the bully and the bravo; the liberality of his actions and opinions, his unconstrained air, the ease with which he shifts from his rusty cuirass into a silken doublet; his pride of birth (which he recollects only when he is required to marry a waiting-maid), and, finally, his roistering, swaggering, lordly character after marriage, together with his unaffected contempt for the sixth Madame Marteville, stamp him as one of the most amusing as well as effective personages whom we have lately encountered in the land of fiction.

The reader will conclude, from what we have said, that the merit of

Richelieu lies chiefly in the developement of character. But there is great merit in the narrative also, and considerable vigour in the dialogue. It is not easy, by means of any extract which our limits will permit us to give, to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the good qualities of the book. A "sample" of a work in three volumes, comprehending more than a score characters, and ranging in its tone to the extremes of vivacity and pathos, must necessarily be imperfect. Nevertheless, we will venture to take one passage, (longer, indeed, than we are in the habit of admitting,) in order to show that a portion of our eulogy is not undeserved. The reader will understand that, by the intrigues of Richelieu, the King is induced to believe that his wife is guilty of a traitorous correspondence with Spain. She is brought before the Council of State, and arraigned:—

"At that moment, the huisseur threw open the door of the council-chamber, and the Queen, with her ladies, entered, and found themselves in the presence of the King and all his principal ministers. In the centre of the room, strewn with various papers, and materials for writing, stood a long table, at the top of which, in a seat slightly raised above the rest, sate Louis himself, dressed, as was usual with him, in a suit of black silk, without any ornament whatever, except three rows of sugar-loaf buttons of polished jet—if these could be considered as ornamental. His hat, indeed, which he continued to wear, was looped up with a small string of jewels; and the feather, which fell much on one side, was buttoned with a diamond of some value; but these were the only indications by which his apparel could have been distinguished from that of some poor *avoué*, or *greffier de la cour*.

"On the right-hand of the King was placed the Cardinal de Richelieu, in his robes; and on the left was the Chancellor Séguier. Bouthilliers, Chavigni, Mazarin, and other members of the council, filled the rest of the seats round the table; but at the farther end was a vacant space, in front of which the Queen now presented herself, facing the chair of the King.

"There was an angry spot on Louis's brow, and as Anne of Austria entered, he continued playing with the hilt of his sword, without once raising his eyes toward her. The Queen's heart sank, but still she bore an undimmed countenance, while the Cardinal fixed upon her the full glance of his dark commanding eyes, and, rising from his seat, slightly inclined his head at her approach.

"The rest of the Council rose, and Chavigni turned away his eyes, with an ill-defined sensation of pain and regret; but the more subtle Mazarin, ever watchful to court good opinion, whether for present or future purposes, glided quietly round, and placed a chair for her at the table. It was an action not forgotten in after-days.

"A moment's pause ensued. As soon as the Queen was seated, Richelieu glanced his eye towards the countenance of the King, as if to instigate him to open the business of the day: but Louis's attention was deeply engaged in his sword-knot, or at least seemed to be so, and the Cardinal was at length forced to proceed himself.

"'Your Majesty's presence has been desired by the King, who is like a god in justice and in equity,' said Richelieu, proceeding in that bold and figurative style, in which all his public addresses were conceived,—'in order to enable you to cast off, like a raiment that has been soiled by a foul touch, the accusation which has been secretly made against you, and to explain some parts of your conduct, which, as clouds between the earth and the sun, have come between yourself and your royal husband, intercepting the beams of his princely approbation. All this your Majesty can doubtless do; and the King has permitted the Council to hear your exculpation from your own lips, that we may trample under our feet the foul suspicions that appear against you.'

"'Lord Cardinal,' replied the Queen, calmly, but firmly, 'I wonder at

the boldness of your language. Remember, Sir, whom it is that you thus presume to address—the wife of your Sovereign, Sir, who sits there, bound to protect her from insult and from injury.’

“ ‘Cease, cease, Madam!’ cried Louis, breaking silence. ‘First prove yourself innocent, and then use the high tone of innocence, if you will.’

“ ‘To you, my Lord,’ replied the Queen, ‘I am ready to answer every thing, truly and faithfully, as a good wife and a good subject; but not to that audacious vassal, who, in oppressing and insulting me, but degrades your authority and weakens your power.’

“ ‘Spare your invectives, Madam,’ said the Cardinal calmly, ‘for, if I be not much mistaken, before you leave this chamber you will be obliged to acknowledge all that is contained in the paper before me; in which case, the bad opinion of your Majesty would be as the roar of the idle wind, that hurteth not the mariner on shore.’

“ ‘My Lord and Sovereign,’ said the Queen, addressing Louis, without deigning to notice the Cardinal, ‘it seems that some evil is laid to my charge: will you condescend to inform me of what crime I am accused, that now calls your Majesty’s anger upon me?—If loving you too well,—if lamenting your frequent absence from me,—if giving my whole time and care to your children, be no crimes, tell me, my Lord, tell me, what I have done!’

“ ‘What you have done, Madam, is easily told,’ exclaimed Louis, his eyes flashing fire. ‘Give me that paper, Lord Cardinal;’ and passing hastily from article to article of its contents, he continued—‘Have you not, contrary to my express command, and the command of the Council, corresponded with Philip of Spain? Have you not played the spy upon the plans of my Government, and caused the defeat of my armies in Flanders, the losses of the Protestants in Germany, the failure of all our schemes in Italy, by the information you have conveyed? Have you not written to Don Francisco de Mello, and your cousin the Archduke? Have you not——’

“ ‘Never, never!’ exclaimed the Queen, clasping her hands, ‘so help me Heaven!’

“ ‘What!’ cried Louis, dashing the paper angrily upon the table, ‘darest thou deny what is as evident as the sun in the noon-day sky? Remember, Madam, that your minion, De Blenau, is in the Bastille, and will soon forfeit his life upon the scaffold, if his obstinacy does not make him die under the question.’

“ ‘For poor De Blenau’s sake, my Lord,’ replied the Queen,—‘for the sake of as noble, and as innocent a man as ever was the victim of tyranny, I will tell you at once that I have written to Philip of Spain, my own dear brother. And who can blame me, my Lord, for loving one who has always loved me? But I know my duty better than ever once to mention even the little that I knew of the public affairs of this kingdom: and far less, your Majesty, did I pry into secret plans of State policy, for the purpose of divulging them. My letters, my Lord, were wholly domestic. I spoke of myself, of my husband, of my children. I spoke as a woman, as a wife, and a mother; but never, my Lord, as a Queen; and never, never as a spy!’ ”

If the reader be insensible to the quality of the foregoing extract, we despair of convincing him of its goodness, by any argument or asseveration of ours. Yet we must, nevertheless, be excused for saying that it appears to us to possess great beauty, as well as considerable pathos; utterly free both from drivelling and exaggeration. Yet, after all, it is but a slight specimen; and we may have arrived at our opinions (even of this particular scene) by reading, as it were, *up* to it, and only by traversing the whole previous history. Be this as it may, if the reader should (which we do not apprehend) differ with us on this subject, we will counsel him to read the volumes throughout. He will find it to be a pleasant occupation at all events, and perhaps not an unprofitable task. ❖

We do not mean, in this slight notice, to attempt to acquaint the reader with the principal incidents of the book. It is sufficient to say, briefly, that the Comte de Blenau, the hero, (the lover of Pauline de Beaumont,) after escaping assassination, and actually encountering a broken head in the forest of Mantes, is safely lodged in his Majesty's prison of the Bastille, by the contrivances of the contriving Richelieu. The ground of his detention is a suspicion that he has been "aiding and abetting" the Queen to correspond with the enemies of the State. The Queen herself is arraigned during the time of De Blenau's imprisonment, but denies boldly, as we have seen, all traitorous correspondence. She is, in fact, innocent; but Richelieu, hoping to extract some evidence against her from the confession of De Blenau, puts him also upon his trial. Previously to this, he is privately interrogated by Lafema (a creature of the Cardinal), but nothing being obtained, he is brought before the King and his minister; and is about to be put to the torture for contumacy, when a note is delivered to him from the Queen, admonishing him to state all that he has done in her affairs. He has now no farther scruple, but confessing the particulars of his services, entirely exonerates the Queen from all blame. Louis, upon this, perceives the malignity of Richelieu's accusations; his Queen is raised to favour, after a long disgrace, and the sentence of banishment, passed by Richelieu upon De Blenau, is annulled in the Cardinal's presence. This is the first step of the great minister's descent.

During the imprisonment of our hero, Pauline de Beaumont—in order to apprise him of certain facts necessary to his exculpation or defence—succeeds in entering the Bastille, (in the dress of her waiting-maid,) as the daughter of a woodman who is confined there, and whose children are allowed to visit him. She is seized, however, on her return, by one of the emissaries of Chavigni, and conducted, disguised as she is, into the statesman's presence. And here (vol. ii. p. 269) our author has managed to present as pretty a picture as we remember to have *read* for a long time in any work of fiction. The heroine is sitting in a chair of dark green velvet in the house of Chavigni, distressed and fluttered by her seizure and forgetful of her assumed character, with the handsome and lordly statesman before her; when he taunts her with her disguise, which she instantly, of course, recollects. The rich costumes of the time, the contrast between the personages, and the pretty look of vexation and shame in the lady's countenance, the nobility and beauty of which surmounts the homeliness of her dress, might, we think, be turned to an excellent account. Our version of the matter is, we confess, but a poor one; but we think that some of the very clever artists,* (whose works we have seen at the house of Mr. Roberts, of Percy-street,) would turn their attention to this subject, and do—what Mr. Bonington has done before them.

There are various other pictures which we might select from the volumes of Richelieu—and fifty passages of merit which we might quote—but why should we perplex the reader with our opinions, or strive to bias his taste unnecessarily? It is surely enough to say, that we have

* We intend, some day or other, to devote a paper to this subject. We have seen at the house of Mr. Roberts, (decidedly the best place for modern drawings,) works of art not only by the more established painters, but also by young men who want nothing more than to be known in order to ensure their celebrity.

reaped great pleasure from the book—that we have read it twice over with undiminished interest—and that we look forward with the greatest hope, and with some anxiety too (for we would not be thought to have failed in our prophecies) for his next work. Let him do his best ; we are sorry to say that this is but too frequently neglected by a successful author in his second performance ; and we will ensure him a high and a lasting place among the pleasantest English writers. He has already attained an excellent station. One step more—and the goal is won !

THE CORONATION OF CORINNA.

THE ringing shout of triumph
 Re-echo'd far and wide,
 And Rome sent forth her thousands
 As in her days of pride,
 When the red victor's chariot
 Roll'd o'er the Sacred Way,
 And waggons heap'd with jewels
 Out-flashed the light of day.
 And there the kingly captive
 Walk'd barefoot and alone,
 With fetters for a sceptre,
 And a dungeon for a throne !
 —But for *this* peaceful triumph
 No blood or tears were pour'd ;
 The heart was all she vanquish'd,
 And the conqueror was adored.
 Around the laurell'd beauty
 Her friends and lovers came,
 And the wreath which bound her temples
 Was the pure reward of Fame !
 The Muses and the Graces
 Were captives in her train,
 And their spells were all the tribute
 Which enrich'd her brilliant reign.
 Hill of three hundred triumphs !
 A woman seeks thee now—
 Give Genius the proud laurel
 Once twined for Glory's brow !
 Roses are falling round her,
 And Love proclaims her fair,
 And Music's thrilling accents
 Swell on the joyous air.
 Glory, and Love, and Beauty,
 Too much, too much for one !
 Her morn has risen in splendour,
 But storms will veil its sun.
 O Woman !—fling, fling from thee
 The fatal torch of Fame !
 Thy charms were made for twilight—
 'Thou diest in its flame !

C. M. W.

WHAT HAS EMANCIPATION DONE FOR IRELAND?

“WHAT will Catholic Emancipation do for Ireland?” was the interrogatory which the opponents of that measure (called by many great men, a great one,) had, for years before its enactment, strenuously reiterated. It was said in reply, that Catholic Emancipation would, by the removal of the causes for dissension, annihilate dissension itself—that it would banish those disastrous divisions which were the sources of not only national rancour, but of crime, which, from its universality, became almost equally national—that tranquillity would be speedily restored, and that peace would lead commerce and capital into a country from which an agitation, bordering upon insurrection, had made them exiles—that the distinctions between Protestants and Roman Catholics would almost instantaneously vanish, and the feeling of common citizenship would supersede the artificial and odious relations of sect in which men were placed towards each other—that the ancient antipathy to England would not merely subside, but that the hostility which previously prevailed, would be superseded by a lofty gratitude for the great boon of liberty—that the Union, which had hitherto consisted in a mere statute, would be converted into palpably beneficial results; and, that if Ireland had lost her existence as a province, she would become an integral portion of the empire, co-ordinate with England itself. These, and still warmer even than these, were the prophecies of those annunciators of felicity, who discovered in this single measure a remedy for every evil, and the origin of every good; who believed that Emancipation would operate as a specific as immediate in its relief, as universal in its influence; and that nothing else would be required in order to convert a country beyond almost every other in the European system distracted and miserable, into a spot as happy as perfect civilization, equal laws, well-regulated habits, the general diffusion of wealth, and the unlimited propagation of intelligence, could render it. The event, which was regarded as the probable author of all this good, has taken place; and in lieu of the former interrogatory, which was so long pressed in earnest reiteration upon our ears, another has been substituted; and instead of hearing it asked, “What will Emancipation do?” we hear it every day inquired, “What has Emancipation done for Ireland?”

The last time this question was put to me, I happened to be sitting at the table of a friend of mine, who, although he differed from me in politics and in religion, has not allowed his polemical and theological predilections to interrupt a friendship which has been of some years’ continuance. He put the question to me with a good deal of taunting, anticipating that I should be unable to give him a satisfactory answer. I remained for a moment silent, and he availed himself of my taciturnity to repeat the question. “Has it,” he added, “realized those visions of prosperity which were spread out in all the gorgeousness of a splendid rhetoric before us? Has it at all contributed to calm the public mind, to charm the envenomed antipathies which are twined about our hearts, and to make them let loose their hold; to introduce into society a more kindly and cordial demeanour; to produce a confidence between the landlord and the tenant; to generate cordiality amongst those who stand so much in need of all the mutualities of

good will; to induce men to confederate in the support of the law, instead of arraying themselves against it; to remove the old and almost inveterate grudge to Protestantism, and the country from which it has been imported; to associate the Catholic clergy with the State, to pave the way for education, and to render us a moral, a religious, a peaceful, a united, an instructed, and English people?" These questions were put to me with a strength and energy of interrogation, to which I should have found it difficult to make any sort of effective response, when, fortunately for me, three of the little children of my friend entered the room, and at once furnished me with a reply. They approached their father, and straight began to climb his knees in the usual emulative spirit of endearment, in order to share the kiss, which was the object of their infantine competition. While the eldest, a girl of eight years of age, with beautiful eyes, and with her fine flaxen hair streaming over her shoulders and temples, was gaining the height for which she struggled, and fastening her arms, like tendrils, round the neck of her father, who, while he affected to push her away, was all the while helping her up to his embrace, I advanced, and laying my hand upon the child in such a way as to startle her, while she shrank back into the bosom of her father, I said, "What has Emancipation done for Ireland? You have the answer at your heart. It has saved your home from profanation—barred the doors of your house against rapine and against massacre—given you leave to hold your children in your bosom without trembling at the fate which lately impended over them—given you a security that the earnings of your honourable industry will descend to your offspring without the chances of spoliation, and afforded you a just ground for the conviction, that as the peace of your country has been secured against the tremendous hazards to which it was exposed, your children will grow up in the midst of happiness and of plenty, and in place of being the victims, as they were recently likely to be, of a terrific struggle, which, though delayed for years, was still receiving every day the ingredients of acceleration, will be safe from every peril; and when you are dead, (though you will not be altogether gone while they remain,) will be exempt from those calamities of which even the anticipated possibility is a disaster in itself."

This was my reply. Many of my readers may, at the first perusal, deem it to be fraught with exaggerated matter; but let them pause a little, and looking back, and as far as it can be done with calmness and a cool and tranquil spirit, at what has befallen, let us endeavour to ascertain whether already Emancipation has done nothing for Ireland.

But a few months ago, in what condition were we placed? There was a time, and it has only just gone by, when the man who was bold enough to state that the country was upon the verge of convulsion, would have provoked the Attorney-General, and called down his *ex-officio* terrors upon his head. It is not very surprising that the Government should have listened to those dismal announcements with great disrelish, and should have been unwilling that truths so formidable should be told. At present, however, in pointing to the danger which has been escaped, we have a deeper consciousness of our security, and the rolling of the waves makes us only feel the firmness of the shore from which we survey their tremendous agitation.

In my opinion, and I have had some means of forming a correct estimate of the condition of the country, the state of Ireland was, before the settlement of the great question, terrible indeed. The local Government had been entirely superseded. A power had arisen, under the name of the Catholic Association, whose democratic influence, exercised through the medium of the sacerdotal confederation which had been brought into alliance, engrossed all authority. No representative assembly ever presented to the people a more faithful and express image of themselves. They were delighted with a government which, in truth, consisted of themselves, or was, at least, the condensed and concentrated spirit of the seven millions over which it exercised an undisputed and absolute sway. The Lord-Lieutenant and his secretary, and all the inferior machinery of the ordinary executive, together with the crown officers and the judges, were held at nought, when compared with the formidable Association, whose harangues were proclamations, and whose resolutions were law. From the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, the two extremities of the country, there prevailed a sentiment of deep and imperturbable unanimity; and it is now useless to disguise it, that of that unanimity, a profound detestation of England, and a longing for retribution, were among the principal constituents. In the South of Ireland, under pretence of assembling for the purposes of reconciliation, the peasantry met in bodies, which men accustomed to the calculation of the materials of which large masses are composed, estimated at twenty thousand men. The North presented a spectacle as strange, and even more alarming. Mr. Lawless, without, I believe, intending to produce any such effect, gathered about him an assemblage of the Roman Catholic population, which exceeded any which had ever before been collected in Ireland; and, but for the providential interposition of his own well-grounded apprehension of the consequences, this amazing body would have advanced upon their antagonists, and upon their first shock would have created a civil war. All this while the eyes of France and America were fixed upon Ireland. The journals of the former country teemed with paragraphs announcing the weakness to which England was reduced in this most vulnerable portion of her dominions; and the leading speakers in the Chamber of Deputies did not hesitate to declare that an invasion would not only be justifiable as a measure of retaliation, but would be attended with a certain success. In America, the whole population were brought into sympathy with Ireland; and not only were the Irish refugees (a most active and powerful, as well as most vindictive set of men,) animated with all the zeal which the recollection of their supposed injuries had produced, but the great mass of the Republic was agitated with a strong feeling of interest for a country in which their national antipathy to England would be likely to find an aliment. The wrongs of the Irish Catholics made their way as far as Canada and Nova Scotia, and the allegiance of the Colonies was affected by the contagion, which extended itself beyond the Atlantic. He must be a sceptic, indeed, who can hesitate with respect to the results which must have ensued from such a condition of things. Invasion, civil war, and a massacre, upon a large scale, of the hated cast, would have inevitably taken place. Scarce a single gentleman in Tipperary, and in the other Southern counties, would have escaped. More than the ordinary horrors of civil war would have

attended the movement of an enormous mass of the peasantry, who would have simultaneously arisen together, and, for a season at least, have swept all the mounds and boundaries of civilization before them. The cataract would have been, for a long while, irresistible ; and, in its progress, all that is dear, and valuable, and good, and useful, would have been carried down the gulf, into which it would have been ultimately lost. What would have succeeded these events it is difficult to conjecture. It is not unlikely that England would have reconquered the desolation which her policy would have produced, and the desert to which Ireland would have been reduced, would have been subdivided amongst soldiers and adventurers in an universal confiscation. Or perhaps France would have laid her grasp upon this unfortunate country under the forms of an alliance, and established a Hiberno-Gallican Proconsulate at the Castle ; or the people might have been left to themselves, and, raising an absolute democracy out of the ruins of every established institution, have built up a system of government, where the shouts of the multitude would have furnished a legislature, and the guillotine would have provided a prompt executive ; and of which the only advantage would have been, that each successive faction that got possession of authority, would, by inflicting justice upon their predecessors, have afforded a precedent for its salutary extension to themselves.

The danger of these calamities has happily passed away, and if no other good had been attained, or were likely to be achieved, still the security in which we are at present placed, would afford a noble refutation of the disingenuous sophistries of those who insist that no benefit has as yet resulted from the measure, and who see, in the present state of things, nothing but a verification of their dismal and ominous announcements. I am far from meaning to say that strong emotion does not still exist amongst all classes, and that we are still in an exceedingly uneasy condition, which it will require both wisdom and time, the ally of wisdom, to relieve ; but the passions which continue to be felt are no more than the innocuous commotion which agitates the surface of the waters in the anchorage where we are moored at last ; and where, although the vessel may continue to toss, and its heaving may be attended with discomfort, yet there is no real danger to be apprehended, and there is no hazard that a single cable will be slipped, or that the vessel will be blown back into the deep. The asperities of party have not altogether subsided, but the revolutionary tendencies are entirely gone by. The Protestants of Ireland may be dissatisfied at the sudden and unexpected equalization with those over whom they had exercised an ascendancy, to which habit had attached the attributes of a secondary nature. The Roman Catholics, upon the other hand, may feel that as yet they have not received any individual proofs that a considerable alteration in the system of patronage has taken place. Their craving for office, which is proportioned in its violence to the extent of its duration, has not been appeased. But although this over-anxious solicitude for place, attended with a suspicion, not unnatural in men who have been so often disappointed, that the course of practical exclusion is to continue, may work for the present in a way which is more annoying than it is injurious ; yet there can be no doubt that a feeling of loyalty, in the true and genuine signification of the word,

has begun to diffuse itself; and, even at this moment, I am convinced that, although a few months only have elapsed since the time that all Ireland was ready to start, at a signal, to arms, an attempt to seduce the great body of the people from their allegiance to the empire, would utterly fail. I do not hesitate to declare it as my deliberate opinion, formed from opportunities of most minute and extensive observation, that if, before the Catholic Question had been adjusted, a small body of foreign forces, with a considerable supply of arms, had effected a descent upon the Irish coast, the great mass of the nation would have instantly joined them; and I am equally confident, that if a great army of invaders were, under existing circumstances, to make so rash an experiment, the peasantry would not co-operate in such an undertaking; and there is scarcely a Roman Catholic in the country raised beyond the debasement of agrarian serfship, who would not rally under the standards of the State, and readily expose his life in the preservation of those liberties, in which every Irishman now bears an equal, and, I may venture to call it, a glorious participation.

It must not, however, be imagined that while I am thus enthusiastic, (for as I write, I feel myself a good deal excited by the preposterous averment that Emancipation has done nothing for Ireland,) and while I thus zealously point out the advantages which have been gained by this transition from the most imminent hazard to a perfect safety, upon that account I am insensible to the existence of the evils which still continue, and that I do not think it necessary to adopt very speedy and efficacious means, in order to give completion to the work which has been effected. Not only much, but what is almost incalculably useful, has been already effected; but it is not because a great deal has been accomplished that little remains to be performed. To adopt the illustration which I have previously ventured to employ, although the vessel is in her moorings, yet she requires to be refitted; there is no risk of her going down, but her rigging must be repaired; full many a rotten plank, which had well nigh let in destruction, must be struck boldly out; and although a great part of her framework must remain, yet, when she is put into the stocks, she must be newly timbered. Great, although they should be gradual, alterations are required in the whole system by which the country has been ruled; the spirit of Catholic Emancipation must be diffused and dispersed into every department of the state, and into every recess of the executive—it must pervade the whole frame and body of the administration; it must be worked into the essence and being of the Government. It must be found every where—at the desks of office; on the bench of justice; at the green tables in the courts; in the boxes of the jury, and of the sheriff; in the treasury, the custom-house, and the Castle;—nay, it must appear in the village school-room and in the police-man's barrack. In every public department, and in almost every walk of society, and every path of life, the great moral and political change must be demonstrated; and then, and only then, will all the useful consequences which it is calculated to create be fully developed.

Let it not be conceived, that, when I inculcate the necessity of embodying Catholic Emancipation in palpable and substantive acts, I mean to convey that an ascendancy over Protestantism, or even a perfect equality with the religion of the state, is my object. I am well aware that the fee-simple of Ireland is in the hands of the adherents to the Esta-

blishment. As I write without any feeling of partizanship—as, at all events, I do my best to divest myself of it (and it is not always easy to do so)—it is only consistent with the end which I propose to myself to admit, that if I were to travel as interpreter to an Englishman from north to south, and from east to west, in Ireland, until every county had been traversed, and in passing beside a fine mansion and the walls of a beautiful demesne, I were to be asked to whom the noble trees, the long avenues, the green park belonged? in nearly nineteen instances out of twenty, I should answer that the proprietor was a Protestant. The truth is, that even to this day, the greater proportion of the land abides in Cromwellian or Williamite ownership. This being the case, it were idle to maintain that the Protestants of Ireland, few indeed in number, but engrossing so large a proportion of the opulence of the country, ought not to engage the attention of the Government, and should not be allowed a certain preponderance in the state. If no sort of regard were to be paid to the religion of individuals, yet in the allocation of the honours and emoluments which are at the disposal of the Government, its patronage would naturally flow into Protestant channels, if station and connexion were to be permitted to give it an influence. Many years, indeed, must go by before such a diffusion of wealth among the Catholic body will take place, and Protestant property will be so broken up, as to give to the professors of the faith of the country a title to individual favour superior to that of those who profess the creed of the state. The majority of persons who hold office, no matter in what department, will be Protestant. The Bench and the Bar of Ireland (a body which exercises a vast control over the national mind) must be filled of necessity from that portion of the population which is most wealthy and intelligent. The same observation applies to every profession, and every class of offices which are connected with the Government; and if the plan of purposed and meditated exclusion be wholly abandoned, still the larger mass of property which is in the possession of Protestants must insensibly draw to it, by the attraction which it is always sure to exercise, the favours of the state. I have thus conceded in the outset that no violent disturbance should take place in the general order of our institutions; but while I have made this admission, I think that it will be readily perceived, by an impartial and sober-minded person, uninfluenced by the passions with which it is so difficult in Ireland to avoid being impregnated, that this continuance of a modified Protestant ascendancy is perfectly compatible with measures which will have the effect of raising the Catholic body into legitimate association with the state, and, instead of shaking the foundations of existing institutions, will, on the contrary, give them strength and permanence, by showing their consistency with the national interests, and by maintaining the system upon which they lean, and of which they are considered by many to constitute an essential part.

Having, then, laid it down as a principle that a certain ascendancy must be maintained, it remains to be determined what measures should be adopted, which will be at once perfectly reconcilable with the modified predominance, and will, at the same time, bring the great body of the nation into genuine and close adhesion to the state. I am of opinion that, to preserve a well-regulated ascendancy, nothing is requisite but to leave that ascendancy alone. Property itself will work its own

way, and to its influence the body of the people, if in other particulars they shall be fairly dealt with, will readily assent. If the ground on which individuals shall be selected for the purposes of favour be unconnected with religion, still the great bulk of them will be Protestant, and thus, without any discriminations and distinctions of a sectarian character, a predominance will be maintained. It is otherwise with respect to the Roman Catholic body. Protestantism, with property as its auxiliary, will always carry with it a great influence, which will affect individual cases, and there will be no motive for selecting a Protestant as such; but as the vast superiority of numbers in the Roman Catholic population will not give to the individual Catholic the advantage which his individual property will give to the Protestant, it will be right to employ, with regard to the members of one class, a standard which will not be properly applicable to the other. To express myself unequivocally, I think that Catholics ought to be promoted, because they are Catholics, while I do not think that the same motive should be allowed to operate in the nomination of Protestants, whose personal influence, drawn from connexion and station, will necessarily secure to them a general course of preference, without any sort of reference to their particular forms of religion.

I have thus suggested the general views which have offered themselves to me, respecting the manner in which Roman Catholic Emancipation may be carried into effect. It will not be deemed inapposite that I should proceed to details, and point out the particular means by which I conceive that the great ends of national conciliation may be attained. The first and the most essential object to be accomplished is the alliance of the Catholic clergy with the state; and this conjunction (for I prefer the phrase to connexion) may be produced by means which will be at the same time perfectly consistent with the political and religious integrity of that great sacerdotal corporation, and will not shock the prejudices of those who cannot brook the notion that the public money is to be applied in the support of an obnoxious and anti-Christian priesthood. It is scarcely needful to suggest the great importance of effecting this union. If the Roman Catholic body contained a great and powerful aristocracy, who, in every district, exercised a great sway over the popular passions, it might then answer every purpose to conciliate such a body, and the clergy of the people might be treated with disregard; for I have often remarked, that in those parishes where a Catholic gentleman of great estate happens to reside, the priest is destitute of consequence, whilst in those parts of the country where there is no Catholic resident of large property, the priest assumes and exercises a nearly absolute sway. The number of Catholic proprietors of fortune being small, and there being a parish priest, with a brace of coadjutors, in every ecclesiastical subdivision of Ireland, it follows that this body must needs possess a nearly paramount dominion. They hold the reins of the public passions; and although it sometimes happens that the fiery coursers pull too hard for them, still they generally contrive, by a mixture of caresses and of menaces, to bring them under management. Statesmen have felt the power of this most important national body, and it has been proposed to attach them by the payment of direct salaries,—a suggestion which was unpalatable to the English people, who would have considered themselves as participators in idola-

try by their contribution to the maintenance of priests; and which was rejected by the clergy themselves, who knew that, in losing the confidence of the Irish nation (ever given to distrust), they would virtually relinquish their own power. Accordingly, the project of paying the Catholic priesthood out of the treasury has been properly abandoned. But other means of conciliation, and other materials of cohesion, may be readily resorted to; and although money cannot be directly given, because the immediate donation would be attended with incidents of discredit, yet it requires no great skill to put it into a judicious circulation by circuitous conductors, and to convey to the priesthood, in the shape of fair and legitimate remuneration, what would be acceptable as a well-earned reward for their labours, although it might be indignantly repudiated if it came under another, and more direct and obnoxious form.

The sums which are annually voted for the encouragement of education in Ireland are considerable. The aggregate of these sums is large enough to attain, to a great extent, the objects which I propose. Let it be remembered that nothing can be more remote from my intention than to recommend that a system of bribery should be instituted, and that, in consideration of their political complaisance, the priesthood of Ireland should receive, what Foigard calls, "a gratification." I wish that the money, or at least the far larger part of it, which is given to Ireland for the cultivation of the national mind, should be expended in the purpose for which it is ostensibly voted; a small portion of it might, without any sort of misapplication, be allocated to the payment of clerical teachers; but I am convinced, from what I know of the clergy, that they would generally give their gratuitous labour in return for the donation of instruction to the people. This might be left, in a great measure, to their own discretion. But whether they would be its mere distributors, or in the dissemination of the fund, any part of the golden dust should adhere to their fingers, the result would still be equally beneficial, or nearly so, as far as the ends of conciliation were concerned. Feeling that they were trusted by the Government, that they were in its employment for purposes useful and honourable, and that they were the conductors selected by the state for the diffusion of its bounty, they could not fail to become attached to it, and to spread into the mass of the community, over which they exercise an influence at once so great and so well merited, a corresponding sentiment.

It is commonly imagined that the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland is hostile to education. The generality of Protestants have been long taught to believe that the dominion of the clergy depends upon the ignorance of the people—that the autocracy of priestcraft rests upon national ignorance, and that the gaolers of the mind are anxious to shut out the light from every crevice of their immense prison-house, lest their captives should avail themselves of its admission, in order to burst their bars, and to break through their bondage. These imputations have been so frequently reiterated, that they have at last grown into a general credence in England; and it is almost universally believed that the clergy are not only opposed to the dissemination of the materials of religious controversy, but that they are the antagonists of information; that they would prevent even the elements of literature from being diffused; that they have anathematized the spelling-book, and put the

alphabet to the ban. This charge is, of all others against this grossly calumniated body, perhaps the most unfounded. The number of charitable establishments in the City of Dublin alone, which are under the superintendence of the Catholic clergy, and of which the object is the instruction of the poor, conveys a complete refutation of this most unwarrantable charge. Scarcely a single Sunday goes by, without a solemn adjuration by the priest from his pulpit, to feed the poor with intellectual aliment, and to invest their minds with instruction. I might point out many institutions, under the auspices of the priesthood, which furnish a splendid contradiction to this baneful misrepresentation. There is one, however, which, beyond all the rest, deserves the most unqualified commendation. I refer to the Christian brotherhood, established by Mr. Edmond Price, of the City of Waterford, for the sole purpose of educating the children of the poor. This association, which is one of the religious fraternities attached by vows of celibacy and other obligations (although the members are laymen) to the Church of Rome, originated in Waterford. Its founder, Mr. Price, had acquired some property in mercantile pursuits, which, having determined to dedicate himself exclusively to religion, he applied to the education of the poor of that city. He induced others to join him. In a short time the individuals who had entered into this society, were enabled to establish a very considerable school. The benefits of their truly Christian labours were speedily experienced. Hundreds of children, who would have been flung out in the destitution which accompanies ignorance upon the world, acquired under the auspices of this invaluable confraternity, the rudiments of learning. With knowledge they acquired morals; and at this day there are many respectable men in business in the city where this institution was first cradled, who are surrounded with comforts, approximating to affluence; and who owe all they possess to the habits which they acquired under Edmond Price. He was enabled, by occasional donations to his establishment, and by the application of his own property, the entire of which he consecrated to this salutary end, to spread the ramifications of this society beyond the spot where it was originally planted, and every where it yielded good results. There are, at this moment, several establishments founded by this most excellent and meritorious man in different parts of Ireland. He has now four thousand boys in his different schools, who are all gratuitously instructed. This single individual has done more to promote education than the whole Kildare-street Society put together; and it appears to me to be a great misapplication of the public money to confide its allocation to that demi-religious and demi-political corporation, which is beyond all doubt the object of no ordinary disrelish, instead of selecting such a society, connected with the Catholic priesthood by ties so close as to constitute a species of identity, as the medium of distribution.

The efforts, as zealous as they are sustained and persevering, which have been made by this association, are mentioned as examples of the favourable dispositions of the Irish Roman Catholic Church towards the general diffusion of knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the names of the two great leaders of the Catholic hierarchy, Doctors Doyle and Murray, as farther corroboratives of my position. Both of these eminent prelates, distinguished for eloquence, for erudition,

and for piety, have not only given their personal sanction to the establishments for the advancement of instruction, but out of their contracted pecuniary means, have been always prompt in the office of contribution; and however numerous and multifarious their occupations, have never refused to ascend the pulpit, for the purpose of enforcing, beyond any other act of benevolence, the merit and the usefulness of contributing to the education of the poor. When this solicitude exists amongst all classes of the Roman Catholic population for the advantages of instruction, and the clergy have manifested their alacrity in its propagation, it strikes me that a wise Government ought to take advantage of these dispositions and employ such obvious means to win a most powerful corporation to their side.

The trust which would be reposed in the priesthood would not only have the effect of attaching them to the State, but it would also have an immediate tendency to conciliate the people. They are brought up with a conviction, which habit has converted into a kind of instinct, that the law does not exist for any other purposes in their regard, excepting for those of restraint and chastisement. This is not a very unnatural feeling. The penal code could not fail to generate this unwholesome surmise. It was at one period founded in fact; and it would be strange if, even under a most material change of circumstances, it did not still, to a great extent, continue. The exclusive occupation of all places of even the smallest emolument, and of the slightest distinction, by Protestants, the Protestant constitution of all public establishments, the presence of ascendancy in every department of society, as well as in every walk of life, must needs have impressed the peasant that he was more or less an outcast; that he lived but for the purposes of suffering and of humiliation; and that he was, in reality, an inferior and degraded being. The system is now changed; but the feelings and the habitudes which have been generated by it, will not immediately pass away. They will not fade of themselves; they must be rubbed out and effaced. Direct and active expedients must be adopted in order to banish the fatal propensities which the peasantry have unavoidably contracted. Education—and, above all, education through the priesthood—will go a great way in accomplishing this great good. It will, in the first place, show them that the members of their own body, whom they are most accustomed to respect, are the objects of favour and of confidence with the Government; and this demonstration will greatly tend to link them with authority, by disabusing them of deeply-rooted prejudice, of which I know no other means half so effectual to effect the eradication. In the next place, it will raise up in that generation which is passing rapidly from childhood into puberty, and from puberty into full manhood, a far more moral peasantry. Perhaps the complete amelioration of the grown population of Ireland can scarcely be expected; but assuredly it is of great moment to apply the principles and the practice of a useful system of intellectual culture to the soil that is as yet unbroken, and from whose natural fertility so large a harvest of utility may be reasonably expected. But even with those whose tendencies are already formed, with the satellites of Captain Rock, whose sports are sought in tumults, and who light up their festivities with conflagrations, I do not despair of doing much through a similar instrumentality. Let the most vehement supporter of the agrarian system of Draconic legislation

(whose laws are indeed written in blood,) behold his children going every day to a public school, of which his priest is the master; let him every day feel, in his own domestic circle, the benefits of that instruction which is gratuitously conveyed, and through a grateful and a respected medium, to his own family; let him at the break of day, as he goes to his labours in the field, and as he returns from them at its close, behold, in the village school-house, an evidence and a monument of the fair and kindly intentions of those by whom the law is administered and enforced,—and gradually, if not at once, the good feelings of his nature will get the upper hand, his generous emotions will prevail, and instead of transmitting his evil inclinations to his progeny, he will, on the contrary, derive from them some portion of the salutary sentiments with which they will have been inspired.

I have given little more than a few outlines, the mere general views, or, as the French say, the “*aperçues*” of this most important question. I cannot, within the compass to which an article of this kind must necessarily be confined, enter into minute details; yet, before I leave the topic of education, I cannot refrain from adverting to what has always appeared to me to be most deserving of the attention both of the Legislature and of the Government,—I mean the larger endowment and augmentation of the funds of Maynooth College. They are at present miserably insufficient even for the purposes which are proposed, and they would be utterly inadequate to the greater and more national ends, of which this college might be made the instrument. When Mr. Canning was in Ireland, he visited Maynooth incognito, and was disgusted with the necessities to which he found that poverty had reduced both the professors and the students in what ought to be a great national seminary. But, considering the poor pittance which is given for the education of such a body as the priesthood of seven millions, it is rather wonderful that so much has been accomplished, than it is surprising that little has been effected. Take the priests of Ireland, and on the average they will be found to possess information quite beyond their comparative means of acquiring it; and their manners, although deficient, perhaps, in the gracefulness and merits which a Jesuit would exhibit, are seldom or never rude, and even when they are so, are not intended to be offensive. When, therefore, Maynooth has done so much, it should be an inducement to the Government to turn it into still larger and more useful account, and by elevating the source from which clerical instruction is derived, to give it, in its progress through the country, a deeper and a wider current. Why should not a Catholic college, with nearly all the honours and advantages of a university, be established? If it be admitted that the priesthood are a most important and influential body, and that upon them the improvement of Ireland is mainly dependent, it is quite obvious that the nursery of that priesthood is deserving of the most solicitous care. It is, then, at Maynooth that the great business of national reformation should commence. Let its professorships be honourably endowed; let the chairs of the college be the rewards of great talent and erudition, which independence will unquestionably stimulate; let the course of studies be lengthened, and instead of merely catching up enough of Latin to go through the diurnal process of reading the breviary, let the students be made as much masters of the classical languages, and the works of which they are the

medium, as the scholars of foreign universities; let science be cultivated, let eloquence be studied, and the principles of good taste be fixed in the mind; and, above all, let a deep persuasion, founded upon the evidence of the facts brought home to their own doors, be established, that the Government of these countries, instead of giving to the church of the people a cold and equivocal support, which rather blighted than sheltered it are unaffectedly anxious to nurture and to sustain it, and upon noble and extended branches to make it bear valuable fruit. While I give this recommendation, I am far from meaning to say that the University of Dublin is to be despoiled in order to enrich its younger sister. Let their portions be both independent of each other, and let the establishment, more directly connected with the state, be the more favoured of the two. No Roman Catholic will begrudge the wealth of that University, where it must be owned that, as far as the students are concerned, there is no invidious distinction between Catholics and Protestants maintained. But the preference to be still given to Dublin College is perfectly compatible with a large extension of favour to the Institution, which has hitherto been treated as a mere step-child, and allowed to starve for want of a sufficiency of alment for its natural and wholesome sustenance.

The advocates of the established Church in Ireland, and especially Lord Plunket, have repeatedly insisted that the distribution of a number of well-educated persons through the country, who were bound by their profession to maintain a decency and a regularity of conduct, so far from being injurious to the community, was accompanied by signal advantages, and tended to counteract the evils of squirearchy in Ireland. They have expatiated upon the good results of the system of residency, which the recent enforcement of it among churchmen was likely to produce, and have plausibly contended that the want of a local gentry was supplied, in a great degree, by the members of the established religion, who, in the great majority of instances, spent most of their time in their curés. I am not prepared to controvert the justice, to a certain extent, of these observations; but if it be true that a body of enlightened gentlemen, with moderate incomes, whose manner and deportment afford incentives to civilization, are calculated to be useful, though they should be the ministers of a religion which is not only not that of the people, but which has been the object of their antipathy, how much larger would be the advantages which would ensue from the location in every district of a well-educated, refined, and intelligent clergyman, with literary tendencies, and accomplished manners, unattended by the domestic solitudes which are incidental to the connubial condition of the Protestant clergy, and placed in a happy and virtuous mean between indigence and luxury, with leisure and inclination to cultivate his own mind, and to improve the habits of those who should be committed to his charge. The creation of such a clergy in Ireland, for which there exists admirable materials, would, beyond all doubt, work a great national improvement; and the first measure to be adopted for the effectuation of this end, is the larger endowment of Maynooth. It appears to be strangely incongruous that the sum of 25,000*l.* should be annually granted to the Kildare-street Society, for the purposes of education, and that no more than 9828*l.* should be

granted for the academical instruction of that most influential body, which might be easily rendered the moral police of Ireland.

The consideration of the means of pacifying and mitigating the peasantry through the instrumentality which I have suggested, leads me to some reflections upon the course which is now pursued in order to keep them under restraint. There can be little question entertained as to the failure of the constabulary force in the prevention of crime, and in the production of peaceful habits amongst the people. A small party of ten or twelve men, dressed in green jackets and trowsers, with leather belts round their waists, to which a sword is appended, and provided with a musket and cartridge-box, are stationed in the midst of an enormous and most tumultuous population. They are generally Protestants, and Protestants of the worst class, most of them being initiated into the mysteries of Orangeism. Their functions alone would be sufficient to make them the objects of popular aversion, and it seemed to be scarcely necessary to superadd religion as a farther ingredient of alienation. Knowing that they are detested, and being few in number, they are rendered cruel by the danger to which they are exposed, and when surrounded by an angry rabble, are always ready to have recourse to their fire-arms and to their bayonets, and in many instances anticipate, instead of waiting for provocation. The number of homicides (to use the most modified phrase) committed by the police in a single year, affords a proof of the necessity of introducing some alteration in the structure of this rural force. It is but necessary to refer to the dreadful transactions at Borrisokane in order to illustrate the justice of this observation. If it were inquired of me what expedient I should adopt, with a view to the proposed amelioration, I would suggest, in the first place, that, in the selection of persons to serve in the police, care should be taken to create a mixture of Catholics and of Protestants, and that a preference should, in general, be given to the professors of the creed of the people. Before the settlement of the Catholic Question, it was quite natural, and indeed it was almost necessary, that a government built upon the principle of exclusion should, even in the exercise of its inferior patronage, take care to sustain the system of ascendancy, and draw the underlings of power from the same storehouse of orthodoxy out of which higher functionaries were supplied. As the monopoly of all the important offices at the bar, in the revenue, and in the rest of the higher departments of society, held the gentry of Ireland together, and produced a coalition, of which Protestantism was the cement, so amongst the inferior order of Protestants, the loyal plebeians of Ireland, the conviction that they would be equally the objects of predilection, and that the whole of the minor but multifarious emoluments of Government were to be distributed amongst them, bound them in bonds of self-interest as strong as any of the ligatures by which their superiors were tied together. There are several acts of the Irish Parliament, in which provisos are introduced that all the watchmen in Dublin, and in other considerable towns, should be Protestants. The English reader of such clauses may be at first disposed to start, but a little reflection will convince him, that if the exclusive policy was to be maintained, there was every reason to extend it to the lower from the better orders of society. I account for the majority of Protestants in

the police upon this principle of selection. There is no longer any motive for practising these expedients in order to strengthen the Protestant interest. To keep the country was formerly its object, and it was only by the uniform and systematic preference of the smaller caste, and by the creation of division, that this could be effected; but now that all danger of losing the country is entirely passed by, the object should be to pacify and to civilize it, and the attainment of these ends requires upon the part of the authorities an adaptation of the means to the character, habits, and prejudices of the people. To apply these abstract remarks to the subject which gave rise to them, the constitution of the constabulary force, I think it obvious that the Irish *gens d'armes*, as they have been not inappositely designated, should be made as little obnoxious to the peasantry as it is possible; and that, if authority be always more or less odious, and especially in a country circumstanced as Ireland is, efforts should be made to divest it, as far as it is possible to do so, of the qualities which create antipathy; and to make it acceptable to the people, the Catholicity of the police would go a great way in accomplishing this purpose. If every Sunday they were seen marching to chapel, and not to church, and if they were mixed with the populace round the altar, while the priest (Father Spain, for example) lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "Dominus vobiscum!" the extension of this indiscriminate benediction over all his auditors would divest even the most obnoxious portion of his congregation of a good deal of their offensive attributes, and induce the people to merge the police-man in the Catholic, to pardon the shouldering of the musket for the sake of the genuflection at the altar, and almost to embrace with cordiality the man whom they now regard with horror, and for whose blood, in every tumult, they feel a ferocious appetite, to which there is not unfrequently applied the stimulant of wrong. It will not be enough that the great mass of the police should be Roman Catholic; it would also be most useful that the chief constables should be selected from the same portion of the community. On the character of the chief-constables must in a great measure depend the dispositions and the conduct of the persons under his control. It would be judicious to confer upon the Catholic priesthood some little patronage in the selection both of the men and of their superiors. This privilege would operate as a compensation for the want of salaries from Government to the priesthood, to which, at least in the present state of the country, I am entirely averse. If the priest, the chief-constable, and the force under him, could all be made to pull well together, it is sufficiently clear that a far more effectual and better-combined system of local superintendence over the public quiet would be the result; and if any person who reads these observations shall be disposed to think that I am recommending an investment of influence and authority in the Catholic body, and especially in its clergy, I answer that the great and paramount object is to tranquillize Ireland; to impart civilization to her people; to eradicate and tear up the propensities to savageness and ferocity, and to superinduce pacific and well-ordered habitudes amongst all classes of the community. Before objects of such incalculable importance, all others should vanish. There is no price too extravagant for the purchase of public repose and the acquisition of general tranquillity; and, if I shall be told that I am virtually proposing a species of Catholic ascendancy,

in the measures which I recommend, even if I were to acknowledge the charge in its widest latitude, still, if rapine, murder, and conflagration could be put down by these means, from the utility of their end they would derive their vindication. Provided the furies can be bound, it is of little moment how chains are fabricated. But in truth, there is no ascendancy, nor any thing like an ascendancy of Catholic influence contained in these expedients. It might as well be said, that, because Greek sailors work the Turkish vessels, therefore the Greeks are the masters of the Ottoman navy. I have assigned to Roman Catholics, according to my plan, no situations which can give them an undue, or even a considerable political influence. Of what account in the balance would be all the artificial weights which I have superadded to Catholicism, if it were to enter the scales against Protestant property? Let not the members of the Establishment take alarm, their millions of acres will outweigh the school-houses of the Catholic clergy and the barracks of a Catholic police.

The administration of justice must immediately engage the attention of the Government. The same policy which gave a Protestant character to the inferior departments of the executive, did not, of course, fail to impress it upon the public tribunals. This was not only consistent, but inevitable. In times of civil commotion, justice throws down her balance, lifts the veil from her eyes, and brandishes the sword. I am surprised that Protestants take the impeachment of the partial administration of the law in bad part. How could they have existed amidst an inflamed and exasperated nation, unless they had reserved to themselves the artificial constituents of power, and counteracted the immense disproportion of numbers by the influence of combination? The instincts of self-preservation operated to a great extent in all the expedients which were adopted in order to maintain a predominance, and nowhere so much as in the administration of the law. The judges were Protestant by Act of Parliament; but that was not sufficient. The conspicuous station, which is occupied by a person who fills judicial functions, must render him exceedingly cautious in the manifestation of his biases; whereas the comparatively obscure, and the transitory nature of the duties of a juror, render him less obnoxious to criticism, and readily commend his delinquencies to oblivion. I am convinced that there has been much fouler work practised in the sequestration of a jurors' chamber, than was ever in the worst times perpetrated on the bench. It will be, I hope, recollected, that I am not now indulging in any invective against the system which existed before Catholic Emancipation had made it superfluous. I am at the same time accounting for the existence of past and almost inseparable abuses, and pointing out the inexpediency of adhering to them with a factious pertinacity, when circumstances have undergone so great a change. There no longer exists any plausible motive for arraying a band of Protestants in the jury-box, whenever a delinquent against not only the laws of society, but of humanity, is put upon his trial. In the recent trials which took place in the county of Tipperary, in almost every case the jurors were Protestants. I do not mean to say that the Crown paid any regard to the religion of those who were put aside. The panel, however, is so constituted, that Protestantism is always to be found at the top; and, indeed, it is of such depth, that the twenty challenges given to the

prisoner cannot get below it, and reach the substratum of Catholicity which is to be found in the lower degrees of the panel. This is a most serious evil. Though justice may be administered with the purest impartiality by a body of Protestant jurors, still a community so suspicious and distrustful as the Irish peasantry will always refer their verdicts to their religion. It has been often said, but it cannot be too frequently repeated, that it is of as much consequence to impart a confidence in the administration of the laws to the lower classes, as to render it pure and unbiassed. I cannot avoid the expression of a wish, that as much attention had been paid to the character of justice as to its purity; for it is as baneful that its reputation should be tarnished, as that its integrity should be debauched. Positive directions ought to be given to compound the juries of mixed ingredients. It must, however, be admitted, in fairness to the Irish Government, that they have already taken one great step in effecting a material improvement; a great number of Roman Catholic gentlemen have been named sheriffs for the succeeding year, in the counties where their respective properties are situated. The sight of a Catholic sheriff in his carriage drawn by four horses, as he enters the assize town with the judges, while a long train of halbert-bearers, attended with a brace of trumpeters, make up the procession, will have an imposing influence upon the great mass of the spectators, whose political notions are not unfrequently founded upon such apparently insignificant circumstance. But until either the appointment of the sheriffs of the city of Dublin shall be wrested from the Corporation, or the Corporation itself shall receive a large accession of Catholicity, (an event by no means probable,) it will be utterly impossible to render the administration of the law satisfactory to the people. The case with respect to the sheriffs of Dublin is very simple. The sheriffs elect the jurors, the corporators elect the sheriffs, and the corporators are, almost to a man, possessed by the most violent spirit of factious partizanship. The very sources being thus discoloured, it can scarcely be expected that the currents that flow out of them should be exceedingly crystalline and pure. This vitiation of justice in the metropolis is the more disastrous, inasmuch as almost all important political questions which fall within the cognizance of our public tribunals are decided by Dublin jurors. The press is thus completely at the mercy of the Corporation; and it is to be feared that it is not merely in matters of a direct political tendency that these evil influences have an operation, but in cases between man and man, and where there is no ostensible avenue for the admission of political motive; it is to be apprehended, and at all events it is habitually suspected, that the men who are so eminent for their factious zeal beyond the jury-box, are not entirely free within it; and that the same passions which act upon them in all the walks of ordinary life, are not, the moment they assume their jurist functions, miraculously put aside. But, however the fact may stand, it is certain that the Corporation juries have grown into general discredit. It is a common observation that "a Catholic has little chance with them;" and whether it be well or ill founded, it is clear that pains ought to be taken to do away this most injurious of all impressions. If the Government shall seriously determine to abate this abuse, they will not find it very difficult. They have a vote in the appointment of sheriffs as it is; but this is a power which they will be slow to exercise,

except in cases of peculiarly offensive nomination. The enormous misapplication of the funds vested in the Corporation of Dublin for the benefit of the citizens, affords an opportunity of bringing the whole Corporation under legislative revision; and it will be no very great stretch of authority to take away from them the main engine of their power, when once the principle of interference shall have been adopted.

I have limited myself, in the consideration of the evils which affect Ireland, and the remedies of those evils, to that class of injury which arises immediately from the relative condition of the Protestant and Catholic population. The first object of the Government ought to be, to correct the bad consequences of that code which it is not sufficient to abolish, in order to efface the traces which it has left behind. I avoid, for the present, any discussion upon other subjects not proximately connected with Protestantism and Catholicity, though I am fully sensible of the importance of the great topics of emigration, and the enforcement of a provision for the poor. To these momentous themes I shall hereafter direct my attention, satisfying myself at present with observing, that the great obstacle in the way of Poor laws, which is supposed to arise from the difficulty of procuring an efficacious system of overseership, might be overcome, by making the Protestant and Catholic clergymen the stewards of the pauper fund, and obliging them to account half-yearly, at vestries composed of all classes of the people. They would act in nominal copartnership; but the rivalry of religion, and their individual competition, would operate as checks, while public opinion would exercise over them a more than ordinary control.

In the views which I have thrown out, I have spoken prospectively. It may be asked, What is the present state of the public mind? There appears to me to exist a languor, which is the consequence that succeeds to great exertion, and the exhaustion of amazing efforts. The only man in Ireland who retains his indefatigability of spirit, and an energy that seems to be indomitable, is Daniel O'Connell. He has invited the nation to co-operate with him in the repeal of the Union with almost as much zeal as when he called on his fellow-citizens to confederate in the cause of Emancipation. Hitherto, however, there has been but a very feeble echo returned to his trumpet-tongued adjurations. The aristocracy stand aloof; the people are torpid and doubtful; and one of the most zealous of his former associates, in walking with him along the beach of the sea, while he was pointing out the utility and the practicability of dissolving the bonds between the two countries, is reported to have stretched his arm towards a steam-boat that hove in sight, and to have replied, "There is my answer." But although a disposition to sympathize with Mr. O'Connell has not as yet been manifested, it must be recollected, that, notwithstanding he may now find no alliance in the national passions, he may soon succeed in enlisting those best of all auxiliaries, events, upon his side; and men who now hesitate and stand still until incidents shall give a determination to their conduct, may be soon hurried back into the agitation from which they have emerged. There is in Ireland a strong democratic feeling engendered by the discussion of the Catholic Question, and in one shape or other it is likely to appear. The love of noting and of hearing inflammatory harangues has not yet passed away; and it would not be very difficult to organize an assembly, which would in a short

time apply as strong stimulants to the popular passions as the celebrated Catholic Association. As yet, O'Connell stands alone--his old companions have not united themselves with him, but they will probably suffer a relapse into their former habits, and partly from the passion for notoriety, and partly from their vexation with the Government, they will rally round the standard which he knew how to bear so well. A petitioning committee, or even a series of political convivialities provided at a few shillings a-head, would soon furnish a wide field for the indulgence of the rhetorical and tribunitian propensities; and a feeling would be excited by dint of continuous declamation, which would produce a gradual excitement in the country. The Irish Church, be it remembered, is one of the most alluring topics which were ever offered, either to fierce invective or to sardonic derision, and its abuses will, unquestionably, not escape ridicule and denouncement. The transition from the correction of real evils to the suggestion of imaginary ones, is, we all know, not very difficult. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the Government, and especially the local government of Ireland, to watch with great vigilance over the popular emotions. It will be for them to determine whether they will choose the active spirits who have shown themselves to be masters in the arts of agitation, for their supporters or their foes. If any unfair dealing be practised; if the system of studied exclusion shall be adhered to; if the underlings of office at the Castle are permitted to exercise the virtual autocracy which they once held; if no substantial change shall take place, there will soon prevail in Ireland as much disquietude, which will be succeeded by as much contention, as formerly prevailed. I own, however, that I have a great confidence in the wisdom and in the sound views of a man, who, without any ostentation and false glare of liberality, has conducted the affairs of Ireland, which is virtually entrusted to his care, in such a way as to convince all impartial persons that he has the real interests of the country strongly at heart, and that he fully understands them. Lord Francis Leveson Gower is a person of great intellectual attainments, who, by extending his honourable zeal in the pursuit of literary renown to the acquisition of political celebrity, will, in all likelihood, reach to the highest eminence in the State, and be one day enabled to dispense from the heights of power the benefits which I have no doubt his patriotism makes him solicitous to confer upon his country. Borne upon the pinnacles of fortune, with opulence almost incalculably great, and connected with the great patrician families in the empire,—with extensive knowledge, genius, of which his works give such abundant proof, and in the flower of life—what may not such a man yet accomplish, by taking advantage of the glorious opportunities with which he is encompassed? The statesmen who filled the office which he holds before him, were commissioned to sow discord, and to perpetuate dissension in Ireland. Yet that bad and baneful function was sufficiently important to render them of great consequence in the political world. How much more noble is the task which has been assigned to him. If Mr. Peel, when his peculiar cast of political opinions, which he has since so generously expiated, threw him into the arms of the ascendancy, was enabled, by his government of Ireland, to attain to so much importance, how much more noble are the occasions of genuine celebrity which are afforded to the man, who, in this great crisis, holds the reins of

the Irish government, and therefore the fortunes of Ireland, in his hands ! To give to the great name its glorious consummation ; to build up to its full height the structure, of which Wellington has laid the foundation ; to effect the permanent reconciliation of parties, whom the accumulated odium of a century had divided ; to banish the relics of those animosities which, as long as they prevail, must frustrate to a great extent all the wise designs of the Legislature ; to correct, with a hand at once cautious and resolute, the abuses which remain to be removed, and to deposit in the national mind the seeds of lasting improvement ; to unite the Irish people amongst themselves, and at the same time to complete their identity with the great nation, in whose liberties they now enjoy a full participation ;—these are the objects which ought to be proposed to himself, by the nobleman whom, without, I hope, any deviation from the personal respect which is due to him, I have thus ventured to awaken to a consciousness of his large means to achieve incalculable good, and endeavoured to make sensible of all the genuine glory which would attend it.

RECollections OF A GÖTTINGEN STUDENT.

I LEFT London in the company, and under the guidance of the Royal Hanoverian Quarterly Courier, a long-sounding title enough ; the holder of which, however, is nothing more or less than the bearer of Government dispatches to and from Hanover and London, and the executor of various commissions for private individuals ; to say nothing of any little speculations, in the way of trade, which he may carry on on his own account. We travelled to Harwich in one of the night coaches, the whole of which vehicle was appropriated to our two selves, a large hamper of puppies, I believe intended for Prince George of Cambridge, and sundry other packages and parcels of all sorts and sizes. From Harwich we started in the packet-boat, without another fellow-passenger, for Cuxhaven, where we arrived safely, after a very quick voyage, performed in what, at least to my landsman's ideas, was a very rough gale of wind. Just off the mouth of the Elbe, we touched on a sand-bank ; that part of the German Ocean abounds with shelves of land ; but luckily, it was only " touch and go " with us, though it was rather a smart shock too, and jolted a great many boxes and so forth about the cabin, and me nearly out of my birth. It was pouring with rain when we landed, and in spite of cloaks and umbrellas, I was thoroughly drenched to the skin before I got safe into the inn. All ideas of looking about me outside the house I was forced to abandon from the state of the weather, and inside I saw hardly any thing to receive me. I was out of England ; the landlord and the waiters spoke English, some of the sentences rather fractured to be sure, and the idiom partially dislocated ; there was a good deal of German talking and swearing between my friend the Courier and the porters, who were bringing in or packing up the luggage, but this sounded much like the uncouth Babylonian bustle of an English inn ; I was too hungry to note much what I ate ; and, in fact, I believe the only things that did strike my observation, were the large protruding stove or oven, cased in glazed Dutch tiles, and the exceedingly dirty and frowzy look of the women-

servants. By the by, I wonder that in some national treaty between England and the German States, or Holland, it has not been made an express stipulation that that word frowzy should be excluded at any rate from our dictionaries, seeing that the term is so direct and disagreeable an insult on either the German or Dutch females ; it being evidently derived from the *vrouw* of the one language, or the *frau* of the other, either word signifying women.

From Cuxhaven we started for Hanover in a couple of open calashed carriages, which my comrade insisted on calling by the literally translated but ominously-sounding name of waggons : one of these held ourselves and the puppies, which were our constant companions, and the other was piled up with luggage of all kinds. As soon as we escaped, a proper expression, for there was some peril in the passage, from the broad ditches in the neighbourhood of Cuxhaven and Ritzebuettel, our road lay over the widely-extended Quenebourg Heath, and a shocking road it was, running for the whole of that, and the greater part of next day's journey over a tract of loose sand, wherein at times the "waggons" sank up to the wheel naves : such little accidents, of course, helped to retard our progress, of itself tardy enough ; especially as any trifling advance ahead, we, in the lighter-loaded vehicle, were enabled to make, was always of necessity foregone by our being obliged to halt for the arrival of the baggage-waggon. Altogether so bad a road I never journeyed on before, and never but once since, and that was when I returned on the same, a year and a half afterwards. The view on all sides was most lonely ; not a house, not a tree, not a shrub to be seen for hours together, nothing but the far flat heath, over which the wind came howling most drearily and dismally. The post-stations were, for the most part, miserable hovels, sheltered by a few trees, generally firs, from the wind, which otherwise would have blown on them unimpeded from every quarter of the heavens. The interior of these houses presented a strange scene of filth and discomfort. The floor was chiefly unboarded, often quite unprepared, that is, composed of the rude earth itself, trodden down into a hard incrustation by the feet of its various in-dwellers ; the gorge of the chimney, of immense capacity, seemed insufficient to swallow all the smoke proceeding from the smouldering peat fire, for large clouds were continually eddying about the apartment, and that these were not the mere effects of casual gusts of wind, might be inferred from the soot-blackened walls and rafters on every side, even at a far distance from the fire itself. These houses seemed generally to be of only one story, and often of only one room, that room partitioned off into sundry divisions for bed-chambers, cow-sheds, and pig-styes, by skeleton wood framework, and occasionally a coarse baize curtain. In spite of all this, we got at these stations—the only thing, except horses, that we required—exceedingly good coffee, served up very nicely with hot cream and silver tea-spoons, and costing very little ; forming, indeed, a very pleasant contrast to the muddy and costly filth we got at Colchester, where, while my companion grumbled over the exorbitant price demanded, he had triumphantly prognosticated the change I should find on the other side of the water, certainly not without just cause. The horses for the greater part of our journey were nearly as bad as the road ; and with

these appliances and means, it may be imagined that our progress was any thing but rapid, in spite, too, of the typical golden greyhound which dangled round my companion's neck, and which, when more than once in our journey even his German patience became exhausted, he would grasp with a desperate energy, and shake in the postilion's face, who seemed as much terrified by the action as ever a London thief could be by the exhibition of a constable's staff. These postilions were altogether strange personages, and in their official garb, consisting usually of a much-worn red coat, faced with blue, a tattered hat, edged with tarnished gold lace, and a bruised and often cracked brass bugle, hung by a piece of rope round the neck, they presented certainly not the most respectable of figures. From these bugles they from time to time, especially when we approached towns or villages, caused to proceed the "most melancholy" sounds, at least so they were to my untutored ear;—to my companion they seemed "most musical," for he frequently enjoined the driver to blow forth some scrannel strain or other, to enliven the tedium of our journey. He varied it at any rate, much after the pleasant fashion that the grating of a knife-grinder's wheel might vary the monotonous silence of some out-of-the-way court in the City. It was a curious sight to me, when our horses stopped in ready obedience to the word of command—if such the rumbling "Pooz-z-zh!" of a German postilion might be designated—to see these men standing by the side of the animals with a huge black rye loaf under one arm, from which they were cutting slices to feed alternately themselves and their cattle. This rye bread is the common food of the peasantry from necessity, and is very often eaten by the middling classes from choice; it has a very sour flavour, to which use may so far habituate one, that, in my own case, I became decidedly fond of it before I left the country. I brought one of the enormous loaves home with me, for they bake it in great masses, as it keeps moist a long time; but I could prevail on no English palate to relish it. This was not the only wonder in the eating-way that I witnessed during this journey: after I had been enjoying some true German sausage, I inquired of my companion what it was composed of, and was horrified to learn that its principal ingredient was raw ham; and farther astonished to hear that this said raw ham was, in its state of totally unadulterate rawness, considered a dainty, and eaten more frequently in that state than cooked. I had the curiosity, or philosophy, to taste some, after one or two arguments with my companion on the nastiness of the proceeding, and could by no means prevail on myself to be so disgusted as I had intended to be; and as I gradually came to like the ham in this state, I found a sufficient apology for my apparent cannibalism in the fact, that the pieces of the ham did really undergo as chemical a dressing by being hung for a long time in smoke, as they would have done by the more speedy operation of boiling or broiling. The ham in this state was invariably eaten, as far as my observation went, on a small wooden trencher; I presume from the circumstance of its being rather tough, and German knives not over-sharp, to prevent the slithering about, which would probably ensue were it eaten off an earthenware plate. All the Westphalia hams that we import are thus fit to eat in their uncooked state, if we only had the

courage to try them.* I very soon, in my own defence, found it needful to like tobacco-smoking; for as my companion hardly had his pipe from his lips during our journey to Hanover, I found it as well to imbibe the fumes for my own pleasure, as perforce, and at second-hand. I was very much struck with the appearance of the female peasantry during this journey; the first time we fell in with them, (and indeed, excepting the postilions and the invariably *old* women at the hovels before spoken of, with any human beings whatever) was towards the close of our first day's journey, when their gaudy-hued dresses, short petticoats, and a large bundle of some kind, which each was bearing on her head, had at a little distance the effect of an immense turban; their figures, too, being the only visible objects between the eye and the rich sunset horizon, gave them altogether a new and truly outlandish appearance. I became, however, in the course of the next morning, so much accustomed to their costume—the seemingly useless little chintz skull-cap that they wear, having taken place of the huge fancied turban—that when, on arriving at some post-town in our route, I saw a girl habited in a plain black silk gown, with her hair in curls, instead of being simply parted on the forehead, and braided behind the ear, according to the present fashion with us, and the almost national mode of Germany, my first impression was that she was English.

We got to Hanover after a journey of nearly three days, during which I got very little sleep, but superabundance of jolting. At Hanover I only stayed one week, and shall defer any observations on the place and its inhabitants to the relation of a longer sojourn, which I subsequently made there. I merely now notice two particular customs: the first a general one—that of every man's taking off his hat to each acquaintance he met in the street. Individuals, who seemed to be on such terms of intimacy as in London would authorise them now-a-days to shake, or at least touch hands with one another, even if they stopped and spoke, invariably uncovered their heads both at meeting and parting; so that in a small town like Hanover, every man not quite unknown, was sure of having plenty of opportunities of ventilating his head during his perambulations through the streets, as he could hardly fail of meeting many, with whom he was acquainted. This custom, besides being a formal and inconvenient one, is absolutely uneconomical; for the brim of a man's hat unavoidably gets worn and shabby by such continual thumbing. The other custom was an anniversary one:—it was Whitsun-week, and all the inhabitants of the middle or lower rank had large fresh-gathered branches of trees either hung from their windows, or fastened to their door-posts; and as long as the leaves remained green, this had a very pleasant effect. I started for Göttingen, not in the regular post diligence, but in a hired carriage, and assuredly any extra convenience I might have gained by this arrangement was more than compensated for by the exceeding dilatoriness of our progress. I was thoroughly at the mercy of the driver,

* A friend of mine, living in Northamptonshire, who has glanced over these recollections, laughs at my cockney ignorance, and tells me that English bacon is by the country people and himself eaten more frequently raw than cooked: I had heard of this before, indeed, but as I had never "analyzed" or "tasted" it, I could not be said to "know" it.

for I could not speak five words of German, and so was even forced to let him have his own way, however tedious he might choose to make it. I slept one night on the road, at the little town of Einbeck, about midway between Hanover and Göttingen—a place I shall have to make more mention of hereafter. I was not a little pleased to find at the inn where we put up, (the Kron Prinz,) that our hostess was an English-woman, though from long residence in Germany she had almost forgotten her native tongue: her husband, in fact, though a German, spoke English as well, if not better, than she; and between them both I was made very comfortable and at home—two thorough English expressions. I arrived at Göttingen the following forenoon in a shower, that seemed expressly to have fallen in order characteristically to welcome me to what, among students from more favoured parts of the land, has obtained the elegant nick-name of “The Cesspool of Germany.” The town itself, as I was driven along the principal street, struck me as looking—as far at least as a town in such a rain as was then falling could be anyway said to look—a clean and neat place enough, and singularly quiet and empty; at any rate, I was egregiously misled on the two latter points. As soon as I had alighted at the inn, I contrived to make myself so far understood as to procure the guidance of the waiter, to the Botanical Garden, to the Inspector of which I had a letter of introduction from a gentleman in Hanover: on my road thither I became fully initiated in the practical value of the German proverb, “Out of the rain into the gutter”—equivalent to our “Out of the frying-pan into the fire.” The gutter, in this sense of the word, was a leaden pipe, protruding a yard or two from the roof of the house, to carry off the waste water, which was thus precipitated in a heavy column on the street or the passengers below. The irregular distances at which these spouts occurred, together with the uncertain length of their projection, rendered the steerage through their waters a service of much skill and some danger. The ends of the pipes were generally adorned with some grotesque sculpture, usually a head, from the distended jaws of which the falling water is vomited: they are common in this country on the roofs of village churches, but I have never seen them here on any civilized dwelling-house. They were getting out of fashion, too, in Germany; for outside all the more modern buildings, a decent pipe was made to convey the water soberly to the level of the pavement at least, and sometimes quite into a drain beneath. By the kindly assistance of the Botanical Garden Inspector, who spoke a very little English, I succeeded in hiring the only unoccupied lodging in the town, for the University was full to its utmost that half year. The rooms that thus fell to my lot were on the first-floor of a saddler’s, small and uncomfortable enough. They had, however, the advantage of being in the principal street, and the two windows which, squeezed together almost into one, yet occupied the whole breadth of the room, looked out opposite the Jacobi Kirche, one of the largest churches in the town. This narrow slip formed the sitting-room, and was tolerably furnished with tables and chairs, and that indispensable article in a German apartment, a sofa; the floor was sanded, for carpets, as I found afterwards, were almost unknown luxuries in the country. My bed-room was a small, square, dark closet, not bigger than would hold the bed, and only lighted, if light it might be termed, by a small glass

window at top, that opened, as the phrase is—for in reality it would not open—on the stairs. I am sure there was not another student so badly accommodated as myself in these particulars, for in general the rooms were large and well-aired; but I had come just after the commencement of the *semester*, or half-yearly term, and there was no help for it. That very day, the first of my arrival, I got into a scrape with one of the lowest agents of the constituted authorities; for having parted from my new acquaintance within sight of the inn, where I was going to dine, a little terrier I had brought over with me from home was violently assaulted and seized by a tall, large, shabbily-dressed man, bearing a formidable bludgeon. Not being at all acquainted with any cause for this mode of proceeding, I demanded of the man, in English, what right he had to interfere with the dog in that manner; and he answered me, in German, quite as much to my satisfaction as my comprehension. However, as his angry gestures and violent declamation plainly told me that his intentions towards the animal were any thing but amicable, I began a regular rescue of the dog from the duration in which he was held; but though I succeeded in liberating him from his captor's clutch, I saw there was an evident intention to seize him again if possible, which I had to evade by the best means I could. Meanwhile, a pretty large crowd of students and others had gathered round us, looking on with some degree of interest. Among the spectators was a short dirty Jew—dirty even for a Jew—who, in a very vehement manner and bad French, tried to make me understand that the man with the bludgeon would kill the dog unless I paid him a guilder. Now, in the first place, I was angry, and, right or wrong, determined not to yield on a point wherein I felt all my national notions of freedom were so strangely violated; and, in the second place, I at once saw, if the man was exercising any duty to remove the dog, (as it turned out, he was,) that this duty could not be discharged on his part by the payment of money on mine: so I stoutly refused to pay any thing, and was in the end allowed to depart, I believe chiefly owing to the interference of some of the students, who had taken pity on me as an evident stranger in their land; though, probably, they would not have wanted this kind motive to have induced them to oppose, as much as they safely might, any act which had its origin with the University Senate. I learned from a young Scotchman, a law-student, whom I met at the *table-d'hôte*, that the man in question had been enjoined to perambulate the streets for the purpose of slaying all dogs who should presume to make their appearance in public for a certain period, without being decently muzzled; and that this was in conformity with an edict of the magistracy, which was stuck on all the gates of the town. The plan adopted was certainly a forcible one of making the edict understood to any foreigner who might chance to enter their gates.

After dinner, I returned to my new lodgings, of which I at once took possession; and I had now, for the first time since I entered the town, leisure to look about me from my windows. Exactly opposite, as before-mentioned, rose the lofty round red-sandstone tower of the Jacobi Kirche, which stood in a small open space, planted with a few limes and poplars. Along the line of street, to the right and left of this open space, the houses—the lower part whereof was mostly occupied by shops—looked neat and foreign, owing perhaps to their white,

or rather yellow-washed faccs, steep slanting roofs with central gables, low chimneys, and, here and there, projecting stones one over another. The windows were numerous, and for the most part casements: from nearly all of them young men were lounging, smoking from long pipes; others were walking below; some with pipes in their hands, but not smoking, were sauntering about with their arms round one-another's necks; some with portfolios under their arms, were hurrying on with a more business-like pace; many dressed in frock-coats, buckskin breeches, and jack-boots; and all with gay and various-coloured caps on their heads. Here and there, I saw a man carrying a long steel basket-handled sword naked in his hand, or under his arm, the use or application of which I could not possibly divine. Young men in open carriages, with double seats, like our modern "mill-horses," and some on horse-back, were occasionally passing, but always at a foot-pace: every now and then, one of the walkers, or riders, would stop under a window, and either converse with the occupants of it, or, if it were empty, would, by shouting out a name, generally bring the tenant of the room thither. Among these evidently students, were seen a few (as evidently) tradespeople, distinguishable as well by their wearing hats, as by the timidly deferential manner in which they got out of the way of the former. Very few females were to be seen, and those only of the lower classes—most bearing great baskets on their backs, containing, as far as I could make out, chiefly vegetables or books. Some wore cloaks of striped linen; but not one did I see with a bonnet on, or any thing more nearly approaching to a covering for the head, than the small skull-cap already mentioned. Along the middle of the street, some peasant-lads, with blue smock-frocks, and little round black cloth caps, were parading up and down, bawling out something quite unintelligible, but which I rightly construed to be an offer for sale of some very small and seemingly wild strawberries, picked free from the stalks, which they carried in round flat baskets. This sort of strawberries, which grew in profusion in the woods, and were larger and better-flavoured than any of the wild species I ever tasted here, were almost the only ones I saw while in Germany; the cultivated kind I never saw at all for sale. In the course of the following day, I waited, of necessity, on the Universitäts-Rath, or Counsellor of the University; for no one is allowed to remain in the town over a certain period, unless he comes as student, teacher, or tradesman—I believe, a week—without express permission from the magistrates; and if he come in the character of a student, it is ordered that he shall, as soon as possible, obtain his matriculation. This ceremony I got through not without some difficulty, for neither the Herr Universitäts Rath, nor myself, could find a fitting medium for the communication of our ideas on the subject. French we could neither of us make any hand at; Latin we tried; but independently of my never having attempted to speak it before, our mutual difference of pronounciation rendered each quite unintelligible to the other. However, he made me understand so far, that I was to promise certain things, which I did, not clearly understanding what. He shook hands with me as a ratification of this solemn promise; and gave me my matriculation, a printed Latin paper, for which I paid a louis-d'or, and a copy of the University laws, which latter I honestly, and with shame, confess I never looked into till long

after I had left Göttingen. The matriculation, opening with the classical ejaculation, "*Quod felix faustumque sit*," imports that the new student, specifying his country and study, has promised sacredly, and instead of an oath—

I. That he will pay due faith, obedience, and reverence to the Academical Senate, his lawful magistracy.

II. That he will sedulously follow true piety, sober and composed manners, decent dress, and whatever is thoroughly befitting an ingenuous and liberal man.

III. That he will in all things obey the academical laws and statutes, then made or to be made.

IV. That he will avoid nationalism and clandestine assemblies—things everywhere forbidden and exploded.

V. That he will neither himself, nor by others, avenge any injury offered him; that he will much less affect others with injuries, either by word or deed; that he will call out no one to a duel, or, if he shall be called out, that he will not accept the challenge, nor act as a second in a duel (*nec secundas in duellis partes suscepturum!*) either by fighting or presiding over a fight, but will implore the legitimate aid of the Academical Senate; that he will never incite any to altercations and hostile meetings; and that he will solicitously obey the edicts which obtain concerning duels, or which shall be thereafter promulgated.

VI. That he will not depart after the announcement of an arrest, or to defraud his creditors; and that he will not remove his goods without the knowledge of the academical magistracy.

VII. If it shall happen (which God avert) that, for misconduct, he should be relegated or rescinded from this university of studies (*hac studiorum Universitate*), that he will depart at the stated time from the town and its vicinity: and that he will not return, ever, if the punishment be perpetual; if temporary, till the term shall have elapsed.

VIII. Finally, that, through the whole course of his life, he will compass or do nothing by fraud or evil, whereby the state, the advantage, and the dignity of the academy may anywise be threatened.

And so I trust that nothing I may hereafter tell shall seem in anywise to threaten the dignity, the advantage, or the state of the university; or if it should so seem, I hereby once for all, very solemnly, and in the spirit of my matriculating promise, vow that I have no such fraudulent or evil intention; and having said thus much, I may fairly venture to relate the following circumstance. Alfieri, in his *Memoirs*, mentions that, during the period of his ignorance, he passed through Göttingen, and there met with—an ass! and that this meeting between a German and Italian ass so tickled his fancy, that had he had the power, he would certainly have written some verses on the occasion;—what he thought himself unable to do, a more audacious hand has attempted, as follows:—

Alfieri to the Göttingen Ass.

Brother! for though thou art of Germany,
And I rank as a son of Italy,

Still this is but a difference of mothers;
For, pretty ass, we are so much the same

In thoughts and deeds, so stupid and so tame,

'Tis quite beyond a doubt we must be brothers.

Hail then, my brother ! with love's laughing tears,
And wishes for thy health and length of years,
And blessings on thy solemn phiz, I greet thee ;
So long I've wander'd, a poor lonely elf,
Nor found one single creature like myself,
Thou canst not think how I rejoice to meet thee !

SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, NO. I.

Dick Ferret.

“ Yea, from the table of my memory.”—SHAKESPEARE.

It is by no means a pleasant thing to be stared and pointed at as an object of singularity. Fops and coxcombs are of a different opinion ; but since (thanks to an unaspiring tailor, and just so much of common sense as serves to protect me from knocking my head against every post I see,) I am not a member of either of those ancient fraternities, I have felt with extreme acuteness the inconvenience of my position. In society public or private, in the streets, at the theatre, at table, at the club, have I been subjected to this annoyance. Often, when opportunity has served, I have approached a glass, expecting to find that some wag had taken advantage of my “ innocent sleep ” to black my face, or pin a napkin to my coat, or stick pens, porcupine-wise, in my hair—the most approved witticisms of your practical Congreves : but such has not proved to be the case ; and too proud or too indolent to enquire, I might still have remained ignorant of the cause of my attracting, for some time past, such pointed and distressing notice, but for the visit, the other morning, of our friend Dick Ferret. I say *our* friend, because every body knows Dick, and Dick knows every body ; but for the enlightenment of the few nobodies who are unacquainted with him, I will give a slight sketch of his person and character.

Dick, I take it, is about six-and-twenty, though I have heard it asserted that he is considerably older. He is tall, standing about six feet two and a half inches ; and if I am not inclined to agree with those who would rank him in “ the first order of fine forms,” it is because he is somewhat too slim, in proportion to his height. His face is thin, and “ sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;” and his hair, which is raven-black, falls in profuse ringlets over his shoulders. His eye is small, but dark, intelligent, piercing ; and almost seems to possess the wonderful power of looking at, over, under, into, and through you at a single glance. This feature is strikingly indicative of an alleged quality of his mind, which will presently be noticed. His gait is measured, slow, and solemn. With respect to dress, he is negligent in the extreme ; I had almost said slovenly. This, in my opinion, is the only point at which Dick lies open to rebuke ; for of his moral and social qualities, it may truly be said they are without a flaw. His piety is unsullied by the slightest tinge of moroseness ; his abstemiousness—for he never tastes but of one dish, nor ventures beyond a second glass of wine—renders him not indulgent towards those who more easily yield to the allurements of the table. He is good-humoured, good-natured, and well-meaning. His learning is, perhaps, more varied than profound ;

his mind is stored with facts and anecdotes accumulated in the course of his two voyages round the world, and three pedestrian journeys over Europe and Asia; and since, in addition to all this, like Desdemona, he "sings, plays, and dances well:" it will readily be admitted that his accomplishments are amply sufficient for the pleasurable purposes of society. The only drawback to their display is a natural reservedness, amounting almost to shyness, which it will sometimes require all the ingenuity of his friends, by a gradual and dexterous drawing-out, to overcome. Now, were I to stop here, it might be said that I had drawn a faultless monster; in justice, therefore, to our friend, I must reduce him to within the limits of human perfection. I have already alluded to an alleged quality of his mind, and that is—Inquisitiveness. I say *alleged*, because I, for my own part, am unwilling to admit its existence—at least, as a distinguishing trait in his character. All men are desirous of obtaining knowledge and information; all men are anxious to know what is going on in the world; all men, to attain these ends, must, in some way or other, ask questions, or, to use the other term, be inquisitive; and where is the real difference between pumping a book or a newspaper at your breakfast, and pumping your friends and acquaintance at any time later in the day? The difference, if any there be, is in the manner, not in the thing; and Dick's manner is all-to-nothing the best, inasmuch as it is less trying to the eyes than poring over small print. It proves nothing that R—— one day, finding amongst the visiting cards on his table a small scrap of paper with merely a note of interrogation marked on it, said to his servant—"If Mr. Ferret should call again, I shall be happy to see him;" and even if it did, Dick is so rich in good qualities, that he can well afford so trifling a set-off against them.

I was busy arranging some papers, when Dick Ferret entered my room. Scarcely had he taken his seat ere I was convinced, by his look and manner, that his good-natured soul was agonized by the necessity imposed on him, by his ardent and sincere friendship for me, of communicating something which he knew must occasion me pain or uneasiness. Dick (unlike your meddling tale-bearers, who fetch and carry with a malicious intent), disdaining the petty arts of hint, insinuation, and innuendo, went directly to the point, and, with his customary frankness, thus he began:—

"My dear fellow, you—I—a-hem!—you are a sensitive man, and pay more attention to such things than they deserve. For my part, I don't believe it, and so I said at the time."

"What time? and what don't you believe?"

"There, now! I knew it would make you uneasy. You are wrong; it is not worth your attention. Besides, if people do point at you as a person affecting singularity, how can you help it? But mind, I don't say they *do*; I merely say *if* they do."

"To speak the truth, Ferret, I have fancied as much for some time past, and shall be glad if you can acquaint me with the cause of it."

"There, again! Now you are wrong—I must use the liberty of a friend to tell you you are *very* wrong. Why need you care about it? It isn't pleasant, to be sure, but one can't go all over London to stop people's tongues. As to the cause, as I said at the time, every man has

a right, in these matters, to do as he likes. But, between ourselves, I didn't think it friendly on his part to urge the subject against you in the way he did ; and so I told him."

"Then you *are* acquainted with the cause? And to whom do you allude?"

"Nobody—nothing. Now mind, I know nothing, and I have told you nothing, so you have heard nothing from me. A-hem! Have you seen our friend Willoughby lately?"

"A week ago. We shall dine together to-morrow."

"Shall you!!! Well—I am glad of it—*very* glad. I don't like to see old friendships broken up. I know you *did* entertain a very great regard for him, and so did he for you—I know he did—and, indeed, so he ought, for you have rendered him some services."

"Nothing of any importance. But what is this to lead to?"

"But I tell you you have, and you know it; and you'll be good friends again one of these days, notwithstanding."

"Notwithstanding what?"

"Pooh, pooh! you must not notice it—when you meet, you must give him your hand as usual—I tell you, you must. Every body knows Willoughby: he does not mean half the ill-natured things he says; and he is sorry for it when he has said them. But then the mischief is done,—Eh? Yet he is a good fellow at bottom, and you must not mind this. You will dine with him to-morrow, notwithstanding,—Or does he dine with you?—or perhaps you are to meet somewhere?—Where?"

"Now, Ferret, you have led me to suspect that Willoughby has said something to my discredit: it was at your option whether or not to remain silent upon the subject altogether; but since you have chosen to say so much, I consider you bound to declare all you know."

"Say! what have I said? I have said nothing. Can you imagine I would go about repeating what I hear at a private table?"

"No; for the certain penalty for such a proceeding would be your exclusion from such table ever after. But, as I have already intimated, you have said either too much or too little, and have now bound yourself to——"

"Again I tell you, you are wrong to be in the least annoyed at it; for what was there in it, after all? Nothing—a-hem!—at least, there would have been nothing in it had he said it to me, privately. But between ourselves—and this I say to you as a friend—he *oughtn't* to have said it in the presence of ten others, all friends and acquaintance of your's—for every one of them will find a different motive for your conduct—there he was wrong, and so I told him at the time."

"And in what point is my conduct open to so many and various opinions?"

"What need you care about their opinions? You are not obliged to print your 'Life' unless you think proper."

"Print my 'Life!' what in the sacred name of Foolery do you mean?"

"I said so; the very thing I said. But you know Willoughby's way when he gets a crotchet into his head—he runs wild—there is no stopping him. He said it was a d—d piece of affectation—that you purposely abstained from so doing in order to render yourself conspicuous

—singular; that, except yourself, there was not a man, woman, or child past the age of twenty but had published his, her, or its ‘Memoirs,’ ‘Life and Times,’ ‘Reminiscences,’ or ‘Personal Narrative,’ at the very least: that it was the fashion, the mania, the frenzy of the times; that nothing but your immeasurable vanity prevented your doing as others did, and that when this means of exciting notice was exhausted, you would be seen walking about the streets dressed in a pink silk coat, red-heeled shoes, and a feather-rimmed hat.”

So, now the murder was out—the grievance I have complained of was explained. “And Willoughby did really make such a charge against me?” said I.

“Why now, my dear fellow—you don’t know it from me—I have told you nothing—what have I said?—you mustn’t say *I* told you this. Besides, he is your friend; he meant it for the best, and you *ought* to follow his advice.”

“But, even were I so inclined, I have scarcely any thing to relate worth listening to.”

“Pooh, pooh! you have, I know you have, and you know it too. You have lived a good deal in the world; have seen and known many remarkable people; and have in your possession many curious letters. I know you have—haven’t you? Yes, yes, you must—Eh?”

“Psha! I despise the pettefogging process of nightly recording the conversations of the day; of noting down the careless joke, or the half-serious half-jesting opinion heedlessly thrown off at the convivial board; of accumulating letters intended only for the friendly eye; and all this for the purpose (a purpose of doubtful propriety, at the best,) of filling a quarto to be published at the first convenient opportunity.”

“I didn’t say a *quarto*.”

“I won’t quarrel with you about the size: make it an octavo—a duodecimo, if you will, my objection is the same; nor would it be lessened by thrusting portraits and autographs into the book.”

“Your portrait! my dear fellow, I said nothing about your portrait. But will you think of the matter?”

Perceiving that my sincere and excellent friend had the subject deeply at heart, and, at the same time, to put an end to the conversation, I told him I would consider of it. “But for Willoughby,” added I, “who has exhibited this, my foible, in the worst possible point of view, I have done with him.”

“There you are wrong,” said Ferret; “he meant no harm; and when you meet, you must shake hands with him as usual. He is your friend—I know he is; but he has a dangerous tongue, and I told him so. I can’t bear to see old friends disunited; *and after a few months or so*, when the affair has blown over, he’ll be sorry for what he said, and *I shouldn’t wonder* to see you as good friends again as ever.”

“Well, that is as it may be. But one word at parting, Ferret. I have promised you that I will consider of this subject, but don’t mention to any one that you have even hinted the matter to me.”

“Not a soul. You know me;—hear, see, and say nothing, is the rule of my life. I never ask questions, I never repeat what I hear. And you, my dear fellow—I have told you nothing about our friend Willoughby—you know nothing from me. Don’t mention my name in the business—promise me.”

"I promise. Good morning, Dick."

The instant I was left to myself, I wrote a formal note to my friend Willoughby, declining the pleasure of meeting him on the following day. (By the by, we have met since, and I understand he is utterly at a loss to account for my evident coldness towards him; but being under a promise of secrecy to our friend Ferret, I am not at liberty to enlighten him as to the cause.)

Scarcely had I sealed my note when in came A——.

"Well," said he, "when do you expect to get it out?"

"Out! What?"

"Oh, I just now met our friend Ferret, who told me *in confidence*. But I agree with him: Memoirs and Correspondence, in three volumes, quarto, will lead the public to expect too much."

Before I had time to reply, Mr. B—— entered the room.

"I have just parted with our friend Ferret. I like your title: 'Mems. on Men, and Thoughts on Things;' but I am quite of his opinion—stuffing it all into one volume small octavo, will be looked upon as a sorry piece of mock-modesty."

Next came C——.

"Better late than never," said Mr. C——; "I commend you for the intention, although you are somewhat late in the field. You must not be angry with our good friend Ferret for trusting me with the secret—I hold it confidentially, and it shall go no farther. But I can't help agreeing with him—not as to publishing in eight volumes octavo, because if you can fill them pleasantly there will be no harm done—but the portrait—(and he mentioned this with unfeigned concern, for he is a warm friend of your's,)—placing, as a frontispiece, a portrait of yourself in a red velvet cap, with the fore-finger of your left-hand pressing your temples, a pen as big as an ostrich feather in your right-hand, and your right foot resting on a pea-green satin cushion, is—I agree with him—an instance of vanity—excuse my frankness—to be equalled only by the absurdity—pardon the word—of announcing your 'Voyages, Travels, Life, and Adventures,' as intended for the use of schools!"

I had no time for explanation or reply, for I was visited in rapid succession by D——, E——, F——, G——, and the rest of the alphabet, each with a different version of a story which was not absolutely untrue, inasmuch as it had the very slightest possible foundation in truth.

"This is unendurable," exclaimed I; "you all know our friend Ferret; he is incapable of uttering a falsehood, but his imagination is peculiarly constructed. He is what I would call a beau-idealist; he sees and hears things as they are; he describes and relates them as they ought to be. You show him an acorn, he thinks of an oak, he describes a forest. 'Tis thus he has led you into error upon the present occasion. He suggested to me the necessity of my following the fashion of Life-and-Times-writing; I gave no positive promise that I would. But admitting that I did, I admit no more than that the stuff, the ground-work, is my own; for the exquisite and elaborate embroidery—the three quartos, the eight octavos, the velvet cap, and pea-green satin cushion, I am indebted to his—*beau-idealism*. I never even thought of aspiring to the dignity of a volume. The most I ever contemplated was to furnish, from time to time, to the lighter pages of the New Monthly, a few 'Sketches' (of character) and 'Recollections' of persons and events.

At all events, I now find myself bound to the undertaking, and when, in some shape or other, I shall have contributed my quota to this most craving appetite of the time—when I shall have published my *Memoirs and Reminiscences*—I trust I shall receive the usual reward of such a labour—that of being allowed to sink into quiet obscurity.” P*

LONDON LYRICS.

Jack Jones, the Recruit.—A hint from Ovid.

JACK JONES was a toper: they say that some how
He'd a foot always ready to kick up a row;
And, when half-seas over, a quarrel he pick'd,
To keep up the row he had previously kick'd.

He spent all, then borrow'd at twenty per cent.;
His mistress fought shy when his money was spent,
So he went for a soldier; he could not do less,
And scorn'd his fair Fanny for hugging brown Bess.

“Halt—Wheel into line!” and “Attention—Eyes right!”
Put Bacchus, and Venus, and Momus to flight:
But who can depict half the sorrows he felt
When he dyed his mustachios and pipe-clay'd his belt?

When Sergeant Rattan, at Aurora's red peep,
Awaken'd his tyros by bawling—“Two deep!”
Jack Jones would retort, with a half-suppress'd sigh,
“Ay! too deep by half for such ninnies as I.”

Quoth Jones—“’Twas delightful the bushes to beat
With a gun in my hand and a dog at my feet;
But the game at the Horse-Guards is different, good lack!
’Tis a gun in my hand and a cat at my back.”

To Bacchus, his saint, our dejected Recruit,
One morn, about drill time, thus proffer'd his suit—
“Oh make me a sparrow, a wasp, or an ape—
All's one, so I get at the juice of the grape.”

The God was propitious—he instantly found
His ten toes distend and take root in the ground;
His back was a stem, and his belly was bark,
And his hair in green leaves overshadow'd the Park.

Grapes clustering hung o'er his grenadier cap,
His blood became juice, and his marrow was sap:
Till nothing was left of the muscles and bones.
That form'd the identical toper, Jack Jones.

Transform'd to a vine, he is still seen on guard,
At his former emporium in Great Scotland-yard;
And still, though a vine, like his fellow-recruits,
He's train'd, after listing, has ten-drills, and shoots.

WALKS IN ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS, NO. XX.

The Ghetto degli Ebrei, &c.

“ Populus qui ad iracundiam provocat me ante faciem meam semper.”

Isaæ c. lxxv. v. 3.

It is usually a considerable time before the stranger thinks of penetrating into the interior of the city. Dazzled, but more frequently fatigued by the crowd and magnificence of the public monuments, he is little inclined to explore those tracts of wretchedness which intervene between the splendors of the capital. Some get over the “bore” as speedily as they can—they annoy themselves and others, for a few weeks, to avoid giving scandal, and then sleep, or talk over the exertion for the remainder of their residence. Others, all enthusiasm, and sicklied over with ancient recollections, are afraid to injure, by too coarse a contact with modern realities, the “fine rust;” others again are mere passers through—motes in the sunbeam, or straws on the surface of the stream—knowing little, and as little known, and it must be avowed with very little solicitude about either. Now none of these people, it is very clear, can have much claim to the conscience or honours of a genuine traveller. Neither the Forum, nor the Capitol, nor St. Peter's, make up Rome. There are other Romes besides those which are to be seen from a calesche. I will not go so far as to say, with the artist, “*que j'aime tout, jusqu'à ses saletés,*” but I must admit there is a great deal to see and note, besides her marbles and gilding. In fine, there is a by-way, as well as a high-way mode of travelling, and one I think quite essential to the other. If a man would fully estimate the statues of the Vatican, let him first take his staff and plunge into the miseries of the Ghetto.

I fell into this cast of thought one morning when I had intended to visit the Pantheon, and suddenly found myself carried away by some eddy or other of a reverie into quite an opposite direction. I never ask the name of a street; for I hate to break in on a man's silence, or conversation, and generally take the task of discovery upon myself. My errors, of course, are innumerable, but I never find that I lose much in the long run. I steer on not so much by streets as by steeples, and if I do not find precisely what I seek, I generally find what is perhaps as good, or what at least satisfies me quite as well.

I had now left the Piazza Colonna, and ought, in all reason, after a few minutes' walk, to have run right down upon the Pantheon; but somehow or other I got entangled in a cluster of narrow and lofty lanes, so lofty, indeed, as to shut out all view of towers and cupolas, and leave me a strip only of the blue heaven above me instead. After much crossing and recrossing, I at last chanced on the Piazza-Navona; but having been in that part of the city before, I made another effort, and got still farther out of my way to the south. Seeing there was no remedy, I surrendered myself up at last to my fate, and deferred the Pantheon till to-morrow. The lanes in this part of the city have almost the appearance of catacombs; as close as at Venice, you may very nearly touch the houses on either side with your extended arms, and hold *tête-à-tête* with your opposite neighbour with little fear or interruption. Every one makes a shop of the street itself, and curtails considerably the space left for passengers below; then, with an Oriental affection for the same profession, the trades generally cluster together and make of each street a sort of Bazaar. You have the basket-makers in one, and the shoemakers in another, and the coronari, or chaplet-sellers in a third, and so on, much in the same manner as you have the pipe and papousche sellers at Constantinople, and the goldsmiths and silversmiths on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. The houses are dim and dreary, and come down to us with the patchwork of all ages on their forehead: here black-looking sculpture, once the boast of the virtuoso inmate, and still giving proof, in the delicate precision of the chiselling of “the golden age,” of the Leos and the Michael Angelos; then a little farther large streets of faded fresco, of still earlier

date; a little beyond it a Madonna, set up for the use of its lamp, and counting for its votaries and subscribers every shop in the neighbourhood; then immediately below, as if under its especial protection, an "osteria," with its "cancelli" and cusks, and circle of silent drinkers grouped around the door. Such contrasts and confusions meet you at every step; and all this is now and then broken in upon by tall red towers, with their shattered tracery, reminembrances of the feudal dissensions of the city, or grass-grown courts of palaces, long since deserted by their masters, and preserving nothing of their former grandeur but the dry basin of the fountain and the huge oaken door. In looking in at one of these entrances I saw busily engaged, in what was once probably the Porter's lodge, a very important personage. No one is better attended, or by more anxious votaries. He is a sort of public writer for all the wants of the neighbourhood, but he particularly addicts himself to the delicate affairs of the heart. At all hours of the day, old and young, men and women, are to be found around his chair, all making their confessions, (few confessions are made more frankly,) to the philosophic interpreter, who pares them down to the same discreet dimensions, and squares their passion after the most regularly established rustic etiquette. It is no trivial study, either for idler or philosopher, to contrast the rugged imperturbability of this personification of Time, (he is almost always an old man, with a Sydrophel-looking sort of mantle about him, and a brown fur cap) with the bounding spirit flashing forth from the eyes and attitudes of his young clients; the deep sighs at the inadequacy of his phrases; the unutterable things which pour on the lips of his fair petitioners; and the press-forward, head-over-heel sort of impetuosity of the boy-lovers of this part of the community. In the mean time down go his spectacles; and the pen, new nibbed, is set forward, flowing with brown ink and cheap superlatives, signed with a huge cross and the adorable name, and sealed with an "ostia," and put up, ink wafer and all, to dry upon the wounded heart. Here is a book of the human passions, thrown wide open for all who have eyes to read. I stopped for a moment and heard the usual proportion of flames and darts, with some scraps of choice Italian put in at the end, as a writing master does his flourishes. The whole went on, like the shoemaking near, as a matter of course. The shame here is not to be *in* love, but to be *out* of it. Every one thinks it his duty to "far a l'amore" as quickly and as passionately as he can.

I had not been rambling long when I found myself in a sort of small irregular square. There are many of these openings in Rome, formed, I should think, by the tumbling down of the edifices near. This may stand as the type of the majority. It seemed shaped by accident rather than intention; all hill or valley—new ruins gradually accumulating over old ones, and neither hand nor inclination to remove either. On one side ran a string of houses originally in that frugal style of architecture known by the name of the Bramantesque, but losing all traces of its original harmony in the large windows irregularly disposed or altogether blocked up, disjointed doors, &c. From the upper stories there was a large display of rags and linen, flaring over their severe and gloomy façades, and below abundance of tattered shutters, decayed scutcheons, maimed saints, &c. A patch of whitewash to the left pointed out the chapel of some "confraternità," who take the souls of the vicinity under their patronage, and are themselves under the patronage of the family of the Costaguti. In the centre I espied a green uncleaned fountain, which, in the midst of its dilapidation, still does a portion of its duty. Its great utility at present is the *point d'appui* which it furnishes for all the idleness and gossip of the neighbourhood. This it does well enough, and at all hours you may see figures grouped round its basin from the heart of "the viccoletti" near, in their blue and red costumes, unshorn beards, broad brown hats, &c. Two or three men playing at moro, and an old woman with her daughter, seated on a piece of marble half-buried in the earth, both armed with their braziers, and wrapped up in the fortune of the game, were the first figures that met me. I stood gazing for some time on

their perfect listlessness, and tried to attract their attention as I passed on. But they had no motive to rouse them from their apathy, and noisy and sallow children climbed up unobserved or unheeded upon their backs. This is the vestibule to the Ghetto. A plain arch, a ponderous gate, a sullen soldier, with fixed bayonet, keeping constant watch, mark the entrance to this melancholy region.

The "Ghetto" is a generic name, and used in every large town in Italy, as the distinctive appellation for the "recinto," or walled enclosure, allowed by the "toleration," (so intolerance is denominated all over the world,) to the Jews, whom their wants, rather than their charity, have consented to spare. But in most of these towns various reforms, all silent, but not the less irresistible, have successively taken place. The bonds have been loosened—the wall has been cast down—the branding costume abolished, which once pointed them out to the scorn and buffet of the Christian. In Venice and in Leghorn, the necessities of commerce have done more for philosophy than philosophy has ever dared to do for herself. The "money-changers" rule the needy Christian, who yesterday "spat upon his gaberdine." No portion of Leghorn is more brilliant than the "Quartieri degli Ebrei." There the very name of Ghetto has shrunk away before the power of the proscribed colony. But Rome retains all her inveterate adherence to old abuse, and looks like a nation of Eldons. She preserves all "the venerable verdure" of her ancient oppressions,—the power is nearly gone, but the shadow is cherished with the drivelling pertinacity of all ancient despotisms. It is in vain to represent to the Consistory, that the Church of Christ, being founded on a rock, is not likely to be undermined by such enginery. This does not prevent the cry of its "being in danger," whenever it is necessary to have a victim. The Lords Spiritual have much the same sort of taste here that they have in England. The Jews form in some sort their preserve, and render them the same kind of service the Roman Catholics were once condemned to render our own Cardinals at home. They are kept to make money and to pay it—to be preached at and preached to—to be converted and reconverted,—all necessary things, for they go to prove the absolute necessity of a Church police and a Church establishment, above all other human wants. The Catholic requires the Jew as the Protestant required the Catholic. If there were no dissensions, we should run great risk of having no Churchism; and were there no Churchism, we might as well be, as every one knows, sans king, sans bishops, sans tithes, sans taxes, sans every thing.

I had not much time to make these reflections—nor did I make many of them till long afterwards. I was much more occupied at the moment with effects than causes. The miserable region completely absorbed me. Miserable indeed it is, and Dante does well in summing up all miseries in his *Giudecca*. This *Giudecca* before me might well rival any of his *Bolgi*. I stopped some few instants at the entrance, not well knowing whether I should or could pass on, it looked so like the court of a debtors' prison. I asked one or two questions—they were scarcely answered. The Papal soldier at the gate at last volunteered a reply. He twirled his moustaches, and with the biliousness of his nation whispered sulkily, "*il Ghetto*." I took a glance for a moment at the contrast between the two people. Here were the masters on one side, the servants on the other. In the square I had just left I saw a squalid and sullen race of men, with nothing to qualify them for superiority but the conviction and habit of power. Their features glared with the gloomy force of concentrated or exploded passions. All here is combat or sleep, dangerous or useless energies. Here the Monticiani meet the Transteverini (time out of mind their hereditary enemies), fight their battles, celebrate their triumphs, and go to sleep till the next encounter. On the other side of the gate is a very different people, whose virtue is patience, and heroism long-suffering. These are despised virtues, it is true, but it requires something to sustain a character without the aid of external admiration—spectacle—applause, or all that goes to the making-up of ordinary heroes.

These abhorred victims of religious and popular hatred are still kept within the prison walls of their ancient Ghetto, without much reference to the tendency of their race, more conspicuous in poverty than in riches, to increase their numbers with desperate activity. Their rulers do not recognize this propensity, and squeeze up inexorably "the superfluous population" within their old dimensions.* The moment you pass the soldier or turnkey, (for he locks them up at night,) you enter a narrow and crowded street, of about half a mile in length, formed of lines of rugged and wretched houses, projecting and usurping from the free air the little space they cannot claim below. This is insufficient, and even on wet days you find them pouring out the surplus of their families, amidst ruin and filth, and scattered vegetables on the street. In some instances a great portion of the lower story of the houses has been taken away to allow them air; and it is not unusual from these gloomy caverns sometimes to see issuing six or seven young girls at once—sallow and sickly with confinement, or to meet them seated in clusters on rickety stools, engaged in their perpetual vocation of mending tattered clothes. They work, eat, sleep, and altogether live in public—compelled by the blind tyranny of their masters to these habitual violations of comfort and propriety. Health is at Rome the most necessary, but the most neglected of earthly wants, but a government which has almost created the Campagna, is not very likely to be solicitous about the lives of its natural enemies.* "Live if they can," is the only indulgence which a Jew can here claim from a Christian. "Is he not a beast?"† exclaim the multitude. Their rulers are more prudent, and do not speak it; but that they do not think it, is not quite so sure. At all events there is no reason why they should not treat them as well as their other beasts; but here pigs are often the more fortunate of the two.

On the right, a few paces from the gate, you observe a small square, opening to a very humble synagogue. A low portico conducts to the "Scuole," as they are termed—a miserable hovel, where Hebrew is still heard, and the coming of the Messiah still expected, after the flight of so many centuries. The door was half open, and I could catch a glance at the interior. I saw, through the folding valves, a number of benches covered with wretched-looking beings, where childhood had been withered before it was ripe, and the misery of a long life had already cast before it its drear and ominous shadows. The same rumbling and monotonous swing of the voice, the same hymns, the same chants, which I had before heard among the despised people elsewhere, came afresh upon my ear. I looked on them with pain, and retired

* And this, with half Rome an absolute waste, and the inhabitants crying out for more inhabitants, more fires to drive away the constantly encroaching malaria! But such is "the wisdom of our ancestors," the unalterable constitutions of the Clements, &c. A few days after my visit an instance occurred of the severity with which the principle is enforced. Two Jews arrived from Leghorn, and took up their abode in some tavern, near their brethren of the Ghetto. At dead of night two of the police broke in upon their repose, and took both prisoners. They expostulated—of course in vain. In direct violation of "the existing ordinances," they had slept *outside the Ghetto*. This was a matter of fine and imprisonment. The imprisonment was remitted, but the fine was levied to the amount of forty crowns. Fortunately one of these gentlemen was under the protection of England, and the English Consul did more for him than his innocence. The fine was sent back. The most singular part of the whole transaction was that Cardinal Gonsalvi knew nothing whatever of the matter. The *Shirri* of the Cardinal Vicar (*Della Genga*) were the performers. This is one of the blessings of a Temporal-Spiritual Monarchy. The left-hand knows not what the right does.

† I was one day riding in the Campagna, and met one of those pedlars, so frequent in all parts of Italy. He was walking slowly and silently, literally borne down by his heavy burden to the earth. A *Contadino* passed by on the same path. The pedlar did not move sufficiently quick—he dashed him into the ditch. I attacked the ruffian for his inhumanity, "*Non è una bestia?*" said he fiercely, and strode on. The man was a Jew!

with pleasure. I blushed at sharing in some measure the stain of the persecution. I felt what it was to have the eye of the oppressed fixed upon me. It was enough—I was a Christian. The “Pagan Turks” are more merciful. The Mahometan has his Jews, and his Ghettos too, but he sleeps over them, and suffers rather than strikes. In the East, they spread out at will, and may be comfortable and cleanly if they like. Here there is nothing of the white-washed houses of Rhodes, &c. all is decrepit, dingy, overstocked. There is no evidence of government, except in the misery and fears of the inhabitants. The very fountain is a sort of mockery. A pope praises himself for his munificent attention to the wants of the Jews—“ad Hebræorum inopiam sublevandam,” as the inscription testifies, in decorating the Piazza delle Scuole with this meagre present. The Colonna arms, emblazoned above, strangely intrude on this place of exile. Yet wretchedness has not quelled the spirit of dissension within; as with larger bodies, factions spring up under the very heel of their tyrants. An affray, which seemed no unusual event, was going on as I passed. I returned to the narrow street, and soon reached the opposite gate. It had become ruinous and crumbled down, but repairs were advancing rapidly, and the wall once more had mounted to its original size. No concessions are made here. A breach is soon filled up. You cannot legislate in the same manner. English acts of parliament, as the Roman Catholics have told us, are not quite so efficient as Roman brick.

The rest of this village in a town is composed of a parallel and narrower lane, and a smaller square, if such indeed it can be called. Towards the river, it is still more conspicuously miserable. The houses almost hang over the mud and whirlpools of the Tyber, wooden gallery projecting from wooden gallery until they become absolutely dangerous. You soon reach the gate, and immediately before you, near the Ponte Quattro Capi, stands a small oratory, “for the use” also “of the Hebrews.” There is a staring, angry-looking crucifix, of gigantic dimensions, frowning from above, and the following minatory inscription from Isaiah, in Latin and Hebrew, below:—

“Expandi manus meas totâ die, ad populum incredulum
Qui graditur in viâ non bonâ post cogitationes suas.”

“Populus, qui ad iracundiam provocat me acie faciem meam
Semper, qui immolant in hortis et sacrificant super lateres.”

And so on, in a strain full of vengeance and wrath. This is the first thing which a Jew meets on coming out in the morning. It is very inviting and convincing; but there is no good reason why the Jew should not have *his* interpretation also, and by a little change of names, turn it upon the Christian. But the Rabbi need not apprehend it will much diminish his flock. The Ghetto walls, and the soldier at the gate, are better preachers than any other; they will keep them to their faith when every thing else fails. And why not? the penal code did as much for Ireland. It is here, however, or in the immediate neighbourhood, that they are condemned once a year to be converted. Sermons are got up by papal edict, and the whole population marched off to digest them with what appetite they can. The Jews are a trampled race, and with all their reputation for stiff-neckedness, are seldom courageous or imprudent enough to kick; but on these occasions they invariably do. Fined they may be, but they have no idea of being talked into Christians. When the bribe of the fifty piastres fails, a “Capucinade” is not very likely to be successful. Rulers, however, are the last people in the world to hear or see these things; and so they persist in lashing the air, filling the sieve, and rolling up the stone, until they excite the merriment of all bystanders in the bargain. The absurdity had been interrupted for some time (thanks to more serious concerns, such as wars and revolutions); but no sooner was there a respite, than they set about abusing their newly-recovered power. Under the meek Pius VII. and the enlightened Cardinal Gonzalvi, an edict of the Cardinal-vicar Della Genga (since Leo XII.), dated February 20, 1823, renewed this intolerant practice. The decree, as is usual when tyranny is most tyrannical, sets out with a great profession of affection for its

victims. It is all for the good and the salvation of the benighted ;—out of pure charity ;—after the best precedents, &c.* It then proceeds to direct the Fattori of the University to send, every Saturday, “alle ore venti e mezza” to the sermon, which was to be preached in the Oratoria della Santissima Trinità de’ Pellegrini et Convalescenti, three hundred Jews, amongst whom it was especially required there should be one hundred youths from twelve to thirty years old, and fifty girls of the same age, accompanied by their matrons, &c. In case of any deficiency on the muster-roll being called over, the party missing shall be obliged to pay three pauls (about fifteen pence), for which the above-mentioned Fattori shall be accountable. Then follows the manner in which they shall conduct themselves whilst at sermon ; severe penalties of thirty crowns’ fine on all who shall conceal or co-operate with the transgressors ; and, finally, the strongest chastisement and threats against any one who shall insult them on their way to sermon, &c.† This last clause speaks a volume. The Government first renders by its own act the persons and the religion of the outcasts objects of abhorrence, and then punishes its subjects for having learnt the lesson it had taught too well. With the bayonet and the whip on one side, no wonder that the crucifix should be ineffectual on the other.

“Expandi manus meas totâ die ad populum incredulum.”

And so it will be, with such persuaders, unto the end of time. The Jews went off, after a good deal of disorderly resistance and expostulation, kicked, cuffed, and fined, to the obnoxious service. But they acted foolishly—they might as well have gone there at the first. It is one thing to go to the well, and another to drink :—a sermon, to effect any thing, must have listeners, and it is not easy to make man or child listen against his will. This the Jews found out at last. “Turno” after “turno” were marched off, as the edict prescribed ; the hundred youths and the fifty girls escorted by their respective matrons, who growled and frowned, and were kissed, hoated, and sermonized, to their utmost mortification and the satisfaction of all the godly at Rome. But the seed fell on barren ground, as I heard from one of the incredulous, a linen-selling friend of mine. There was nothing in the edict (strictly interpreted) about sleep ; and whether owing to the teacher, or their own hardness of heart, many dropt off in the exordium, and all, but a few giggling girls, before the end. The Deputato saw he had been outmanœuvred, and bedought himself on the next occasion of a happy expedient. A certain number of long staves were provided, and watchers stood posted in every part of the chapel ready to direct them wherever circumstances should require. Thus armed, the preacher began with great determination ; and well he might, for whenever he fell into the defect of the Archbishop of Toledo, and the soporific began to operate, down fell the friendly staves in every direction on the nodding heads of the multitude, and restored to him, for a few moments longer, his unwilling audience. The invention for a time was successful, and there were no more sleepers. But when Easter came about, and a great harvest, “overflowing and pressed down,” was expected from this new mode of spiritual cultivation, nothing was found but the old tares. There was no other to be seen in the Baptistry of Constantine, than the single Jew—who got his fifty piastres after his baptism and abjuration,—went away pocketing them with his conscience, and once more addicted himself to his old propensities, and, for aught I know, to his old persuasion—a Jewish Christian and a Christian Jew !

* “Se per le vicende degli ultimi tempi,” it begins, “lungo tratto di anni è rimasta interrotta la Predicazione, ossia Istruzione agli Ebrei, la quale viene inculcata dai concilii, e costituzioni Pontificie, è riconosciuta necessaria a diradare le tenebre, che offuscano le loro mente, *La Santità di Nostro Signore* giudica essere opportuno di non più differirle. Quindi è, che ci hà ordinato di richiamare al suo primiero vigore quanto fu stabilito sotto Clemente VIII. de S. M. con editto del Cardinale Rusticucci e confermato più volte con editti de’ Nostri Predecessori,” &c.

† Cavaletto and fines.

In leaving the Ghetto, I naturally fell into reflections on the fortunes of this singular people. Here is a nation which, trampled and trodden on as it is, still survives both time and revolution. If ancestry be aristocracy, they are the most aristocratic at Rome; no blood has been better preserved from the numerous barbarous streams, "*diluvio de' genti strane*," which have at various times passed through and infected Italy. Some go up as far as the Colosseum, and see here the children of the last captivity; the tale that they have "inherited an instinctive repugnance to walking under the Arch of Titus," is cited sometimes as poetry, sometimes as argument. But the Jews of the Ghetto are not Maccabees or Eleazars, and few amongst them can decipher the Ark of the Covenant, or the Golden Candlestick, on the obnoxious ruin. Long anterior to the introduction of Christianity, they were what the Florentines and Lombards were afterwards in Europe, the factors and carriers of the whole circle of commerce—voluntary exiles, flourishing on the indolence and extravagance of other nations; exhausting them by their industry, conquering them by their wealth, and by slow but certain degrees leading, at length, their "captivity captive." In the height of her power, Jerusalem sent out her colonies to Egypt. Alexander led a considerable body from the Holy City: they were sectarian seceders—of course were branded—soon forgot their Hebrew, and took up instead with the Greek of the Ptolemies. But Rome was then the great pasturage for all the vanities and ambitions of mankind. The Jewish emigrants came to the great market in crowds. So early as Augustus we find them noticed amongst the millions; and Horace scoffs at them in the spirit of a modern Roman. Tiberius found them considerably increased, but instead of confining them within a Ghetto, he banished them from the city.* Domitian, more lenient, or more avaricious, converted them into an object of imperial revenue.† The Imperial Constitutions laid considerable restrictions on their religious worship and marriage contracts; but Honorius and Arcadius, in almost all other particulars, gave them the protection and privileges of the Roman law; allowing them, however, the choice of arbitration, or private tribunals, in civil cases, if so inclined, (l. 8, c. de Jud.) These privileges were gradually augmented; and in Palestine, particularly under the Christian emperors, they seem at all times to have been large, (l. 17, de eodem.) From Rome on one side, and Jerusalem on the other, they rapidly spread into the provinces. The Talmudists speak with enthusiasm of their numerous "*scholæ*;" and, with their usual exaggeration, talk of the four hundred and eighty once existing at Jerusalem. They have now dwindled down to seven, many of these composed of the sweepings of other nations, Spanish, Turkish, and Egyptian Jews. Tiberius, however, is still an exclusively Jewish town; and Palestine rejoices in being under the government of two of the same nation—the two brothers

* "*Actum est de sacris Ægyptiis Judaicisque pellendis; factumque Patrum consultum, ut quatuor millia libertini generis, ea superstitione infecta quæ idonea ætas, in insulam Sardiniam veherentur, coercendis illic latrociniis, et si ob gravitatem cæli interissent vile damnum ceteri cederent Italia, nisi certam ante diem profanos ritus exuissent.*"—Tac. Ann. ii. 85. Suetonius confines this punishment (it was employed as such by Leopold of Tuscany in the instance of the colony of convicts sent to Orbiletto) to the youth; the rest were banished from the city "*sub penâ perpetuæ servitutis nisi obtemperassent.*"—Suet. Tib. 36. It is to be inferred from both historians that the victims were, in great part, either manumitted slaves, or their descendants; and in Suetonius, singularly enough, the *Mathematici*, or astrologers of that day, are included. See also Josephus xviii. 3, and Philo Leg. ad Cai. p. 569.

† "*Præter cæteros Judaicus fiscus acerbissime actus est: ad quem deferebantur, qui vel inprofessi Judaicam viverent vitam, vel dissimulatâ origine, imposita genti tributa, non pendissent.*"—Suet. Domit. 12. The amount was two drachmæ. Josephus, b. i. vii. 6, b. gives the origin of the tax; Appian Syriac makes it a sort of Haratch. It has served as a model, not only for the Vicars-general of Rome, but for the Parliaments of England. Compare the fine of Clement VIII. on his Jewish with the still heavier fines of Elizabeth on her Irish subjects. Both mode and end were the same.

Ibrim and Soloman, ministers of the two Pachaliks of Acre and Damascus. Benjamin of Tudela, when he travelled, did not find more than two hundred, situated precisely in the spot of the seven synagogues, and deeply engaged, as elsewhere, in commercial pursuits. They were then in possession of the monopoly of wool. At Tedmor, however, he was more fortunate, and met with a population of two thousand souls. In most of the trading emporiums of Europe, they had already established themselves; at Amalfi, Naples, Genoa, Venice, and many more. The Saracens introduced them in large numbers into Sicily, and they had already been settled in Spain. To their mercantile propensities, they added also considerable pretensions (borrowed, possibly, from their intercourse with the Arabs) to the astronomical and medical sciences: both were perverted, in their hands, to absolute empiricism and imposture, and employed only as mere engines of trade. But in this double capacity, as treasurers and physicians, they continued long to be sought after in every principal Court in Europe. Then, as now, most of the petty princes of Europe were their tributaries. The Popes themselves were not exempted from the general prepossession. The State Physician, and Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Vatican, was not unfrequently a Jew.* But in proportion as they were superseded in "the money" market, their importance in all other matters began rapidly to decline. The extension of the Arabs over Southern Europe, extended in a still more remarkable degree the cultivation of their favourite sciences. New rivals started up every day; the Universities were founded; and their monopoly in medicine, as well as trade, was soon broken up. The Republics, particularly of Florence and Venice, succeeded to their profits, and, their enemies say, to their usury. The same phenomenon is gradually advancing in the East; the Armenian has superseded the Jew in most of the public and private treasuries of the empire; and the Armenian, in his turn, has been compelled to divide it with the rich Greek. Where commerce still continued to exist, they were permitted, by degrees, to enter into the privileges, and, as a natural consequence, into the habits and opinions of other citizens; but in States so entirely engaged with the concerns of another world as to be nearly regardless of this, they fell at once into poverty and contempt. At Rome their fall was complete. The miserable relics of the ancient colony have dwindled into a few hundred souls. Their Ghetto looks like a mendicity asylum, and as soon they can muster a few piastres, they generally escape from the prison in search of some gentler yoke. But, such as it is, it is the most industrious part of Rome. Men, whom none but the vigilant eye of a Vicar-general, or a Grand Inquisitor, could suppose possessed of the bare necessities of life, have been known to hold some of the most luxurious prelates of Rome in their strings. Persecution has forced them to grow rich—to conceal it—and, by preventing them from spending their riches, to continue so. They have all the "minute commerce," the linen and woollen trade, to themselves. Their capital, without a vent, accumulates; and in the third or fourth generation, out starts some potent seignior, who compels their masters, by the best of ties—their wants and prodigality—to serve the servant, in their turn. But this is still a phenomenon at Rome. Whatever is worth keeping is sure to leave it. Wealth as well as liberty looks to more congenial climes. The moment a man can benefit the state, he flies it. There are thus constant emigrations to Leghorn, and a constant decrease of capital and industry at home. But in return, the Vicars-general have the gratification of driving those who remain behind, to sermons they will not listen to, and the prospect of gradually converting the nation, much after the manner of the new

* Benjamin of Tudela met at Rome "a certain Rabbi Jekiel, a minister of the Pope, a handsome youth, prudent and wise, who frequented the Court of the Pope as one who belonged to it, and was the administrator of all his treasures."—Itin. A biography of the Jewish physicians, who served the Vatican, is also extant.

reformation in Ireland, in the ratio of one whole Jew at fifty crowns per year.

On issuing forth from this tenebrose region "di questi luoghi bui," and walking round the walls, I found myself in a narrow lane, ("Viccolo de' Caccaberis,") which leads directly to the "Palace of the Cenci." That name awakened a thousand recollections. In a few moments I stood before its gates. The first object I beheld was a small chapel, whose doors seemed for ever closed. I looked up. It was entitled, "Santa Maria de Planctu." Imagination immediately connected it with Beatrice.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ROSSINI'S COMPOSITIONS.

It is admitted by musicians and amateurs, as well as by those who merely seek an agreeable pastime in frequenting musical performances of any kind, that the compositions of Rossini form a memorable epoch in the annals of the art, and perhaps an interesting feature in the history of the present age. Wherever his operas have appeared, they have soon rooted firmly and almost exclusively in the public favour, exerted an inconceivable influence on musical taste, and nearly banished from the stage—it might almost be said from our recollection—the classic works of the greatest masters who have preceded him. In Italy, where the works of Rossini began to make an impression about eighteen years ago, they have succeeded in nearly supplanting the operas of Paisiello, Guglielmi, Mayer, Paer, and even Cimarosa. In Germany, national predilections have rendered their sway perhaps somewhat less universal and exclusive; but, at all events, even there Rossini is the lord of the ascendant. Winter—nay, the incomparable Mozart, are rather tolerated than adored, as heretofore; and even Haydn and Beethoven, although the field which their genius had occupied was not quite the same, have been much less cherished since the intrusion of the Gran Maestro. In France, musical appetite is generally to be stilled with smaller fare. In a country where "Le Devin du Village," "Annette et Lubin," and such light food, are still capable of bringing good houses, the works of Gretry, D'Alayrac, &c. run little risk; and the compositions of Mehul, Boieldieu, &c. may bid defiance to alien intrusion. But although France may have been less fickle towards its native favourites than other countries, it has by no means been exempt from the Rossinomania. In one respect, indeed, France has outdone all its neighbours. Not content with feasting upon the productions of the Swan of Pesaro, nothing would do but to be in possession of the bird itself, in order to have to themselves all the golden eggs yet in expectancy. But the monopolizing speculation has not been very successful. Whether the bird, when thus secured, had done laying for good, or whether he have been overfed, or whether the climate disagree with his nature and habits, so much is certain, that the eggs produced since have not been *new-laid eggs*; some, indeed, were found remarkably stale.*

Of the prodigious march and spreading of the Rossinian music in this country the reader is sufficiently aware. Our worship approaches idolatry, and surpasses that of all other nations. Of the sixty subscription-

* Of "Guillaume Tell," the most recent French opera of Rossini, the writer of this paper has not yet had an opportunity of forming a judgment.

nights at the King's Theatre, between forty and fifty are generally devoted to operas of Rossini; and the majority of musical publications consists of adaptations from his operas, or of pieces more or less founded on his productions.

When a thing is so universally relished, the *prima facie* presumption is, that it must possess some intrinsic value; and yet upon this point opinions are strangely at variance. While a large, and probably the greater portion of the musical public, worship Rossini as their idol, there are numbers who perceive in his music nothing but the emanations of a superficial mind, aided by a lively fancy and a great share of animal spirits; who not only deny him the merit of originality, but strongly accuse him of systematic plagiarism to an extent unprecedented in the works of any other master. In short, the whole history of music, probably, does not present us with the name of a composer upon whose merits opinions have been more divided, and whose works at the same time have made a greater and more universal sensation.

It therefore seems to be worth while, with a view to form a correct opinion on the subject, to consider, with some degree of care and accuracy, the peculiar and distinctive features of the Rossinian music, and to endeavour to trace the probable causes of its great popularity. In the next place, it appears to be an object of some interest—however difficult it may prove—to inquire into the effects which the works of Rossini have produced, not only with reference to dramatic and lyric composition (their immediate field of display), but also generally as regards the musical taste of the age, and the executive part of music, instrumental as well as vocal, but vocal in particular.

One of the most obvious and characteristic features in the compositions of Rossini, and perhaps that which has most contributed to their rapid and universal popularity, is no doubt the vivacity, the unceasing and inexhaustible flow of animal spirits, which prevail in all his writings. In some of the latitudes north of the Alps, and in our own foggy, smoky, and gaseous atmosphere, we occasionally, it is true, meet with a race of beings who seem to delight in the lugubrious, and to feel supremely happy when moved to tears. Fortunately, however, the number of these lacrymants, even in these their foggy, smoky, and gaseous headquarters, is not considerable; abroad they are fewer still, and in Italy this class of mortals is an absolute rarity. The exception, therefore, is trifling; and we may safely propound it as an axiom, that people in all countries like to be enlivened by cheerfulness and gaiety, in music above all things; and that the composer who supplies this demand most readily and copiously, is sure to be most in favour, at least with the mass of the people.

In Rossini, therefore, the public found their *magnus Apollo*. His vivacity, his mercurial and light-hearted organization, was well calculated to administer light and palatable musical food to his gay and animated countrymen. Rossini's music breathes a life, a stirring, and a bustle, not to be met with in the works of any other composer. He seldom resorts to slow rhythms, if a more active measure will but tolerably serve the purpose; indeed, he frequently uses the latter when a more staid progress would have been infinitely preferable. "Keep moving," is his great motto. It is on that account that the musical figure called *triplets* has been taken by him into most especial favour.

Their "rate of going" is peculiarly rash and animated, owing to the strong accent which the first of the three notes always carries, and which marks the rhythm with peculiar force and precision. Triplets will thus be found to occur abundantly in most of Rossini's pieces, even in slow movements, where they act as accelerators to the otherwise sluggish motion of longer notes. Instead of four sober crotchets in a bar, we generally are treated with a dozen quaver-triplets.

Our Maestro employs, unconsciously perhaps, a variety of other expedients to give rhythmical seasoning to his airs. To avoid an equable progress of equivalent sounds, one note is retarded by dots and half-dots, at the expense of the following, which is barely allowed time to hop in with a momentary snap; thus again marking the rhythm more forcibly, as is the case more especially in military marches; a class of pieces essentially demanding rhythmical energy and precision, and in which, therefore, Rossini has been signally successful.

All these manifestations of a buoyant vivacity may be traced in nearly the whole of the compositions of Rossini, even in those intended for essentially serious situations, where, as has already been hinted, they at times occur out of their proper place. However pathetic, or even tragic, the poetry of an aria, &c. may be, the musical expression imparted to it by Rossini seems, with scarcely an exception, to fall short of the intensity of emotion contemplated by the text. His musical metre, his rhythm, and his diction, are ever active, hustling, and animated. Without going to the length of maintaining that Rossini is absolutely lively and gay on occasions when the text speaks sadness and despair, it cannot, we think, be denied that none of his strains breathe the tender sensibility of Mozart, the deep feeling of Weber, or the heart-stirring pathos of Gluck. Hence it is that Rossini has been less successful in the serious and tragic drama, than in the comic and romantic; that his "Otello," "Zelmira," and "Semiramide," however masterly in some respects, must yield the palm to the "Barbiere" and "Tancredi." The two latter operas abound with a succession of original and fascinating melodies, apparently the spontaneous effusions of an exuberant musical fancy; while in the three serious dramas above adverted to, however we may recognize in them the pen of a master-mind, we meet with much fewer tokens of inventive originality and genial inspiration. This remark appears to us particularly applicable to "Zelmira" and "Semiramide," the most recent Italian dramas set to music by Rossini. Very few of the melodies are of a novel character, or of a nature to fasten on the memory; some traits of compositorial freak and whimsicality perhaps excepted, which for a moment strike the ear with surprise without interesting its sympathy. As far as art goes, these two operas present scores considerably more elaborate and rich than the generality of their predecessors; and in this respect they savour strongly of the German school, the style of which Rossini has, intentionally perhaps, thought proper to imitate in several of the pieces.

If, as has been above observed, Rossini rarely reaches the tragic grandeur of Gluck, or the intense feeling of Mozart or Weber, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that, let him be as serious as he can contrive to be, his music is never lugubrious, whining, or even sentimental, as is the case with some clever compositions of the German school. This negative characteristic, in our opinion, is one of great

merit, or, at least, greatly in his favour, (for it can hardly be called meritorious to abstain from that which is not in the man's organization.) The doleful in music ought very sparingly to be resorted to; most people are soon tired with it. Let a text be ever so melancholy, if music is to be set to it—and it had perhaps better be left alone—the music may fitly fall much short of the gloomy import of the poetry. The long continuance of strains in the minor mode, the frequent employment of diminished sevenths, and of other expedients more peculiarly adapted to the expression of saddened feelings, soon create languor and *ennui*. It is probably owing to the predominance of serious and gloomy expression, that some compositions of undisputed merit have met with less success than might otherwise have been anticipated. Among these may be numbered Morlacchi's "Tebaldo e Isolina," and Marschner's "Vampyre."

While thus the total absence of every thing lachrymose in Rossini's works seems to compensate, in some degree, for the want of tragic grandeur and intense feeling, it is farther to be admitted, that in musically depicting emotions of softness and tenderness, Rossini has often met with the happiest success; and to this point, perhaps, may be limited his capability of expressing the more serious sensations of the heart. The charming aria, "Ecco ridente il Cielo," in the "Barbiere," the sweet rural strains of "Aurora che sorgerai," and several other happy efforts of his pen, might be quoted in support of this opinion.

That the vivacious and animated nature of our bard would ensure him triumphant success in compositions of a lively cast, and in buffo-songs, must at once be self-evident. In this line he shines resplendent, and has often surpassed his most celebrated predecessors, Paisiello, Cimarosa, and even Mozart not excepted. Among many specimens which may be quoted in support of this assertion, it will be sufficient to remind the reader of one or two; the *Largo al factotum*, in the "Barbiere di Siviglia," is a perfect masterpiece of comic composition; it really stands unequalled. What a flow of animal spirits, what gaiety, what a buoyancy of life and bustle, both in the vocal part and in the orchestra! The same opera furnishes several other excellent compositions of the humorous kind, such as the first duet between Figaro and Almaviva, "Che invenzione," the bass song, "La Calunnia," the two pieces which introduce Almaviva in the two successive disguises of a dragoon and a music-master, &c. Again, in the "Turco in Italia," the duet between Don Gerouimo and his flirt of a wife, "Per piacer alla Signora," is absolutely a cabinet picture of comic expression. These, and others which we could easily add to the catalogue, will readily silence all doubts as to the geniality and originality of Rossini's sprightly muse.

One observation by the way. When these and other comic effusions of the Italian school are contrasted with the coarse and vulgar trash which, in most of our English operas, is bawled out to the audience under the title of humorous songs, and generally received "with the most unbounded applause," who that is possessed of a grain of taste can refrain from shrinking with a humiliating blush from such a comparison? The manufacture of this rubbish is generally entrusted to humbler hands, distinct from the composer of the rest of the opera; and in the same manner is the drawling and roaring of it con-

signed to persons totally destitute of either voice or musical education. Such is *our* taste! such are, with very few exceptions, *our* comic songs!

In the foregoing remarks we have endeavoured to show what appeared to us to be one of the most obvious attractions in Rossini's music, viz. its sparkling vivacity, the unceasing buoyancy of animal spirits which pervade all his compositions. But there are other important peculiarities in his writings, equally obvious and universal, in our opinion, and no less advantageous.

The compositions of Rossini are essentially conspicuous for their rhythmical symmetry, as well as for extraordinary clearness of plan, uncommon perspicuity and intelligibility, great breadth both of melody and harmonic colouring, and, however the assertion may raise a smile, great simplicity!

Most of our readers, probably, are aware of the meaning of the term "rhythmical symmetry" in music; it is applied to a composition in which the successive phrases and periods stand in due correspondence with each other as regards duration, measure, and cadence; where all the parts present a well-proportioned regularity and symmetry among themselves, so as to balance each other; like the feet and lines of a stanza of poetry, in which the same metrical symmetry forms, or at least ought to form, an essential requisite, although not always scrupulously observed by our modern bards of the "Free and Easy" school.

In this respect the dramatic compositions of the Italians are more or less favourably distinguished; but those of Rossini, above the rest, will, upon investigation, be found to present the most scrupulous symmetry of rhythmical plan and arrangement; if the term "scrupulous" may be applied to a feature which, instead of being the result of premeditated care and labour, is probably the mere spontaneous offspring of intuitive feeling and good taste. In the writings of Rossini, all is ever in the best proportion.

We are not aware of one single instance of lameness or other irregularity in his rhythm. This is a paramount feature of recommendation even with the multitude, who know nothing of its existence, but are unconsciously fascinated by its charms, even if the vehicle be but a drum, or a stick thumping on a deal board in regular cadence.

Connected, in some measure, with this merit is that of clearness and perspicuity in the plan of a composition; and in this respect the works of Rossini are most perfect. The ear readily seizes the bearings between the successive periods, understands their import, weighs and compares them with each other—unconsciously in most cases; and hails with satisfaction the sequel, of which it had already formed a more or less defined anticipation. The mind is never at a loss to follow the composer's meaning; all is clear and intelligible, like a landscape in a serene summer's evening. The satisfaction imparted by such a score will more readily be appreciated by a comparison with one of a contrary description, which may be likened to a tract of country obscured by fogs or dark clouds. In music of the latter kind, the ear may occasionally be greeted by a transient passage of some promise—like a partial gleam of sunshine in the misty haze of confusion; but the anticipated enjoyment is soon marred by a heterogeneous sequel; we

torment our imagination with efforts to feel at home, but find ourselves in a wilderness of crudities and incongruities.

Rossini's excellence, with respect to the important requisite of clearness and intelligibility of ideas, will scarcely be disputed. Not so, probably, the paradoxical praise we have ventured to award to him, as regards *simplicity*. How, it will no doubt be asked, can the music of Rossini be termed simple, fringed and garnished as it is in every bar with amplification, flourish, and ornament of every kind, and in all manner of ways? The praise of simplicity, it will be said, might as fitly be bestowed on the present attire of our belles, with all its trimming, braiding, and flouncing, or on the florid style of Gothic architecture, overloaded with scrolls, fretwork, and other ornamental minutiae.

We are quite ready to admit the decorative character of Rossini's music. No composer before him has been so lavish of adventitious, superfluous, and even injurious ornament, especially in his vocal parts; and we shall hereafter have to dwell more fully on this feature, when we enter upon the chapter of grievances. But it appears to us that a musical idea or phrase, although seasoned with embellishment, may, in its essence, in its primary conception, be perfectly simple; that this simplicity, however disguised by ornament, and perhaps even injuriously influenced by it, may subsist, and be readily discerned, in spite of adventitious decoration. The latter may be compared to the tattooing of the skin of a Polynesian warrior, which, be it ever so profuse and whimsical, in no way hides the symmetrical beauty of his form. And since allusion has just been made to the ornamental characteristics of Gothic edifices, we would even hazard the paradoxical assertion, that some of these structures, in despite of the decorations in the minor details, present a striking and pleasing simplicity of outline and general composition. Their grandeur is not disputed, and it may be doubted whether grandeur can exist without simplicity.

It is thus that, in our opinion, the scores of Rossini, with all their numerous figures of superadded ornament, are simple in outline and primary conception. The skeleton of his ideas is plain and obvious, it is the mode of diction only which is florid; and when thus the framework of a musical idea is of a simplicity readily to be seized by the ear, and—as is the case with Rossini—the mode of dressing out the idea is graceful and piquant, and frequently quite novel, it is not surprising that music of this description has so rapidly and universally found favour.

In the above enumeration of the various features of attraction which present themselves to the critical observer of Rossini's music, our remarks may be considered as applying principally to *melody*. But most of these features equally pervade his *harmony*. The latter is equally, if not more, remarkable for perspicuity of design, an extraordinary degree of intelligibility, great breadth of colouring—if we may be allowed to borrow from the sister art a term so apt to our purpose—and also a striking degree of simplicity.

In the compositions of Rossini, these advantageous characteristics, as regards harmony, cannot, perhaps, be considered as positive merits. A genius born, a true child of nature, apparently not imbued with the

scholastic artifices of counterpoint, his harmonic colouring seems to be rather the spontaneous effusion of innate musical feeling than the result of studious elaboration. The scanty notices of his earlier career mention two instructors, Don Angelo Tesei and the Padre Stanislao Mattei, of whom Rossini is said to have received lessons in the theory of music and composition. But the period of tuition certainly does not seem to have been of long duration, and considering his vivacity and habitual indolence, we suspect a little contrapuntal schooling will have gone a great way with so mercurial a pupil; and this suspicion is by no means invalidated by his scores. They seldom exhibit any touches of contrapuntal artifice; or if there be an occasional gleam of the kind, it is very transient; the effect of momentary inspiration, soon abandoned. There is little of scientific interlacement between the parts. One melodic part, like the outline in a picture, almost always maintains its supremacy; and all the others, from the trombone to the piccolo, merely act in support of the main idea, so as to impart to it the requisite harmonic colouring. This colouring also may be termed simple, broad, and perspicuous in the extreme; simple as to the main object, yet by no means plain or naked. The instrumentation, we mean to assert, is never complex or confused; while maintaining its unity of aim and purpose, it at the same time is full and complete, very often luxuriantly rich, and as frequently replete with the most varied touches of elegance in manner and ornamental diction. In the instrumentation, as in the melody, however decorative and noisy the former may be devised, unity of impression is never lost sight of. All is perfectly luminous to every soul in the theatre, (in Italy at all events!) The box-keeper, the scene-shifter, and prim hawker of the libretto, all understand the favourite Maestro's meaning, probably, quite as well as the bald or bepowdered theorist in the front of the pit, who, with a supercilious grin perhaps, laments the palpable decline of musical taste. There surely must be something in music which every body understands and is delighted with, whatever be its lack of scientific elaboration! What do ninety-nine in a hundred—nay, perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand frequenters of even the King's Theatre care for high-wrought artifice in the parts—what for learned and abstruse modulations, what for fugues and canons?

Not that the compositions of Rossini are at all deficient as regards modulation. On the contrary, he occasionally launches freely into the regions of harmonic transition, and even ventures upon the boldest leaps. But he never modulates needlessly, for the mere sake of modulation—an expedient most freely resorted to by those writers who labour most under a poverty of melodic ideas. When Rossini modulates, he has an object in view, generally scenic; or he modulates sometimes, as in his overtures, with a view to heighten the harmonic colouring, or to produce variety or striking force of effect. On these occasions, however, he never entangles himself in a labyrinth of unmeaning transitions; he sees his way before him, and is not long in resuming it. The hearer, instead of being wearied by accompanying him in the temporary deviations, finds himself refreshed for the remainder of the journey.

As to fugues and canons, to which we have just now alluded incidentally, we doubt whether Rossini can be said to have ever made

either of these. "What! no canons?" some of our readers will exclaim, and bring in array against us "O Nume benefico;"* "Di tanti regi;"† "Mi manca la voce,"‡ &c. pointing to the very titles with which these pieces are inscribed. Any scientific discussion on this subject would be foreign to the object of our paper; but as we do not hesitate to maintain that these pieces are improperly styled canons, we feel compelled to state our reasons in a few words. Canons—if the reader will have patience with a line or two of dry definition—are vocal pieces of several parts, in which each part, falling in successively, executes the same melody, which is throughout adhered to by all the parts; these being so contrived as to act reciprocally in the way of accompaniment, as soon as two and more parts successively come into co-operation. In the Rossinian canons, each part, it is true, enters successively, and commences with the same melody; but as soon as it thus steps in, the other parts no longer pursue the primary melody, but merely discharge the ordinary functions of accompaniment, so that the primary melody is never heard but in one of the parts. The Rossinian canons, therefore, are nothing more than terzetts, or quartetts, in which each part successively begins with the same motivo. We are aware that, in scenic music, some liberties are taken with compositions of this class; but these liberties do not amount to a total departure from the essence of the canon.

For the rest, we are far from finding fault with these pseudo-canons of Rossini. Several of them are highly dramatic and impressive; much more so, we are sure, than any real canon which could have been substituted in their place. All we meant to assert was, that so far as our acquaintance with his works extends, no proper canon or fugue occurs in them. This structure requires a degree of study and application, which, if we know enough of the disposition of Rossini, he probably feels seldom inclined to exert, even supposing him to be an adept in the mystery. Nay, if he were to urge in his defence that, in dramatic music at least, the trouble is not compensated by the effect, we should be disposed to concur. Canons and fugues, however fine and clever, are, after all, a scientific sort of Dutch medley, which, from the condition of its structure, must be deficient in musical sentiment and unity of expression. Scholastic artifice is not a vehicle of the beautiful. What should we say to an occasional set of acrostic lines in the *Æneid* or the *Odyssey*?

(To be continued.)

LOVE AMONGST THE BILL-BROKERS.

Quoth Mary—"Trust, I pray, these tears
That thus my cheeks bedew;
They speak the passion of a heart
That beats alone for you."

Then, with a true Change-alley sneer,
Says Hal—"By trade I'm taught
That tears and bills may both be due,
And neither worth a groat."

W.

* "Gazza Ladra."

† "Semiramide."

‡ "Mosè in Egitto."

TRAVELLING TROUBLES, NO. II.

"Il longo andare ha di mali incontri."—*Pietr. Aretino.*

"Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus."—*Hor.*

HE was a brave man, it has been said, who first ate an oyster; and truly to an eye unprejudiced by associations with the acquired information of the palate, an oyster is, as I think I have somewhere read, any thing but "*ingenui vultûs puer*,"—a youth of an inviting aspect. That man also, says a great poetic authority, must have had threefold armour round his breast who first ventured in a cock-boat; but the courage of these dare-devils was nothing to the fool-hardihood of him who first hazarded a voyage in a foreign country, and trusted his person among those whose language was not his language. Nor does it in any respect diminish the bravery of the act, that, in this case, the "triple brass," instead of shielding the thorax, must thickly line the recesses of the breeches-pockets. The pocket is avowedly the most vulnerable point in the microcosm,—its genuine tendon Achilles, or rather the central point of its vitality; so that it requires more true courage to look an attack on that quarter steadily in the face, than to encounter a charge of bayonets, to face the speech of an Attorney-General, or to sit out the last French tragedy done into English for the service of the Cockney *Thalia*. Unluckily, this same breeches-pocket is the especial object of all the designs, plots, conspiracies, "*voies de fait*," and "*ruses de guerre*," of all manner of persons with whom John Bull comes into contact, in the course of his continental peregrinations. His journey is one continued "*quart d'heure de Rabelais*;" and it should seem as if a misplaced instinct of patriotism led foreigners, one and all, to a detailed assault upon those riches, which the wholesale expenditure of the revolutionary war had failed to exhaust. Tradesmen of every description appear to make it a matter of conscience thus to revenge their national quarrels. There is not an hotel-keeper between Calais and Paris who does not calculate his reckoning as if Cressy and Agincourt were items in the account; and every miserable *laquai de place* lays it on thick, as if he had served in person at Toulouse and Waterloo. The cutting off the supplies is the cardinal point in mercantile, as in military tactics; and there is an holy alliance of furnished-hotel-keepers, job-masters, servants, milliners, mantua-makers, tailors, ornament-venders, and jewellers, which I found, by fatal experience, more than a match for a thousand Napoleons. It is an established rule that an Englishman (whether out of compliment to his generosity, his presumed length of purse, or the shallowness of his wit, I know not,) should always pay one-third more than a native; and there is something or other about honest John, that prevents his ever being mistaken. There is an atmosphere of Bullism that surrounds him wherever he goes; and not even Mathews himself could so disguise his manner as to pass on a Parisian shopkeeper for any thing but a true son of Britannia.

Now, in this very unequal warfare, there is nothing gives the assailants such advantage as their superiority of language. The oratory of a pretty shopwoman is the most overwhelming thing in nature. The falls of the Niagara are nothing to its dining facundity; while the poor purchaser is tongue-tied, or at best has no rhetorical forces to bring to the field, but the halt and the lame. It is to little purpose that he may

have Racine and Voltaire at his fingers' ends, that he may have cried out his schoolboy eyes over *Telemaque*, or expended years in conning the mysteries of "*j'ai*, I have; *tu as*, thou hast." All manner of scholastic instruction, or tasteful literature, advances not its possessor one step in the language which goes to the purchase of a china orange, or a wash ball, or enables him to settle an account of two posts and a half with a jack-booted postilion. As well might the traveller journey with a Greek lexicon, as hope to work his way through a French bazaar with the dictionary of the Academy. There is no written authority for nine-tenths of the vocabulary of the counter; and not even astrology has so much obscure technicality, as the art of buying and selling. Meanwhile, the slightest embarrassment betrayed in the expression of your ideas, brings down on your head a surcharge of some twenty or thirty per cent. slap, like an avalanche in the month of May. An infant that had lost its nurse in Cheapside would scarcely be more helpless than a true John Bull on a shopping excursion down the Rue Vivienne. How, in God's name, is a stranger to discover that "*à prix fixe*" means that he is to offer the half what is asked; and that "*Je ne surrais jamais*" should put him on his guard against extortion? How is an inexperienced female to know that if she wants a bonnet, she must ask for a hat ("*un chapeau*")? or that the natural French appellation for that capital ornament stands simply for a cotton nightcap? or how is she to recognise a silk handkerchief under the appellation of a "*foulard*?" I remember passing half a morning in the *Marché des Fleurs*, asking every one I met "*avez vous de la mignonette*?" on the strength of the evident French origin of that English word; and wondering how folks could be so stupid as not to understand me. It was not till a month afterwards I learned by accident, that the French are excellent botanists, and call the plant in question by its Linnean name of *Reseda*. Another insuperable difficulty with our ladies was to distinguish between "*sept sous*," and "*seize sous*;" and accordingly they ever bought by the yard, at the highest rate. The like equivocation also attended the Frenchman's rapid enunciation of "*cinque*," and "*cent*," and always (as the political economists term it,) to the disadvantage of the consumer. I once met a brother cockney travelling by himself without one word of the language of the country; and, asking him if he were not much distressed by the deficiency, he replied, in the broadest possible London patois, "No, d—n it, I like it! It's pure fun." But though it may be "pure fun" not to speak a word of French, this I know, that speaking it badly is no joke at all. Here, indeed, a little learning is a dangerous thing. It is always seducing a man into difficulties; and once out of his depth, it is money, and not cork, on which he must rely for bringing him safely to shore.

But, as it may be concluded that every man who travels has (in the language of Sir Thomas More,) "a littel wanton money, which hym thought brenned out the bottom of hys purs," and which is his chief inducement for going "over the sea for none other erand but to se Flaunders and France, and ryde out one somer in those countrees," this difficulty may perhaps be esteemed as light; nay, some will have it, that the sooner the money is gone, the sooner the senses are restored; and that the extortion of foreigners is a pure manifestation of good feeling, arising solely in an intense desire to send Johnny back to his

best friend, the counter. 'To such persons I can only reply, that "there is reason in roasting of eggs;" and that women can spend money fast enough, without being assisted by the roguery of others. 'To make, however, a clear bosom of it, I may as well admit, honestly, that the fault does not lie altogether with the foreigners. It is so difficult for an Englishman to resist the temptation to a little purse-proud swaggering, a flinging about of crowns and half guineas without rhyme or reason, as much as to say "devil take the expense," or "see what fine fellows we English are," that it is eminently difficult for strangers to avoid the vulgar error of thinking all the Bull family to be made of gold, and "en écorechant messieurs les Anglois," of justifying the matter to their conscience, as the cookmaid did by the eels, on the hypothesis that "they like it." It is not, therefore, quite fair, after thus leading men into temptation, to turn short round on them, as I have seen folks do; and, like a Reynolds or an Oliver, upbraid them with the extortion which they have themselves provoked. It would be well, indeed, if the indiscretion stopped here; but one mischief always brings another in its train; and the English, after a fit of extravagance, fully verifying the proverb of "a fool and his money," are apt to be seized with very unbecoming paroxysms of parsimony, driving bargains that would disgrace an old clothesman, and practising a thousand meannesses which they would disdain at home, out of a paltry suspicion, a jealous apprehension of being the dupes of their "natural enemies." After all, be it remembered, excursions of pleasure are not undertaken with a view to the saving of money; and though (as Juno says in the Golden Pippin,) "cheats are provoking, ma'am," yet the squabbling for pence and half-pence is not the most dignified thing in the world; the pleasure of passing for an English *Milor* is not to be had gratis; while, to command respect, it is necessary at least to simulate the habits and manners of a gentleman.

Of all the troubles of travelling, and heaven knows they are many, there is not one falls heavier on a genuine Bull than the difficulty he finds abroad of "getting any thing he can eat." Of all his affections, his appetite is the most unmalleable and homespun. "*Cœlum non stomachum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," which means, in plain English, crossing the channel in a steam-boat will not give a relish for frogs and fricasees, or (to translate the Latin more poetically)

"Where'er I roam, whatever climes to see,
My heart, untravell'd, still returns to——"

the roast beef of Old England, plum pudding, and heavy wet. Every thing in this world is relative, and stomachs which have been long used to half-raw, half-burned cookery, like those which are accustomed to train oil, are not easily brought to make up their minds to a more wholesome and nutritious diet. In these march of intellect times, however, prejudice is very much at a discount. Fashion is despotic, and folks must affect a virtue if they have it not. The carnivorous propensities (I had well nigh said cannibal,) must be placed in abeyance; and French cookery must be relished, under pain of passing for a nobody; which is worse than a swindler. There are, it must be confessed, plenty of good things in Paris, that city of Epicurism; and, the Rubicon once passed, the most ferocious stomachs may be tamed, under the civil-

izing tuition of a first rate restaurateur. But there, again, "is another simple sin." Ignorance lies like a plummet on the debutant in French eating; and every fresh step is, to the uninitiated, a new difficulty. Every thing eatable, in France, is a perfect mystification, alike to the intellect and the palate; and is involved in a double disguise, of language and of external appearance. The great object of culinary science is amalgamation: and the simple elements of nourishment are so sophisticated and transinogrified in stewpans and digesters, that their nature and origin are as difficult to determine, as those of a bottle of London Champagne. Fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, all appear at table, in a carnival costume, like a reasonable idea in the phraseology of the Morning Journal, or an abstract truth in one of Southey's long-winded arguments. Now an Englishman has usually heard so much of eating cats in France, under the disguise of rabbits, and has his imagination so filled with snails and frogs, that he would prefer (even though he were stark staring mad with no-popery) swallowing all the articles of the Gallican church at a mouthful, to eating one French dish upon trust, and leaving the conscience of his stomach in the keeping of a *cordon bleu*. First impressions, moreover, are apt to be obstinate, and to avail themselves, to the fullest extent, of the nine points of law arising from preoccupation. Now, the kitchen is tremendously in proof in a French inn, and their cooks have no very high character for cleanliness. The consequence is often fatal to an Englishman's progress in gastronomy. For my own part, I can safely say that it forced our whole party to betake themselves, for one calendar week, to boiled eggs,—a diet we might have continued *ad infinitum*, had we not been led to seek relief in roasted fowls. To that esculent we were inclined partly by hunger, and partly by reflection on the purifying effects of fire; but the immediate cause of the experiment was the hearing a brother traveller bespeak a "ding dong (*dindon*) for dinner every day, till farther orders;" protesting that it was the only thing in France which an Englishman could touch. The natural effect of travelling is, however, to enlarge the ideas, and to render the mind less national and more European; so, one by one, we picked up some acquaintance with the more usual dishes of the French bill of fare, as far, at least, as to know them by sight, and to eat of them without disgust. Finding it, as I have said, fashionable to understand these things, we made a virtue of necessity, tried every thing, not too monstrous, that fell in our way, and endeavoured to forget boiled chickens and hacon, and the cliffs of Dover. Apropos to boiled chickens! I was once standing at an inn-door in Normandy, when a very genteel-looking Englishman, in a parsonic suit of black, came up to me with a slight motion of his hat, and a sort of smile on his countenance, begging my pardon for the intrusion. "The fact is," he said, "we have ordered boiled fowls for our dinner; but none of the party can tell what is French for parsley and butter." I gave the requisite information (for I had then been some time in France), not a little amused with the idea, that if my new acquaintance was at a loss for the word, the cook would not be less puzzled with the thing, and wondering what sort of a compound the parsley and butter of a Norman kitchen would prove. French dishes, I have remarked, are twice disguised (disguised in nature and in name), and the last disguise is, of the two, the most puzzling and distressing. There is not a more disagreeable thing in the world, than being set

down for the first time before a restaurateur's *carte*, with the appetite in prime order, and the head full of pleasing anticipations of the resources of a *Very* or a *Hardi*. Dining *à la carte*, to one thus circumstanced, is a complete game of blindman's buff, and so much the worse, in as far as it is the stomach, and not merely the shins, which suffer in the process. I shall never forget the first attempt we made in this unknown geography. On taking up the mystical sheet, which was scarcely inferior in size to a double "Times" newspaper, one felt very much, as it may be supposed Adam did when he had spread before him Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and New South Wales, for the selection of a residence. The world (of good eating) was indeed "all before us where to choose;" but, alas! why cannot we add also, "with providence our guide." In these latter days, when special miracles are no more, man is thrown upon his own resources. We Protestants, more particularly, are without a convenient saint to help us out of a scrape, as often as we are too indolent or too ignorant to help ourselves. Now, most unluckily, among the thousand and one strangers' guides, manuals, and directories, that crowd the pockets of a travelling carriage, and are themselves worthy of being set down among travelling troubles, there is no volume explanatory of the mysteries and nomenclature of the restaurateur's *carte*. The labyrinth of Crete was as plain sailing as the road to Brentford, when compared with the intricacies of the route from oysters to liqueurs. Without an almost supernatural intelligence, sharp as the intuition of a Kantist, one may order twenty times as much as one wants, and yet get nothing to eat: or if, by an happy accident, one stumbles upon something not absolutely abhorrent to one's nature, it is sure to come too late or too early for its customary place among the strata of the stomach,—fruit pie in the first course, or fish after *blanc manger*. Every thing in the vocabulary of the restaurateur is calculated to mystify or deceive. Very rarely indeed is the distinguishing "*à la* something" attached to a dish, really distinctive of its qualities or ingredients: more commonly it is purely honorific,—as "*à la Soubise*," "*à la Maintenon*," or "*à la Marengo*," which give you about as good a notion of the dish in question as the blind man had of colours, when he said that red is like the sound of a trumpet. Then, who is to guess the fine distinctions between *entrées* and *entremets*? and what, in the name of patience, are *hors-d'œuvres*? I am rather fond of a basin of mock-turtle, a habit acquired by a daily passage through the steam which evaporates from the kettles of Mr. Birch, of Cornhill. The first thing, therefore, that I looked for, on taking up the *carte*, was the category of soups. Every body in England has heard of the French predilection for this article of consumption; not to mention the sarcasms on *soupe mangre*, which form part of our national education. Judge, therefore, of my surprise, on finding no mention of the word in the bill of fare! By dint, however, of some puzzling, and cross-examination of the *garçon*, I discovered that *la soupe* is school French, and that the proper appellation of sordid esculents is *potage*. "*Est quoddam prodire tenus*,"—this was one step in the progress of instruction. We had what the botanists call the generic appellation: but still the specific names remained, and were mysteries not more easy of solution. There were "*potage printanniere*," "*potage à la Julienne*," "*potage aux croûtes*," and a dozen other potages in a goodly row, like a file of infantry, all, doubtless, very good, but to the inexperienced eye all perfectly alike.

"How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away;" but to make a selection, where the claims of all were so perfectly alike, would put Solomon himself at his wits' end. The ass who had only two bundles of hay to choose from, was not in half the metaphysical impossibility of movement that we were. Several of the party were of opinion that "*potage au vermicelli*" looked the prettiest on paper; but a gentleman who had seen a dish bearing that identical name at the Crown and Anchor in London, declared it was only a parcel of worms boiled in gravy, and it was rejected accordingly. The "*potage à la Julienne*" was next taken into consideration; and the configuration of letters it presented found favour in our sight, till some one suggested that "*à la Julienne*" must mean July soup; and as we were only in the month of May, it was voted out of season, and was passed over without farther discussion. After a full half-hour's pros and cons, the ladies pitched on "*potage au lait*," as promising something delicate, after the manner of an English white soup, and we were accordingly served with a magnificent tureen of—bread and milk! Why should I mention our other mistakes and disappointments; our discovering, too late, that haricots are horse-beans; a beef-steak, two square inches of leg of beef, swimming in butter melted before the fire; and that an "*omelette aux fines herbes*" was not (as we supposed, from a transient inspection on its passage to a neighbouring table) a pancake. From "*poulets à la Tartare*" our stomachs revolted, in the vain imagination that they were dressed between a saddle and the leather integuments of a "*courier de poste*;" and we were not a little astonished to learn, on a future occasion, that the Cossacks of the Don were acquainted with the refinements of mustard and vinegar! A "*rosbif de mouton*" overturned every idea of identity, and was past all conception; neither could we discover the point of an "*epigramme d'agneau*." A "*vol au vent*" perfidiously claimed our attention in the second course, as being of necessity either a whipped cream or a trifle; and a "*fromage de groiselle*" made its unwelcome appearance, malapropos, as a substitute for the old Cheshire. As for *salmis*, *fricandeaus*, *marinades*, *macedoines*, &c. to the last day of my residence abroad, I could never learn with accuracy their precise and respective distinctions, but took my daily ticket in the restaurateur's lottery, and if I drew a blank, either put in a second time, or adjourned my dinner to another day.—Dreary, however, as this may all appear, let nothing tempt a stranger to try after an home-dish, or strive to teach a French cook "our English ways." It happened, most unfortunately, that my birthday came round while we were at Paris, and my wife, to do honour to the day, asked half-a-dozen friends to dinner, and set her silly heart upon surprising them with an English dinner. The *programme* (as the French call it) was excellent: boiled turkey, roast beef, a pair of ducks, and a plum-pudding. For three days before the feast we were employed in giving directions to the cook, in choosing the viands, and in disposing all things, as far as depended on ourselves, for complete success. But man may propose—'tis providence ever disposes, and providence that day was not well disposed to the honour of Old England. The covers were removed, and on the first application of the knife, it was but too evident that the turkey had been stuffed with sage and onions, and the two ducks with the forcemeat, which all the laws of the Medes and Persians have ever assigned to the hero of Christmas

festivities! Both were literally done to rags. The beef, however, the beef, the main prop of our dinner, the tender object of our especial care (I went to the kitchen myself three times to baste it) had escaped unscathed from the hands of the Frenchman. By close watching, it was done to a turn, and might have served as an ambassador from the kitchens of England, so well did it represent the honours of the national dietary. Already was the knife plunged deep into the Sunday side, and its own natural gravy flowing in a full stream, when, *horresco referens!* in rushed the cook with, "Eh! bon Dieu! j'ai oublié la sauce!" and before you could say "Jack Robinson," deluged the devoted joint with a compound of oil and garlick, and twenty other terrible ingredients, known to no human stomach north of Toulouse. The pudding remained; it was our last stake. How to describe its appearance I know not; it was like nothing in heaven above or earth beneath; or if it bore a resemblance to "any compound of earth's mould," it was more like a cataplasm than any thing else in the round of comparisons. The cook was sent for; every particular of the most particular direction previously given was interrogatively gone through *seriatim*, to detail the cause of failure. There was much dodging and prevarication in the replies, till at last the rascal, driven into a corner, confessed that, after two or three trials, he had given up the matter in despair; and not knowing how to proceed, he had thrown away his ingredients, and sent the receipt to be made up at—the apothecary's! M.

THE LAST SONG OF CORINNA.

A Paraphrase.

Yes! once again before the touch of death
 That loved ungrateful heart shall own her spell;
 Once more that musical but dying breath
 Shall shape a song for him, beloved too well.
 In her proud day of glory and of power
 For him her genius flash'd, her beauty shone;
 His was the triumph of that brilliant hour,
 And his should be the twilight, dark and lone.
 Pale she reclined, a dim and shadowy form
 Wrapt in her mourning veil, no taper near;
 But he was in the light, with beauty warm,
 Radiant and honour'd in his high career.
 She saw him, and her feeble tears fell fast,
 Not for her own, but for his agony;
 She was too noble to avenge the past;
 He was another's, and she could but die.
 Then at her signal came a gentle child,
 Wreath'd with pure flowers, herself as pure as they;
 'Twas sad, how in her innocence she smiled,
 While thus she pour'd Corinna's latest lay.
 Receive a last farewell, my countrymen!
 The shades of coming night
 Have darken'd round my way;
 Yet are not her deep skies with radiance bright?
 Radiance unseen by day?
 Thus from the twilight of eternity
 High thoughts and holy hopes shine out on me.

The Last Song of Corinna.

Yes! from my childhood I have proudly felt
 That I was born to claim
 A glorious heritage;
 That I was born a Roman! honour'd name
 Of hero and of sage!
 And thou, O Rome! in thy proud sanctuary
 Of fame and genius, thronedst me on high!
 I do not weep that noble ecstasy;
 It was not *that* which woke
 The anguish of my soul—
 Not from Parnassus that dark fountain broke
 Which o'er my heart-flowers stole;
 So that the grave which waits for me, is wet
 With the sad showers of bitter, vain regret!
 But Thou wilt not refuse me, O my God!
 Ah, had I never sung
 A meaner love than thine,
 For Thee alone had my bright lyre been strung;
 Thee, source of life divine!
 The genius which Thou gav'st me had not prey'd
 Upon the bosom where its home was made!
 Sweet Italy! in vain thou woo'st my stay—
 Memories of youth, farewell!
 How can ye blend with death?
 —Passionate hearts, if my enamour'd shell
 Has echoed to the breath
 Of your fond sighs, O weep for my sad fate,
 Weep for Corinna, dying, desolate.
 Ye who shall live when I am senseless dust,
 When the sweet spring returns,
 Remember how I loved
 The liquid fragrance of her flowery urns!
 How 'midst her shades I roved!
 My song was then a mirror, calm and fair,—
 'Tis sullied now with passion and despair.
 A solemn music floats around my soul;
 Angel of Death! thy way
 Is on the clouds of night,
 But thy wings sparkle with a glorious ray
 Of Heaven's immortal light!
 And gentle phantoms whisper thou art high,
 And gently glide around my closing eye.
 In the wind's sighs I hear thy murmur'd voice;
 And in the clouds that swim
 Around the mountains grey,
 I seem to see thy mantle, vast and dim,
 Sweeping in folds away;
 Thy dusky shadow veils the light of noon,
 And thou art present in the waning moon.
 Youth, hope, sweet thrillings of the heart, adieu!
 And thou, illustrious Rome,
 Mother of mighty dead,
 Receive a daughter in thy silent home,
 And pillow her cold head.
 I might have fill'd a nobler destiny,
 'Tis past. I loved, I suffered, and I die.

C. M. W.

ANECDOTES OF RUSSIA.*

BEFORE I enter into a description of the interior arrangements of Russian prisons, it will be as well to examine the laws, by the administration of which these dreary abodes become tenanted. I am aware that on entering upon this subject I shall have many difficulties to encounter ; for from conversation alone can any just idea of the mode of obtaining impartial justice in Russia be formed. Of course, should you happen to consult a man attached to the Court, or rather the Emperor, you will receive a description of the law and of justice calculated to establish a belief that Russia is really a free-country ; that from one court you can apply to another to examine the sentence ; that, after various re-examinations, it can be brought before the Emperor for his decision. We have been told by a late writer, who has embraced in his volumes every situation in which a Russian can be placed, that in 1826, 2,850,000 causes had come before the different tribunals of the empire, and that the Emperor, not satisfied with the ordinary routine of affairs, having the good and the happiness of his people in view, has traced out to himself other tasks and other duties. The additional burthen which he has imposed upon himself is, that of looking over the reports of *every* arrest and imprisonment within his empire, the state of the prisons, and the character of the prisoners. However laudable this may be, and however much the Emperor might wish to fulfil the arduous undertaking, we know that it is impossible to be done to the extent mentioned ; for the Emperor would have, by this calculation, no less than five cases to be examined in every minute, night and day, throughout the year ; and it is farther advanced that the Emperor, judging from the exercise of this laudable burthen, “has frequently given orders for bringing persons to a speedy trial who had been long in prison.” I shall mention, in the following pages, the general fallacy of this position, as I have seen and conversed with people in the prisons who have inhabited their narrow cells for eighteen months without being brought to trial ; and others who have been released at the expiration of two years without being tried at all, or of being aware for what they were confined. In criminal cases, a man may pass through four courts before he is condemned : a tribunal d’Enquête, or police-office, (very different, indeed, from our police offices ;) a Tribunal de Première Instance ; a Court of Appeal ; and, lastly, one of Cassation.”† Now it by no means follows that, because these four courts exist, a poor man will be enabled to receive any benefit from them ; for law and justice are in Russia distributed exactly in the ratio of the rubles paid as bribes to Judges.

The Empress Catherine endeavoured to establish a code of laws, which her successors have endeavoured, with more effect, to destroy. Every ukase which is issued becomes a law, and sometimes these miserable mandates are issued on the most trivial and silly occasions. For instance, in the reign of that madman Paul, when the son of an English merchant appeared in the streets of Petersburg with a hunting-cap on his head, “an ukase was promulgated, that the Emperor ordained that ‘no person should appear in public with the *thing* on his

head worn by the merchant's son.' " * Another ukase from the same tyrant mentioned the colour of the sand to be used in winter in the streets of the capital, it being a law that every man must have the pavement in front of his house cleared of the snow, and sprinkled with sand, before seven o'clock in the morning. And although in the reign of Elizabeth the punishment of death was abolished in Russia, the present Emperor has shown, in some dozen cases, that he is superior to that law, for the hangman had some employment after his coronation. Elizabeth herself broke this law, and the Neva could tell many a mournful tale from the reign of Catherine. But in the case of the present Emperor, the criminals were condemned to death in plain terms, and five were executed—hung on the walls of the fortress of St. Petersburg.† Some Russians of distinction and talent affirm that a man is never sentenced to death; but I presume if the man is condemned to receive that which human nature cannot survive, it amounts to nearly the same thing. For instance: in 1826, at Taganrok, a man who had been guilty of murder, and who justly merited death, was condemned before a military tribunal to receive 15,000 strokes of the sticks, running the gauntlet through a thousand men fifteen times. The Empress-mother, with that merciful disposition she ever manifested, (for never was there, since the creation of the world, a milder, more excellent, or feeling woman,) solicited, and not in vain, that the culprit might be pardoned some of the punishment, upon which five thousand lashes were reduced. The man fell down at the reception of five hundred; he again rose, and received a hundred more, when he sank again; he was then lashed in a wheel-barrow and received the rest, although he was perfectly dead before a thousand had been administered. I have mentioned this one case, but when we come to examine the prisons at Moscow, I shall have occasion to relate many more.

The questions are:—In Russia do men receive impartial justice, or not? and, have they any means of forcing a trial within a certain time? In answer to the first question, I shall mention two cases which came under my own observation; not doubting, however, that sometimes an honest judge may be found, and sometimes justice fairly administered.

The landlord of my house in Moscow entered an action to recover the sum of three thousand rubles, owed for goods to that amount delivered. Both parties bribed the judge, but the landlord was the most lavish, and he affirmed, and I believe it from the man's general character as an honest upright man, that he paid a thousand rubles, after the decision in his favour, on condition that he received the other two thousand: his offer was accepted, and he paid the amount, after waiting two years for his money.

An American gentleman, with whom I am personally acquainted, has, through divers lawsuits, and antagonists who have overbribed the judges, lost all of a very promising fortune: he thus related to me the origin of his downfall. He had purchased a vessel which was stranded

* Clarke.

† Rapport adressé à sa Majesté l'Empereur Nicolai, par la haute cour de justice, et jugement rendu contre les criminels d'état.

at Archangel, for a trifling sum of money, and perceiving that the vessel had not received so serious a damage as to hinder her repairs for a moderate sum, he entered into an agreement (and which agreement, together with all the papers relative to this business, I have seen), with a Russian ship-builder, to have the said vessel taken in hand, to be repaired with oak planks, and to be finished in two months, the American paying a thousand rubles in advance. A month elapsed, and the vessel, instead of being in a more forward state, was gradually disappearing; plank after plank was removed, and a hempen cable, and other trifling articles, were daily found advancing towards a store kept by the contractor, and at the end of two months she was perfectly plankless. The American sued his adversary: in the first place, to recover his thousand rubles; secondly, to recover the value of the ship; and, lastly, the forfeit due on the non-performance of the contract. Before the trial commenced, he asked the chief judge to dinner, and without any round-about conversation, offered him a handsome remuneration if he would only give him justice. The judge declined the bribe, alleging he had received more from the other party; but as the American imagined he had offered quite enough, the negotiations with the chief judge were broken off. But the American succeeded in bribing the other four who constituted the court; and when the opinions were delivered, four were for the American, and the chief judge for the Russian. This gave rise to a reference to Moscow. In the governor's note I saw a remark that a doubt could not be entertained concerning the case, the American having been decidedly defrauded. The action, however, was made over to the court at Riga. It was held in dispute for nearly a year: the Russian being a man of wealth, and the American becoming poorer and poorer, bribes advanced on one side, as they decreased on the other; indeed, they were partially relinquished by the American, who believed his case secure after the first and second decisions; so much so, that even a Russian court must do justice. But no, the cause was given against him at Riga, and having passed the council at Petersburgh, received the signature of the Emperor, so that the ship, deposit, and cable, passed as the lawful property of the Russian.

It has been asserted that the Russians, by means of a sort of "Court of Conscience," called "*Slovestnoy Sood*," possessed a Habeas Corpus Act; for, if a petition is delivered to this court, specifying that a prisoner has been detained in prison upwards of three days without his knowing the cause of such detention, the court is bound, before it breaks up, to examine the prisoner, and to state the reasons of his arrest. If the court find the prisoner has not been detained for any offence against the person of the Emperor, or for treason, murder, or robbery, he is discharged, or so far set at liberty, that on the receipt of a proper order he may hereafter be brought before them, or any other court he may choose, where his cause will be tried.

That such a court exists I do not deny; and that an oral tribunal, called "*Slovesnoy Sood*" is likewise in existence, I am prepared to admit; but the courts are, to the poor, of no benefit whatever; although, should the court of conscience omit to explain the cause of a man's detention, the president may be fined five hundred silver rubles, which is more than his yearly salary; but the poor man could never bring his

case before the knowledge of another court, for, as I said before, by rubles alone can you get a cause decided. That these are not merely assertions, I shall relate the following proofs.

In Moscow, in 1828, I visited the great prison. It is a large and circular building, enclosing a space sufficient for the exercise of the prisoner, and has a bath, to which, on every Thursday and Monday, a certain number of the prisoners are allowed to resort. The interior arrangement was not what I had anticipated, for whoever has visited the public establishments in Russia, will readily admit that more regularity and more cleanliness exist, than in any other country in the world; but in this prison I never remember to have seen more filth, or to have perceived worse perfumes in my life. The interior of each ward has two long planks, one on each side of the room, and running the whole length of it, on which the prisoners sleep, enveloped in a sheep skin, and huddled close together. I remember being astonished at the numbers enclosed in one ward, where no distinction was made between the felon, and the culprit for minor offences. It was in the largest and best-filled ward, that while we were asking the cause of detention of some young vagabonds, a man past eighty years of age prostrated himself before the governor, and kissed the hem of his *shube*. His hair was as white as snow, his eyes dimmed nearly to blindness, which, assisted by the palsy, marked him as rapidly approaching his end. "Surely," said I, "this man can hardly be worth confining, for death will soon rid the empire of the hoary sinner; pray, what may be the crime for which he is detained?"—"This man," said the governor, (with particular emphasis,) "this man has *lost his passport!*" I had often heard that no greater reproach could be used by one man to another than to say "You are a fellow without a passport." But little did I think that the want of one subjected a man to a long confinement with half the felons in the country. This poor man had been confined two months, and had every prospect of remaining two months more; he being old and useless, his master made no inquiries concerning his absence, and in all probability the poor old unfortunate man will die in the prison.

We were led from ward to ward until, ascending a flight of stairs, we came to some small narrow rooms, destined for the prisoners kept in solitary confinement. On opening one door, a tall, thin figure, with a long white beard, rose with some difficulty from his resting-place. He had been in solitary confinement more than six months, he had never been brought to trial; and the governor himself said, "It is probable this man may not be tried for a year; he is suspected of coining, but I do not think there is sufficient evidence to convict him." The governor asked the poor fellow if he had any complaint to make, which was answered, by a shake of the head, in the negative.

The next cell was inhabited, and had been inhabited for some months, by a schismatic. He, likewise, had never been tried; it was mere suspicion that he was what he was supposed to be. It was on seeing this man that my companion blessed the laws of his own happy island, and whispered the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act; and very little did I think that at that moment a work was in the press in London which mentioned the Russian empire as a free nation, where justice was administered with an equal and a steady hand. We then entered

the room in which eight of the nobility were confined: four out of the eight had never been tried, and one, who had not the slightest idea of the cause of his confinement, had inhabited his prison for five months. However, these gentlemen seemed contented enough; they had beds, perhaps a novelty to some of them, and fiddles and guitars swung upon the whitewashed walls. They were at dinner, and, for prisoners, certainly appeared to be well fed. It is but justice to say, that in this respect the common man gained by his confinement: it is seldom that when at liberty they have more than black bread, a thin miserable soup, and quass; here they had meat twice a week, and a fair proportion was issued to each.

That an arrest is not uncommon, I shall mention the following anecdote, communicated to me by the Prince himself, who is the hero of the tale. He was at the head of his regiment, when a party of Cossacks brought a sledge, into which he was placed, and carried more than one thousand wersts to St. Petersburg, without having the slightest notice of the cause of this cold and uncomfortable trip. The day after his arrival, he was ushered into the presence of the just and good Nicholas; by him he was received in the most cordial manner—the Emperor desired the prisoner to consider him as a friend, and not as a sovereign, and then hinted that some suspicion had been levelled against the Prince as being connected in some manner with the attempted revolution. The Prince stated the services of himself and of his family, and protested against the charge with all the warmth of injured honour. He was, notwithstanding, confined in the fortress for six months; he never was asked a single question during that time, at the expiration of which he was released, but has not to this day recovered the command of his regiment.

On this subject I could fill volumes, but the above cases are sufficient to show, what we all knew before a late publication was issued, that the Russians are not a free people.

In another part of the prison herds of persons destined to form colonies in Siberia, were resting before they began their long and miserable voyage. Dr. Clarke mentions “that to a Russian nobleman the sentence of exile can hardly imply punishment.”* This, from my knowledge of late events, I am not prepared to credit. It is known that of late years the nobility, who have been dispatched to that uncomfortable residence, have become the most depraved and demoralized people. The intrigues of the women have opened the source of a complaint, which is now in the most alarming advance; and I could mention instances, were I not restrained by delicacy, in which women who have, in the most generous manner, relinquished the society of the capital to linger out their lives in exile with their husbands, have received the most brutal treatment, when the generous sacrifice of liberty (Russian liberty) demanded a far different reward. How much, on arrival in Siberia, the punishments imposed are lightened, I am not prepared to speak: but certainly the preparations for exile are by no means comfortable. When the present Emperor mounted the throne, about six thousand men lost their lives; the principal agents in the resistance attempted against Nicholas were executed; others connected with the

* Clarke, vol. i.

about seventeen, were drawn up in the square of the fortress, their epaulettes torn from their shoulders, the string of honours, which every Russian has, cut from their breast, their swords broken, their names changed, and their coats seized ; after this public exhibition, they were sent off to Siberia to work in the mines, or to clean streets.

I believe I shall not subject myself to contradiction when I affirm, that there is scarcely one family of any distinction in Russia which has not some relation exiled in Siberia ; and, what is still stranger, that the family of the exile never long bewail his loss, but give *parties soirées* as usual : it is the will of the emperor, and his will be done. The very first lesson imprinted on a Russian's head is passive obedience.

As I shall have occasion hereafter to mention anecdotes of some of the exiles, I shall here, as it is connected with the law of Russia, give some account of the Police, and of their vigilance. Murders are not uncommon in Russia ; the reason so little is ever heard on this subject is, that the public prints are prohibited making public any murder, or theft ; the whole business is left in the hands of the police. At a large party in Moscow, the subject of " crimes " in different countries became the subject of conversation. To England was assigned the preference. " Every paper," said a certain poetical Prince, " is crowded with accounts of horrid murders, rapes, thefts, forgeries, and suicides ; it is less in France and in Germany, and here nearly unknown." A general of very high talents, an historian and a poet, wisely remarked that it was owing to the public press being filled with these reports that foreign nations had imbibed the erroneous notion in regard to England—" Had," said he, " an affair I witnessed about eight months ago occurred in England, the papers would have teemed with the subject till this time. An officer in R——'s regiment requested leave of absence, it was denied by the general, and the next day on parade the disappointed officer advanced to his general and shot him dead on the spot." " What ! R—— killed ! " was the universal shout ; not one of the party, although some of the highest in Russia, had heard of the subject before. This is exactly the reason ; for if Lady Betty Jenkins's dog happened to fall out of the window of its carriage, as the dear thing was getting " aired," it would be a subject of more importance in the English newspapers than the cutting to pieces of the Russian regiment near Shumla. The report even of the killed did not arrive until more than two months afterwards ; and I was at dinner with a celebrated beautiful Countess in Moscow, when, on opening two letters brought by the Petersburg post, she was informed of the death of two of her brothers, one of whom had been killed five months before the reception of the intelligence.

If hasty punishments will prevent crime, the police of Petersburg ought to have little to do. A gentleman well known in England, and holding a high official situation in Russia, was robbed in his own house of property to a considerable amount. The slaves were all examined by the police, and one was selected as the probable thief. The master well knew the honesty of this man, and gave him a character which would have exonerated him from the charge, and ventured to suggest that he suspected another. But no ; the police determined that he was the thief, and actually flogged him to the comfortable number of three thousand lashes. Scarcely was this received before the true thief was discovered to be quite another person ; the poor slave, instead of being

consoled for the severe flagellation he had received, was sent out of the city in order that the business might be forgotten. I had this anecdote from the mouth of the English gentleman, who is at present residing in the Russian capital.

The French minister, during the reign of Alexander, was robbed of a snuff-box of very considerable value, and, like a prudent man, he mentioned the circumstance to the Emperor, hinting his fears that he should not easily recover it. It is well known that he publicly spoke of the lax state of the Russian police, comparing it with the French. The Emperor spoke to the chief of the police, and a few weeks after the robbery a nobleman holding a high situation in the police called on the Ambassador, and remarked how erroneous his excellency was in his opinions, saying, "Here is your snuff-box."—"I am very glad to see it again," said his excellency, "and I shall trouble you to return it to me."—"No," said the police officer, "we have a number of forms to go through before this can be returned;" in short, such a number that the Ambassador never got it back again.

The excellency of the Russian police must be seen in the admirable order of the streets. In the night a Russian city is as quiet as a small village: no watchmen call the hour; the frail sisterhood are in bed betimes, and you may walk from one end of the city to the other without hearing a word. Attempt to make a disturbance, you are surrounded by people who pop out of curiously painted boxes, (the Emperor's colour,) and who hand you off in one second. A stranger is in no danger from the intrusion of those gentlemen, notwithstanding Rae Wilson is of a different opinion. I have been through Petersburg and Moscow at all times, at all hours; I have measured public statues, &c. and never but once was molested: this was in Moscow, when I attempted to count the number of guns left by, and taken from the French during that unfortunate and desperate retreat. I was in plain terms told to decamp, as there was an order that no stranger should touch or count them.

It was the endeavour of Catherine II. that every one should be judged by his equal; worthy as is the idea, the execution of it is impossible, where half are nobles and the other half peasants. Thus in the tribunal of civil or criminal crimes, in which gentlemen or peasants may be concerned, the court consists of a judge and two assistants, triennially elected, and chosen from the nobles, to which are added two assistants, chosen from the peasants. If the trial is a contest between two merchants, two burgomasters and four assistants are chosen from the commercial class to form the court. This looks extremely just and proper upon paper; and if justice was fairly administered, the country could never be said to be ruled by despotism; but those who have resided in Russia, know the immense distance which exists between the noble and the peasant, and it is quite impossible that the peasants should oppose a decision of the nobles with any effect. "Can it be imagined," says Mr. Ancelot, "from the relative situation of the two classes of society, that when the peasants sit in a tribunal by the side of gentlemen, they should be able to act as free and independent judges? Can the former drop all at once their habits of slavishness? and can the nobles, though made their associates in passing judgment, as suddenly forget the superiority which they hold by the chance

of birth, or the caprices of fortune? No; the functions of the peasant arbitrators are limited to the charge of taking care that the apartment is well warmed," &c. I am quite of Mr. Ancelot's opinion on this subject, and I have heard and seen quite enough to believe that the peasants might as well be otherwise employed, as silently sit for judges, without the power to vote or to contradict. If a false judgment is given, the whole Court may be prosecuted immediately their three years of mock justice is concluded. For this reason, the Court elude as much as possible the giving judgment; for he must be a clear-headed man who can give a just opinion according to the Russian law, when every ukase becomes a law the instant it is promulgated. "De-là viennent les interminables lenteurs des affaires en matières civiles;" and when we consider the very low salaries paid to the judge, the short time which he is in office, and the general greediness of the Russians in money affairs, the client finds it his best course *graisser la patte*, if he wishes to be sure of success.

In the Criminal Tribunal, of course, criminal cases are only tried, and the judgment of the court must have the sanction of the governor of the province. If the case is of very high importance, it is always referred to the Senate. The Police-office manages minor offences with an off-hand facility which would astonish our magistrates. Cases relative to the disturbance of public tranquillity; the very high crime (I wonder this is not in the criminal court) of being without a passport—for which offences the minor knout, or imprisonment to forgetfulness, are bestowed—come under the sanction of this office. There is a court of appeal from the judgment of the first court, and likewise a tribunal of conscience,* above described—a great misnomer for any court in Russia.

Prisoners for debt are released at the expiration of five years; but may be instantly arrested again at the expiration of that time by a new creditor, who is always obliged to pay fifty rubles a year for the maintenance of his victim. It is, as Mr. Ancelot says, "mille fois mieux en Russie d'avoir des créanciers, que des débiteurs;" for should your debtor be on service, you cannot touch his person or his property; and on the property he can still raise money at high interest, the usury law (for there is one) being seldom put in force, and he can almost always contrive to be in some manner connected with the public service, by which he is in perfect security.

(*To be continued.*)

EPIGRAM AFTER MARTIAL.

WITHOUT calves-head the Aldermen can't dine—
Well the companion cheers the civic wine!

* Slovestnoy Sood.

CALAMY'S MEMOIRS.*

For the publication of these memoirs we are indebted to the same indefatigable and enterprising parties to whom we owe Evelyn and Pepys—two books which better familiarized the public with the chief persons who figured in their times, and more completely disclosed their motives of action, and the secret springs of events, than all the histories of the period, save only Burnet's, that had appeared before. Calamy's memoirs, though glancing pretty generally at public events and political leaders, foreign and domestic, and that with great freedom and intelligence, are yet, in point of details, directed more particularly to matters connected with theology and the church, and especially to the state and vicissitudes of Dissent—a branch of the story of the times which requires illustrating, and which nothing but contemporary information can accomplish. In Calamy's time, Dissenters were perpetually the subject of anxiety and legislation—alternately courted and persecuted. Charles pestered them, the better to screen the Catholics and get money; James favoured them for more insidious purposes; William, as far as he dared, protected them as his best allies; Anne, giving herself up soul and body to the Church, pursued them as her worst foes, and had she lived longer would have ground them to powder; while George, amidst his distrust and his ignorance, exaggerated their importance, and welcomed their loyalty, but gave more hopes than he realized—more pledges than he redeemed. It is altogether a most instructive story: even yet governments seem little to understand how to deal with these matters; but the more we contemplate them, the more peremptory becomes the conclusion, that the rule at last must be, and in this case without exception, the one recommended by certain economists in matters of trade—Leave them alone.

The author of these memoirs was himself a Dissenter, born and bred, of the Nonconformist class. His grandfather, the well-known Edmund Calamy, the friend and associate of Baxter, and his father, another Edmund, were both of them deprived of church preferments by the Act of Uniformity of 1662. The elder Edmund, on that occasion, refused the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry; had he accepted it, observes his grandson in a very worldly tone, he might as easily have had 20,000*l.* to leave his family, or expend for pious uses, as Dr. Hacket (who had that Bishopric on his refusal) had that sum to lay out in repairing his cathedral. Young Calamy was born in London, where his father then preached, in 1671, and commencing the labours of his history not till 1727, traces back his reminiscences to a very early period. The first public matter of which he took *distinct* notice, and this was early enough—he was not eight years of age—was the “discovery of the Popish plot, just at the conclusion of the treaty of Nimeguen.” The reality of the plot, he tells us—it must be presumed he is giving us the judgment of his maturer years—“is very plain from Colman's letters.” The Test Act of 1673, he adds, proved the great apprehension of danger from the Catholics; but this discovery threw the whole kingdom into new fermentation, and filled people with unspeakable terror. “To see,” says he, “posts and chains in all parts of the city—the trained bands drawn out, night after night, well armed, and watching as anxiously as if an insurrection was expected before morning—and to be ‘entertained’ from day to day with the talk of massacres, and assassins, and foreigners to help them, was very surprising. The murder of Godfrey, too, and the black Sunday that followed—so black that ministers could not read their notes in the pulpits without candles—the frequent execution of traitors, and the circulation of dismal stories, made the hearts of young and old quake with fear.” Though so young, he can himself never forget how much he was affected with seeing several that

* An Historical Account of my own Life, with some Reflections on the Times I have lived in, (1671–1731.) By Edmund Calamy, D. D. Now first printed. Edited and illustrated with Notes, Historical and Biographical, by John Towill Rutt. In 2 vols. 8vo.

were condemned for the plot, such as Pickering, Ireland, and Grove, go to be executed at Tyburn; and at the pageantry of the mock processions on the 17th of November, (Queen Elizabeth's birth-day.) Roger L'Estrange, he adds, (who used to be called Oliver's fiddler,) formerly in danger of being hanged for a spy, and about this time the admired buffoon of High Church, called them *hobby-horsing* processions. Calamy, himself, however, thought more gravely of them, and thus describes one of them:—

“In the midst of vast crowds of spectators, that made great acclamations, and showed abundance of satisfaction, there were carried in pageants upon men's shoulders through the chief streets of the city, the effigies of the Pope, with the representative of the Devil behind him, whispering in his ear, and wonderfully soothing and caressing him, (though he afterwards deserted him, and left him to shift for himself, before he was committed to the flames,) together with the likeness of the dead body of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, carried before him by one that rode on horse-back, designed to remind the people of his execrable murder. And a great number of dignitaries in their copes, with crosses, monks, friars, and Jesuits, and Popish bishops in their mitres, and with all their trinkets and appurtenances. Such things as these very discernibly heightened and inflamed the general aversion of the nation from Popery; but it is to be feared on the other hand, they put some people, by way of revulsion, upon such desperate experiments, as brought us even within an ace of ruin.”

When the tide turned, and the Court trumped up a Protestant plot, in one form or other, the Dissenters were very rigorously dealt with, especially in the city. The restraints put upon them were represented not so much a matter of religion, as of safety to the government: a reproach fabricated, Calamy says, to justify the designs that were planning for farther oppressions; according, he adds, to the way of the soldier, who said the countryman whistled treason, when he had resolved to plunder him. Sometimes, he proceeds, liberty of conscience was in vogue; but when a session of Parliament came, and the King wanted money, the Dissenters were sacrificed to the Church, as the price of it, and this seldom failed of effect; they were, in short,—he is quoting Burnet,—“the jewels of the crown, pawned when the King needed money, and redeemed at the next prorogation.” After the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, they were “generally run down and treated with severity, and numbers imprisoned.” Young Calamy was himself often sent to Newgate, New Prison, and other gaols, with small presents of money to such dissenting ministers as were clapped up—Mr. Stretton, Mr. Franklin, &c. who used to talk freely with him, and give him good advice, with their blessings and thanks. His own father was never confined, but warrants were often issued against him, and he escaped only by skulking in holes and corners, and changing his dress and his lodgings. With several others, however, “he was kept in the Crown-office a considerable time, and found it very chargeable.”

At this early age he remembers thinking it very strange, that praying, as they did, very *heartily* for King and government, and disturbing nobody, they could not be suffered to live in quiet. Though commonly run down as enemies of royalty, he never, at any of their private meetings, heard them inveigh against those in power. These meetings were constantly liable to interruption by the justices, and constables, and soldiers; he himself was present twice when they broke in “very fierce and noisy, and made great havoc.” While the public meetings were shut up, he used to frequent the church, and give his father an account of the sermons he heard; but even then, the preaching of the Dissenters used to be more agreeable to him; he thought “it came most home to the conscience, and had the greatest tendency to do good.” So very precocious was the youth's sagacity, and premature his opinions; but of course, so surrounded, so employed, hearing of nothing but oppressions, and complainings, and justifying, the bias was inevitable.

The execution of Lord Russell in 1683, on which he dwells considerably, occasioned, he observes, great consternation; no man of worth or eminence that did not fall in with the measures of the court, could think himself secure.

Dr. Tillotson wrote the noble Lord, just before his execution, a letter condemning *all* resistance to power. This Calamy regards as a flagrant proof that the greatest and the best of men (his admiration of Tillotson, the originator of the Comprehension scheme, is often expressed,) have their weaknesses. A relation of Tillotson's refused to keep up a correspondence with him, because, in his after-advancement, he did not publicly recant, and disclaim this then unfashionable doctrine. A frank and public recantation, in Calamy's opinion, to prevent farther mischief, was a debt due to the world. Lord Russell's death was a heavy stroke upon the noble Bedford family—"a family," he adds, "remarkable for adhering to the true, civil, and religious interests of England, from the time of the Reformation:" he does not, of course, even allude to the civil interests of this noble family for thus adhering to the religious ones. "Though the loss of the eldest branch of this family," he continues, "in a way and manner so affecting, must be owned a very dark and melancholy providence; yet many have thought this Lord's father's matching with the Lady Ann, daughter of the famous Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, (which Earl was such a prodigy of wickedness in the reign of King James I.,) when he might have had his choice of any lady almost in the kingdom, might somewhat help to account for it!"

"At the death of Charles, and his brother's accession, few tears," says Burnet, "were shed, nor were there any shouts of joy for the present King."—"Never did I see," replies Calamy, "so universal a concern as was visible on all men's countenances at that time. I was present upon the spot, at the proclaiming of King James, at the upper end of Wood-street, Cheapside, which is one of the places where proclamation is usually made upon such occasions, and my heart ached within me at the acclamations made upon that occasion, which, as far as I could observe, were very general. And it is to me a good evidence," he sweepingly concludes, "that all the histories that fall into our hands are to be read with caution, to observe that Bishop Burnet positively affirms it was a heavy solemnity; a dead silence followed it through the streets. Whereas I, who was at that time actually present, can bear witness to the contrary. The Bishop, indeed, who was then abroad, might easily be misinformed; but methinks he should not have been so positive, in a matter of that nature, when he was at a distance." Calamy was now fourteen.

James, on his accession, had given the most prompt and solemn assurance to the Council, that, though of a different religion, he would carefully preserve the Government in Church and State, as established by law. "This," observes Burnet, "gave great contentment, and the pulpits were full of it, and of thanksgivings for it. The common phrase was—we have now the word of a King, and a word never yet broken." Calamy confirms this, from an ear-witness, a person of character and worth. "Sharp, afterwards Archbishop of York, was preaching at St. Lawrence Jewry, where he so far forget himself," says Calamy, "as to use an expression to this purpose—'As to our religion, we have the word of a King, which, with reverence be it spoken, is as sacred as my text.'" Sharp was one of the first to experience the royal displeasure, and discover the brittleness of the security.

Young Calamy's school-education was chiefly at Merchant Tailors', and with a private teacher in Suffolk. At eighteen, he was sent to Utrecht for academical instruction. It does not appear why he did not go to Cambridge, where his father and grandfather had been educated, and where an uncle had recently been a distinguished tutor at Catherine Hall, and a maternal relation was then Vice-provost of King's, and where subscription was not demanded on matriculation, as at Oxford. At Utrecht, one of his fellow-students was Lord Spencer, the son of the first Earl of Sunderland—a connexion which, in the reigns of Anne and George I. facilitated his occasional introduction with addresses to the Court. After spending two years in the close pursuit of his studies, and making the tour of the country, he returned in 1691 to England; and shortly after took up his residence at Oxford, not of course as an academical student—that, without subscription, was impracticable—but

for the advantage of reading in the Bodleian. He took with him letters of recommendation from Grævius, professor of history and eloquence at Utrecht, a well-known scholar, to several leading persons at Oxford, by whom he was kindly received and liberally treated. The required permission was readily granted on the easy, but somewhat whimsical condition of taking one of Dr. Hyde's catalogues of the library at his own price, and paying somewhat to the under library-keeper. The dissenting minister at Oxford, at this time, was Dr. Joshua Oldfield, who was then in his prime. With this gentleman, Calamy naturally became acquainted,—he had, indeed, met with him before,—and was very much with him. Oldfield had but a small congregation, and very little encouragement in all the pains he took. He had little conversation with the scholars, nor did he affect it: for which Calamy, who had already the interests of Dissent close to his heart, with more resolution, and firmer nerves to promote them, was inclined to blame him. "Had he been less shy," he says, "and more free in conversing with them, it would have been better." Of this he was the more convinced, when being persuaded to accompany him occasionally to the coffee-house, he entered freely into talk with such scholars as he there accidentally met, and they frankly confessed he had a great deal more in him than they had imagined. Calamy himself associated with the Oxford men with the utmost freedom, and was, on all occasions, treated by them with all imaginable civility. He listened to their sermons, attended their public lectures and exercises, and mixed on equal and easy terms with the young men—some of whom would occasionally banter him for consorting with such a despicable and unsocial sort of people as the Nonconformists; but he firmly resisted their smiles and their wiles, and never failed to express his hearty respect and esteem for the real worth of the party.

Conformity, however, or Nonconformity, was now the question to be finally settled, and Oxford seemed, of all others, the place for determining that solemn and important point. It formed, apparently, the necessary counterpoise to all his early and family prejudices; for Dissenters there were generally "run down, and ill spoken of." The Scriptures, the Fathers, Church history, Chillingworth, Hooker, Taylor,—these were the authorities appealed to by the Church party; and familiar as he must be supposed to be already with the arguments of nonconformity, an examination of the authorities of its opponents, for the purpose of honourable decision, seemed the fair and natural course. Accordingly, to work he seriously set—the result none of his friends could doubt. The study of the New Testament appeared to him to show decisively the plain worship of the Dissenters more consistent with its spirit than the pompous style of the Church; and Church history proved, beyond all manner of contradiction, that, in proportion as power and ceremony increased, piety and humility declined in every society of Christians. The fathers, especially Ignatius, only strengthened the previous impression. Dodwell, after his fashion, said, the Presbyterians only questioned the authenticity of the Epistles of Ignatius "out of interest;" but Calamy thought the reproach might be more correctly retorted upon the Episcopalians. This retort, however, must have been flung more for the sake of smartness than truth; for his sober conclusion was, that the said Ignatius actually favoured the Presbyterians. It is true, Ignatius talks loftily of the power of the Bishop; for instance, he who does any thing without the privacy of the Bishop, worships the Devil; but the question is, what was meant by the Bishop; and notwithstanding all his "high flights and strong figures," the perusal convinced Calamy, Ignatius meant nothing beyond a pastoral or parochial episcopacy—an authority, that is, over laymen, rather than over priests; and that was, after all, the point with Calamy and his brethren; for Presbyterian teachers, no more than Episcopalians, wish to be confined in their control over laymen. That dioceses and parishes, however, were nearly if not quite synonymous, in the early ages, was still farther evident from the facts, that in that small part of Africa which belonged to Christians, St. Austin reckons nine hundred bishops; and so late as the twelfth century, Baro-

nus finds one thousand in Armenia. The truth is, probably, that priests and deacons were, in those days, only curates and assistants, and bishops alone, in our modern phrase, incumbents.

Turning, then, to the moderns—the reader must not smile; he must remember the question was then a very grave one, and especially with Calamy, and only now not so to us, because, in our attention to still graver matters, we are grown indifferent to it—*Chillingworth*, champion as he is of Church establishments, confirmed him in his previous conclusions at every step. “If,” says Chillingworth, “a church, supposed to want nothing necessary, require me to profess, against my conscience, that I believe some error, though never so small and innocent, which I do not believe, and will not allow me her communion but upon this condition; in this case the Church, for requiring this condition, is schismatical, and not I for separating from the Church.” These sentiments, and a multitude of others of a similar tendency, appeared to Calamy to go far to justify “moderate nonconformity.” Hooker, the judicious Hooker, in Calamy’s judgment, almost played booty. Though arguing strenuously for the beauty and completeness of the Church of England, Calamy caught him commending Calvin for establishing a presbytery at Geneva, and even questioning the *divine* right of episcopacy; and though setting out with the broadest principles, yet in the course of his discussion making such distinctions, and granting such concessions, that he rose from the book more unwilling than ever to fall in with the national worship, from the very weakness of the reasons produced by so celebrated a supporter of it. If Hooker’s book failed, Taylor’s “*Ductor Dubitantium*” was not likely to do any thing but confirm his previous alienation; and the fact is, generally, when Church writers argue against Dissenters, they insensibly adopt the tone of the Catholics against themselves: what in their own case they treated with contempt, they enforced without mercy in that of others, and so, of course, are liable to have their own arguments flung in their own faces. They dwell much upon the *authority* of the Church, and authority in religion Calamy confesses he never could relish, and the more he considered it, the more exposed he found it to irrefragable objections. Charles, he thinks, was quite right, when he told Burdett that he and his brethren made much of the authority of the Church in their disputes with the Dissenters, and then took it all away when they dealt with the Papists. The authority of one church, and the infallibility of the other, seemed to Calamy scarcely distinguishable. Even Archbishop Leighton was known to be uneasy at hearing the Church of England called the best constituted church in the world: as to doctrine, worship, and the main part of its government, he thought it was; but as to the administration, both with respect to the ecclesiastical courts and the pastoral care, he looked on it as the most corrupt in the world; and he seems to have thought pretty much the same of his own, for he threw away his mitre, and refused to have any thing more to do with church power.

To Nonconformity, then, Calamy finally adhered; and now, on the earnest persuasion of Oldfield, began to preach at Oxford and the neighbourhood. This decisive step, however, did not break up his intercourse with his University friends—he was even still on friendly terms with Henry Dodwell, the most uncompromising advocate of Church authority her annals record. He had been professor of modern history, of which appointment he was deprived for refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary, but still continued to reside at Oxford. One of his ultra-notions, which he enforced in his writings with great earnestness, was that the soul was naturally mortal, and immortality conferred on it at baptism, by the gift of God through the hands of one set of regularly ordained clergy. So extravagant a pretension seems to have impaired his authority even with the Church, who of course must prefer the prudent to the imprudent for her advocates. Calamy sought his society for the sake of his “great reading.” His account of a man who once made a great noise in the world is worth quoting.

“I soon discovered,” he says, “his usual time of being at the coffee-house, and

would often contrive to be there, that I might have his company. Nothing pleased him better than to have a question proposed to him, upon a difficulty in chronology, a piece of history, either civil or ecclesiastical, or about ancient customs. Upon the starting any thing of this kind, he would pour out a flood of learning, with great freedom. I carefully forbore contradicting him, which he could not bear from any one, and this made him the more free and open in conversing with me. I have come into a room where he has been sitting at a table with academics belonging to several different colleges, who took pleasure in disputing with him, contradicting and thwarting him, and he has left them all and applied to me while sitting at a table by myself; and he was no sooner come than he would ask me if I had any question to propose to him, with which I usually took care not to be unprovided. He would on a sudden, and off hand, make returns that would sometimes be very surprising, though not always equally satisfactory. In order to the proof of a point that he laid stress upon, he used to lay down a chain of principles, and if they were all granted him, his proof would be good: but if any one link in the chain failed, his whole scheme came to nothing. He was no great reasoner, nor at all remarkable for his management of an argument, nor have I met with any one less able to bear being contradicted," &c.

Calamy now came to town, and after refusing an invitation to Bristol, and another place or two, fixed as an assistant to Mr. Sylvester in the City. He was shortly after ordained, according to the Presbyterian form, but not without some difficulty. Public ordination had ceased to be practised among the Dissenters since the Act of Uniformity; but Calamy, conceiving publicity would tend to forward the interests of Dissent, insisted upon a public ordination. The leading men, many of them, declined to make themselves thus conspicuous, and others stipulated for subscription to terms and articles. But Calamy, and some young friends with him, persisted in demanding a free ordination, as ministers of the Catholic Church of Christ, stating expressly to those concerned, that if any narrow, confining, cramping notions were intermixed in the management, he would drop the matter, and take the liberty to withdraw, even though the work of the day were begun, or considerably advanced. This resolute expression of his sentiments put others upon their mettle, and they carried their point.

Baxter's well-known Narrative of his Life and Times was published by Mr. Sylvester, his friend and executor, whilst Calamy was his assistant. For some time Sylvester had been prevented by engagements from attending to the publication, and he was not very willing to let any body help him, or even see the papers. Calamy—a man, we see, not easily diverted from his purpose—at last persuaded him to let him look them over; and finding several passages, which appeared to him likely to do more harm than good, he was urgent with Sylvester, who was left with discretionary powers, to cut them out. But he, according to Calamy, had a sort of superstitious scruple about making any alteration. Unluckily—unluckily, we say, for all such interference we hold to be abominable; let every man answer for his own offences—Calamy's importunity prevailed. Sylvester himself, Calamy found, was highly commended in the MS. and by dint of the *argumentum ad modestiam*, getting his concurrence to omit this eulogium, he had less difficulty in seducing him to consent to other erasures. These consisted, according to Calamy, of reflections on persons and families of distinction, which would be offensive, though the matters related were true enough. A dream also of Baxter's, and some things relating to his bodily disorders and physical management of himself, and some other things that were too *mean*, the publication of which would expose him (Sylvester) to censure. But the great difficulty Calamy had was with respect to Dr. Owen, upon whom there were several reflections.

"Some of these," he adds, "after frequent debates, he did allow me to blot out, and I did it, cheerfully, with my own hand. But, as to the main reflection on him, with regard to the affair of Wallingford House, (the deposition of Richard Cromwell) and his concern in it, on which Mr. Baxter laid a considerable stress, and which Mr. Sylvester had often heard him discourse of with great freedom, he would not by any means give his consent to have them left out."

The contents prefixed to Baxter's narrative, and the index, were of Calamy's drawing up, for which pains, he says, the booksellers presented him with a copy—*Liberal!*

This life of Baxter, thus depurated nearly to his own taste, Calamy moreover, abridged and published, a few years after, (1702,) while still in connection with Sylvester in the City, adding to it a list of the ministers ejected by the Act of Uniformity, with some account of each, and the reasons they gave for their conduct, both with respect to Nonconformity and occasional compliance, and bringing down the History of Nonconformity to 1691.

On the occasion of Queen Anne's accession, the Dissenters of the three denominations, as they are termed—the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists—for the first time joined in an "address at Court." Very soon after this event, Calamy succeeded Mr. Alsopp in the Westminster congregation, a station which naturally gave him considerable influence among his brethren; and from this time he was very conspicuous, especially in getting up addresses of loyalty on all occasions that could be seized upon for such a purpose. Calamy now also distinguished himself by his "*Defence of Moderate Conformity*," and was intensely occupied, through much of this reign, in mustering and marshalling the Dissenting forces to resist the bill, introduced session after session, for putting an end to occasional conformity, which, however—the High Church strengthening daily under the Queen's auspices—was finally carried in 1712. Tenison warmly defended the principle of occasional conformity—conduct which, looking coolly as we now do upon the question, seems marvellous in a man remarkable in his day for piety, sincerity, and intelligence. The principle could only lead to quibbling and jesuitry, and was itself an act of the same character. The Test was at first, undoubtedly, directed professedly against the Catholic, but it was seen to be applicable likewise to the Dissenter, and the party who advocated it were equally (or, if not *equally*, the difference is not worth calculating) hostile to both, and were glad to sweep both in the same net. The Dissenter, if he could compromise and descend to occasional conformity, might very well have stretched his cheveril conscience a little farther to complete conformity, and made no more ado. Occasional compliances only gave a handle to opponents for opprobrium—to ridicule their pretences to conscientious scruples, and charge them with factious opposition. It was found they could conform for special purposes, and that where worldly interests were concerned.

The Church party, advancing now with rapid strides, finally, a few weeks only before the Queen's death, carried the Schism Act, in spite of all the stirring and bustle of the Dissenters, among whom Calamy was still conspicuous, and making use of all his court influence. By this atrocious act, Dissenters teaching schools, except for reading, writing, and cyphering, were liable to three months' imprisonment; and every schoolmaster allowed by the act under these restrictions was to take the test, and if afterwards present at a conventicle, to be incapacitated and imprisoned. Still greater severity was intended, but the active opposition the bill met with was something of a check. A bill to disfranchise them was actually in preparation; and had the Queen lived and her party still prevailed, as it was obviously likely to do, would probably have passed the next session.

But the very day, the first of August—that glorious first of August—that most signal day, which ought never to be forgotten, as Dr. Benson, in a sermon preached at Salters' Hall, some years after, described it—the very day on which the recent act came into operation, the Queen died; and the accession of the Hanover family gave an instant pledge of a change of system. Nearly one hundred Dissenting ministers went up with an address of congratulation, and were graciously received. They were all clad with the black Geneva cloak, similar to that used at funerals. A nobleman asked, "What have we here?—a funeral?"—"No, my Lord," cried the well-known Tommy Bradbury, "a resurrection!"

The Schism Act was not, however, formally repealed for some years, but it was never carried into execution. Nor were the general hopes and pro-

spects of the Dissenters so immediately fulfilled as they fondly anticipated. They had great difficulty in extracting from the Treasury money for repairing the damages done to their conventicles by the violence of Church mobs; five thousand pounds was at last granted in 1717. The obligation to subscription of doctrinal articles was not revoked, we believe, till 1779, when it was commuted for a declaration of belief in the Scriptures; and the abolition of the Test was reserved for our own days.

In 1723, the King was prevailed upon to grant an order of 500*l.* for the use and behalf of the poor widows of Dissenting ministers. This bounty, under the name of *regium donum*, though the name is no longer appropriate, is still continued, and passes annually among the supplies; the exact amount does not appear, being mixed up with other sums granted to the French Protestant clergy, French Protestant laity, the poor of St. Martin's in the Fields, and others, amounting, this present year, to 5812*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*

While the Trinitarian controversy was raging, especially among the Dissenters, from which, however, he stood cautiously aloof, Calamy dedicated a volume of sermons, on the subject of the Trinity, to the King, and was allowed to present a copy to his Majesty in person. "The King (George I.)," he says, "received me very graciously, took it into his hands, and looked on it; and then was pleased to tell me, he took us Dissenters for his hearty friends, and desired me to let my brethren in the City know, that in the approaching election of members of parliament, he depended on them to use their utmost influence, wherever they had any interest, in favour of such as were hearty for him and his family." Calamy was, of course, delighted with this, which he took for a special commission. He got together the three denominations forthwith, and they, in their turn, commissioned him to signify to Lord Townsend how very thankful to his Majesty they all were for the honour he did them, and their intention not to disappoint his expectations, complying with which they took to be their interest and duty both. "And I did it accordingly," adds Calamy. He was, indeed, a most indefatigable courtier: he presented both the Prince and Princess of Wales with a copy; and to let slip no opportunity of ingratiating himself with royalty, he waited also on the children, the three little princesses, and delivered one of his books to Anne, the eldest.

We must draw to a close. Of course, with our limits, we can only glance at a few topics—many, from their very nature, there is no *touching* without dilating, especially the controversial matters. With all these latter, both on the part of the Dissenters among themselves, the Antinomian and the Trinitarian, and on that of the Church, the Bangorian, and the disputes of the Convocation, Calamy is deeply interested. It is amusing to see him carefully noticing the deaths of all the bishops as they occur, as if he had more than a "month's mind" to a mitre—had one dropped on his brow, he would never have rejected it like his grandfather. But the book is altogether invaluable, not only for the record and discussion of such matters, but for the plain speakings of the author on almost all occasions. The value of contemporary authorities, compared with historical compilations, every one is now beginning to estimate justly. Mr. Rutt's notes—those of the explanatory kind—are of great use, and show his very extensive reading and prompt recollection of illustrative matter.

SIMILES.

“ Find me out fit simile
For light-wing'd Inconstancy.”

Is it found in April skies ?
In the rainbow's fading dyes ?
In the flower's decaying tint ?
In the footstep's noiseless print ?
In the misty morning's vapour ?
In the dim, expiring taper ?
—Meeter emblems can ye find
In the restless veering wind ?
In the moonbeam's fitful rays ?
In the meteor's short-lived blaze ?

April's short capricious sway
Yields to love-inspiring May ;
Blended hues of light repose
Where the “ arch of promise ” glows ;
Footsteps yet may press the lawn,
Fresher buds of beauty dawn.
See ! the bursting Sun has kiss'd
Dew-drops sprung from mountain mist ;
Winds, that turn with yonder vane,
Seek the self-same point again ;
Scarce the Crescent's beam declines
Ere a new-born planet shines ;
And if meteor lights delude,
'Tis, alone, when they're pursued :
What if Time each charm defaces,
Nature renovates her graces.
Ah ! there's nought of earth or air
Can with fickle mind compare !

Feeling's tempest would ye trace
In the wild tornado's face ?
In the pealing thunder's crash ?
In the scorching lightning's flash ?
In the earthquake's quivering shock ?
In the rent and shatter'd rock ?
In the sea's up-heaving surge ?
In the Eastern widow's dirge ?—
No ; the whirlwind furies die ;
Lightnings burn yet purify ;
Angry peals are heard no more ;
Hush'd the earthquake's bellowing roar ;
Where the ashy torrent lies,
Cities from the dust arise ;
Blooming groves, and fertile plains,
Hide the lava's burning veins ;
Shipwreck'd gales are hush'd to rest
On the Ocean's dimpled breast ;
From the din of clanging arms
Superstition's dread alarms,
And from Death's appalling shape
See the martyr'd slave escape :
Is there *one* unchanging form
Like the soul's enduring storm ?
Blighted hearts would ye deplore
As sterile heath, or blasted moor ?

Talk of Afric's sandy plains,
 Desert shores, or dungeon chains ;
 Dive beneath the foaming wave
 For solitary mermaid's cave ;
 Linger near the ruin'd tower,
 Seek the Eagle's lofty bower ?
 Yet, on barren heath, I ween,
 Simple flowerets oft are seen ;
 On the Desert's arid sands
 Patiently the camel stands,
 And, to cheer the dreary soil,
 Shares and lightens every toil ;
 Whilst to quench tormenting thirst,
 Fountains in the Desert burst.
 In the sea's deep grottoes dwell
 Coral buds and wreathed shell ;
 Sea-weeds of unnumber'd stems,
 Golden sands, and starry gems.
 The Eaglet throned in kingly state,
 Scorns the humble shafts of fate.
 O'er sinking halls and ruin'd shrines
 The verdant ivy still entwines,
 And to their silent shades belong
 The nightingale's delicious song.
 Fetter'd limbs may find release—
 Desert shores may harbour peace.
 Range through earth, and air, and sea,
 Cull each boasted simile—
 Language can but ill express
 The wither'd heart's deep loneliness !

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE YEAR 1829.

THE present position of the British Empire is without a parallel in the history of nations, and presents an ample field for anxious speculation to the statesman and the philosopher, no matter of what clime and country they may be. One of the peculiarities of her situation (and perhaps not the least) is the extraordinary influence, moral as well as physical, which she has acquired over the nations of the earth—an influence which cannot better be compared than with that the heart possesses over the other members of the human frame ; and of which the most important, as well as the most insignificant, are made to acknowledge the impulse, and to answer to the vibrations, be they made in pleasure or in pain. But this influence, great and extraordinary as it is, we do not at present intend to inquire into, nor to discuss in any way the foreign relations of Great Britain, beyond what may be absolutely necessary towards unravelling and elucidating our domestic policy ; we shall, however, reserve to ourselves the right of entering fully upon this very intricate and interesting part of her policy at a future period, to which we are the more readily induced to defer our labours, by reason of the mass of matter which presses on our attention at home, and the belief that a crisis is at hand in the general politics of Europe, which the delay of a few months, nay of a few weeks, may bring forth. That the crisis we contemplate may materially affect some of our internal arrangements is quite true ; but we are bound to confess that we have such a confidence in the great man now at the head of affairs as to believe, that hap-

pen what may, care will be taken not to involve Great Britain, as heretofore, in the idle brawls of neighbouring nations, nor to permit her present and dear-bought tranquillity to be shaken more than (to return to the metaphor we set out with,) the heart would necessarily be by the disorganization and suffering of any of its dependent members.

With these impressions on the mind, we prepare to approach the object of our intended remarks: but, before we get so near to it as to have our attention distracted by an examination of the materials of which it is composed, we would wish to take a deliberate survey of it from a distance, so as to form a true estimate of its architectural proportions, or rather, we would contemplate from a neighbouring eminence the geographical situation and general outline of the mighty city, before we proceed to examine the individual structures of which its magnificence is composed. The most prominent object in such a view is necessarily the National Debt, a cumbrous column, well based and on a solid foundation, but crumbling at its apex from the perishable nature of the materials of which it is formed. Next to it stands a structure of minor consequence, soon likely to fall to pieces, the Poor Laws, propped by an ugly mound, under the name of the Corn Laws; but which a fast flowing tide, called Popular Opinion, we rejoice to observe, is certain to sweep away, as well as to quench the next conspicuous object in the picture, a devouring fire which may fairly be said to represent, in its consequences, the effects of the Tythe System. None of these objects are pleasant to view; but while the two columns are productive of some good by affording certain protection, the Mound and the Fire promise nothing but evil. From the Mound exude a thousand Sores, which wither and kill wherever they run; while the Fire, from its own destructive nature, and the brands it throws out, seems as if nothing short of an abandonment of the whole city would satisfy its insatiable craving. In the background appears a huge body, representing an inverted cone, or pyramid, which rocks on its narrow end like the celebrated stone in Wiltshire. Great as its size is, and tottering from top weight, it is for the present prevented from fairly upsetting, as was poor Gulliver from rising, by a host of Lilliputian figures, who with great dexterity balance it, by means not greater than those which overcame the king of travellers, and of a texture so frail as to leave us in a most painful suspense as to its fate. This vast body represents our Indian empire, which rocks to and fro with greater violence than ever.

Although these are the most conspicuous objects in the perspective, we regret to say that they are not the only offensive ones. Many others of minor importance present themselves; but those enumerated are the chief excrescences which deform the fair picture of our ideal city, and it shall be our business, as opportunities may be afforded, to bear out our assertions and justify our dislike. The subject is of overwhelming importance, and in acknowledging it to be so, we hope our readers will not condemn us for having wandered a short distance from the high-road of sober reasoning, for the purpose of placing before them, as we had in our own eyes, the view of the deformities which disfigure the political and social structure of Great Britain. These deformities require to be treated upon separately, and when this shall have been accomplished, we apprehend that the title of this article will still remain before us as a text for many others. We should be doing injustice to our own dis-

crimination, and to the cause we have taken in hand, were we not to express our sense of the evils which flow from the Game Laws, the Licensing System, Imprisonment for Debt, the Court of Chancery, and a long list of *et ceteras* that we can now do no more than mention. Many persons will say that the evils we have enumerated are the natural offspring of a parent that, in common justice, ought to be first held up to execration; and we agree with them that several of these evils have either originated in, or been grievously augmented by the defects that time has made in the Parliamentary representation. We will never shrink from this assertion, but we will at once state why we are not inclined, at present, to give the subject that has called it forth a prominent place in these remarks. We believe that public opinion, by urging the most vigorous and powerful minister England ever possessed to great and salutary deviations in her domestic policy, will, in its result, produce the effect to be expected from the measures of a reformed Parliament. On that account we do not wish to see the mental energies of Englishmen at this moment distracted in the discussion of a subject upon the details of which there are such a variety of opinions, and which, we believe, may be safely postponed for the reason we have given; but we desire to be distinctly understood as not looking coolly upon the great question of Parliamentary reform, as an ulterior measure, and, in the mean time, we earnestly hope that the popular influence will never cease to be exerted in favour of the freedom of election; that, whenever an opportunity is afforded for degrading boroughs or individuals who abuse it, it will be seized with avidity, and that the walls of Parliament will echo with petitions praying for their degradation, until the time arrives when, after the other deformities of the political system have been cleared away, a calm and dispassionate review of the representation may be commenced.

Having thus guarded ourselves, as we hope, from misconstruction on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, we will notice the great object of political interest and importance, the National Debt. Considering the vast amount of the debt, and the mighty influence its increase or diminution must have upon the prosperity of the country, as well as upon the financial and trading operations of the whole world, and considering, too, how much has been said and written upon the subject, it cannot but be matter of surprise to those who have studied it, how very much it is misunderstood, and how imperfectly its details are known to nine-tenths even of the thinking portion of the community. This ignorance arises, in a great degree, from the mystification of public accounts, which, until lately, appears to have been the chief object of each succeeding Chancellor of the Exchequer. The accounts of a nation ought to be, and might be made as perspicuous as those of a banker to every individual conversant with the simple principle of debtor and creditor. But the complexity complained of has had the effect of checking general enquiry, and of rendering the mass of the people wholly ignorant of the details of finance, beyond what they acquire from the tax-gatherer. It has had the farther effect of distracting the attention of those who do enquire, and of almost making them believe that the common properties of pounds, shillings, and pence, are lost when applied to the finances of an empire. Thus, as in a fog, things have been seen indistinctly, and theories, not less hideous than the genii from the Fisherman's tub, have arisen from the vapour. Of these, however, two only are deserving of notice; and it

is no small consolation to know that, however objectionable they alike are, they cannot both do harm, but, on the contrary, they each carry consolation for the other. The one is, as to the utter impossibility of Great Britain ever liquidating her existing debt, and the other, as to the no less impossibility of her thriving or even continuing as a great nation without it. Now, if it be found that we cannot pay our debt, it is, indeed, a consolation to know, that our inability to do so saves us from ruin. We shall, therefore, not stop to quarrel with such a consequence, but proceed to prove that both theories are wholly false. We shall endeavour to satisfy the public that Great Britain possesses ample means to liquidate her debt, onerous as no doubt it is, and to make even mightier pecuniary exertions, should such be found necessary. We shall likewise endeavour to show that, however beneficial to a few, and convenient to all, may be the facility of investing surplus capital on national security, the existence of a National Debt is a positive evil. The distinction we draw between a National *Debt*, and a National *Security*, we will at present only illustrate by desiring the community to consider what would have been the advantages to Great Britain had the eight hundred millions, which she now owes, been expended in improving the three kingdoms, instead of having been squandered in the unproductive expenditure of war.

The first point to be laid down regarding the debt of this country is, that all that is in it stands pledged for the repayment of it. Great Britain has borrowed eight hundred millions sterling, subject to an annual payment of interest of not less than twenty-nine millions; for which interest and principal debt, until repaid, every acre in the country, and all that is upon or under them, is pawned to the lenders; and the personal responsibility of every individual in the kingdom is to a certain degree mortgaged, for so long as he remains in it, he is liable to contribute his proportion towards the annual interest, and as long as the people of Great Britain can afford to eat and drink, so long will it be paid. That the debt thus owing was legally and constitutionally contracted no one pretends to deny, and consequently there is no doubt as to its validity. But there are some persons of such questionable honesty as to think, that, although the debt was contracted on the unimpeachable security stated, joined to the moral obligation which binds the honest debtor to pay his creditor so long as he is able, the people of Great Britain ought to *cry quits* with their lenders, and, to use the favourite phrase, to apply the sponge to the debt—in other words, to cheat the individuals who, in times of peril and alarm, lent their money for the use and upon the credit of the state; and, strange as it may appear, those who are most anxious for the sponge-system, are the very individuals who, during a period of five and twenty-years, were incessantly supporting the Government in a profligate and wasteful expenditure, and compelled their country to incur the debt she now groans under. We say compelled; for by the votes, the reckless votes they gave in return for high prices, the landowners of England left us no alternative.

The sponge!—and what would the sponge do for us? Would it add one farthing to our national wealth, beyond cancelling the debt due to foreigners? No. But it would do this:—it would, in the first place, destroy for ever that national good faith which has distinguished Great Britain above the other nations of the earth, and which enabled her, in times

of peril and alarm, to borrow money from those who had it to lend, for the defence of those who could but contribute an interest. With the end of our good faith would end our national credit, and with it the power of borrowing money; a power which, however much to be regretted in the abuse, is always a desirable one to have for use. We should, in short, be practising a trick on ourselves, not less gross than if a mercantile company of many partners were to declare themselves bankrupt, having at the time no creditors but the members of their own firm. In the next place, such a measure would reduce to beggary, from comparative affluence, many thousands of our fellow-subjects; for be it observed, that of the whole number of fundholders not fewer than 235,580 receive dividends of not more than 100*l.* a year; and if we take the numbers at six to a family, we should have 1,353,480 individuals, and these, too, of the class least likely to keep themselves, reduced to absolute want. Well then, having ruined our national credit, and reduced to starvation a million and a half of our neighbours, in what situation should we find ourselves? We should be imperiously bound to support the very individuals we had iniquitously deprived of bread. And at what cost would this support be given? Why, not one farthing less than the amount of dividends, to save which so much misery and ruin had been created; for to allow the individuals thrown upon the national bounty one shilling a day throughout the year, (a bare pittance!) would require some millions a year more than are at present paid in interest for the funded debt of Great Britain. From this calculation (which, although every man may vary according to his own fancy, we defy any one materially to impeach,) it will be seen, that of all theories that ever entered the head of visionary man, that of relieving the nation by extinguishing her debt with the sponge, is the wildest, the most iniquitous, and fraught with the most tremendous consequences. And whom would it benefit, even in the fancy of its most zealous advocates? Those only upon whom the pressure of supporting the plundered would fall the lightest—upon the lordly proprietors of splendid demesnes. To them (and only to them) would it be beneficial; for besides diminishing their expenditure, in the shape of taxes on articles the essentials of luxury, it would take them out of that pawn in which they now stand, roof and rafter, acres and oaks, for the debt which the sponge would rub off. The people would, therefore, by the sponge, only increase the wealth of those who are now rich beyond comparison, and increase the burdens of those who are already overwhelmed to that degree, that the whole would go down in one mass of indiscriminate ruin. Whenever the wealth of a nation becomes so disproportioned, as in such a case it would be, it must, like water, find its level, and like water seeking its level, will overcome all obstructions by bringing into play the great political leveller, a popular revolution; and as certain as water finds a level, so would, in this case, the wealth of England find its level in a revolution. The people, it is true, would in common with the land-owners be relieved from the pressure of the taxes by the Sponge System, that are necessary for the payment of the dividends; but they would thereby be exposed to a pressure much more severe. But the good sense, good faith, and feelings of the British community forbid it; and upon these we should have rested satisfied upon this point, did not many individuals, in other respects sober-minded,

intelligent, well-intentioned, and honourable, seriously urge the necessity of thus iniquitously sweeping away the public debt. Having disposed of this question, the two points to be now considered are as to the ability of Great Britain to pay the interest of her debt, and ultimately to redeem it. The first is the most important question for the existing generation, especially in the capacity of lenders, but not so in that of borrowers; for although the lenders may rest satisfied, if certain of their interest, the borrowers will feel, that by establishing the means of ultimate repayment, they may look forward to a reduction of the rate of interest. But as the lender and the borrower are in this case the same people, our debt being, in fact, but a loan from John Bull rich to John Bull poor, the conflicting interests of parties, as now pointed out, are of comparative insignificance, to what they would be were the Lenders foreigners and the Borrowers Englishmen.

By the latest returns to Parliament, the number of stockholders, or lenders to the nation, amounted to 288,481, which are entitled to dividends annually, as follows: 92,223 of 10*l.*; 42,083 of 20*l.*; 101,274 of 100*l.*; 26,410 of 200*l.*; 15,604 of 400*l.*; 5178 of 600*l.*; 3260 of 1000*l.*; 1741 of 2000*l.*; 490 of 4000*l.*; and exceeding 4000*l.* 213. The above does not include the investments made by the Commissioners for Savings' Banks, but it embraces the amount held by foreigners, which, however, by a late return, was only equal to 12,486,913*l.* stock, and 5791*l.* terminable annuities—about one-sixty-fourth part of the whole debt.

From this statement it will be seen that the debt owing by Great Britain is due almost exclusively to about 288,000 of her children; and consequently, although heavily in debt, it is for the most part to her own family; and if it be necessary to collect taxes to the amount of twenty-nine millions the one day to meet the interest thereof, it is for the purpose of distributing it the next, and with the self-same hand, among her own people. Having thus shown that the National Debt of England is due, if we may so express it, from herself to herself, and that the taxes extracted from the pockets of her people on account of it are returned to them again in the shape of interest or dividends, it remains for us to inquire into the operation of the taxes as affecting the different branches of the community, and to ascertain, as correctly as an undefined subject of the kind is susceptible of, how nearly the annual expenditure of the country approaches to its annual profit. In preparing to do this, we wish we could assure the public that we are as well satisfied with the probable result of the first inquiry as of the last; for whilst we lament that taxation bears with the most unequal and destructive pressure, we feel assured of the ability of Great Britain, from her profits as a nation, to bear a much larger amount of taxation than she at present pays, were it fairly and properly levied. That such is not the case we are compelled to admit, and to declare our fixed and firm belief, that unless taxation be more judiciously apportioned it will defeat itself, by utterly destroying those classes of the community which alone bring wealth-into existence. We shall not now go into the proof of these assertions, or point out the defects of the existing system, because by so doing we should not only run into greater length than would be convenient for a single paper, and because we think that, if a division of space were no object to us, we deal more fairly with the subject-

matter under the title of this article by stopping at this point ; in order that due reflection may be given to the questions it embraces—questions which resolve themselves into the consideration, whether the British Empire is to be regarded as a spendthrift that has wantoned away her property until she has become unable to pay her debts, or as a solvent nation ? That she has been a spendthrift and squandered away her treasure most heedlessly, we are free to admit ; but we deny that she is insolvent, if she be fairly dealt by and a just stewardship of her resources commenced.

In concluding this part of our subject, we would remark that we have been induced to the task under a strong sense of public duty, and under a firm conviction that the whole truth must be stated to the nation upon all questions of her domestic policy. A revolution has already commenced, as important in its consequences as that which we, of this generation, delight to dwell upon as the most glorious event in the annals of England ; and the present epoch will be equally celebrated by posterity. The great duty is to prevent the revolution that we are now contemplating from descending into anarchy, and destroying the social system. This prevention can only be rendered by moving in unison with the spirit of the times ; by ameliorating the common condition, as especially contradistinguished from the pretensions of particular classes ; by breaking down prejudices, if possible by argument and persuasion in the first instance ; if not, at any rate to break them down in practice, and let the measures that emanate from this course in due time destroy them ; by resisting boldly bigotry in all its branches, and selfishness, and overweening pride of birth, and casual distinctions. If national changes should occur beyond the limits of those which every honest politician and good subject contemplate with satisfaction, because they feel the necessity of them, such changes will have their origin in high places, and not from a bad spirit among the people. In a word, if this great and glorious country be driven into the horrors of a *sanguinary* revolution, the people will have been goaded to it by the senseless and desperate efforts of those who resist all change, and who, with exclusive loyalty upon their lips, are the worst enemies of their country and the human race.

ON A FOUNTAIN.

O FOUNTAIN ! in whose depths of silver-green
 The boughs that shade thee beaded thick are seen,
 And the white Dove, nestling their leaves between,
 Drops crystal from her wings ;
 While sparkling orbs upon thy surface swim,
 Or lie in seedy rows about thy rim,
 Spreading a shore of pearls, close at thy brim,
 To tempt the fairy things !
 Thee never can the fiery Noontide seethe ;
 But here the scented violets moistly breathe ;
 And oft the banded bee doth warp beneath
 Thy roof with echoing hum.
 Fountain ! thy flow is melody to me !
 Of England's Helicon thou Castaly !—
 And to drink deep of thy translucency
 Will future Poets come.

EGGRIUS.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.

I AM frequently obliged to decline communications transmitted to this periodical, from their containing paradoxical opinions which I have no desire to promulgate. It is not always, however, without reluctance, that I take my leave of those unsuitable productions. In some of them there is such an amusing vein of perverted ingenuity, that, but for my aversion to be responsible for other men's eccentricities, I should be tempted to publish them.

A paper completely answering to this description has been lately supplied to me by a friend, who is lucid on every subject in the world excepting one, but on that one, which is Shakspeare, the zeal of God's house has eaten him up. My friend has discovered, as he imagines, in Shakspeare's sonnets, a clue to the entire history of the poet's life; and he hails these poems as a rich mine of information, which, by a folly little short of fatality, has been hitherto neglected by all the poet's biographers. Happy discovery, could he only make good his words! How blessedly would it save us from repeating the stale truth, and lamenting the irremediable misfortune, that we know so little of our Shakspeare's private history. For who can pardon the Genius of Biography that she neglected the poet in his own days, and consigned not his living picture to her tablets—that she has told us every thing about ordinary men, and almost nothing about the prodigy of nature—that she has embalmed so many dwarfs of our literature, and buried its Colossus in oblivion?

But to return to my sanguine friend,—after he has lustily belaboured George Steevens, for daring to say that the strongest Act of Parliament would not be strong enough to enforce the popular reading of Shakspeare's sonnets, and even bestowed some flagellation on Mr. Malone for having so weakly defended them, he proceeds to dig up, and, in his own words, to exhaust the discovered mine of Shakspearian biography. Alas! it is but a poor Potosi, and very easily exhausted: and his golden hopes turn out like the generality of modern mining speculations. I was less surprised, however, that my friend should have fallen into a fit of exaggeration on any subject connected with Shakspeare, than that this erroneous over-estimate of the light derivable from these poems respecting the poet's history, should have apparently originated with one of the most brilliant and acute spirits of the age,—I mean Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel: he is an excellent and eloquent critic. But with all my respect for Schlegel, I cannot help thinking that he had not exactly weighed the force of his words, when he made the following remark in his dramatic lectures. "It betrayed," he says, "no ordinary deficiency of critical acumen in the commentators of Shakspeare, that no one of them has ever thought of availing himself of his sonnets for tracing the history of his life. These sonnets paint, *most unequivocally*, the actual situation and sentiments of the poet, and they enable us to become acquainted with the passions of the man. They even contain the most remarkable confession of his youthful errors."

Now, if Shakspeare's commentators were to make new discoveries in the poet's biography, it must have been in one of two ways—either by the facts and traditions otherwise existing respecting his life, receiving illustrations from the contents of the sonnets, or from additional in-

trinsic facts being found in those poems themselves. Looking at either or both of these modes of investigating Shakspeare's life, I can see no glaring proof of deficient acumen in his commentators on their failing to biographize him by the help of his sonnets ; and I should have pitied Schlegel himself if he had been condemned, with all these poems about him, as reflecting telescopes, to make the history of Shakspeare importantly more distinct. What were the commentators to discover in these sonnets ?—I mean, what clear and circumstantial facts—for it is too bad to blame biographers for not tracing the history of a man's life by the aid of documents that furnish only conjectures and surmises. I venture to say that the facts attested by the sonnets can be held in a nutshell—that they do not unequivocally paint the actual situation of the poet, or in all instances give us a draught of his sentiments that is to be literally interpreted—that they do not make us acquainted with his passions, so as to throw any new light upon his history which can be called, in the slightest degree, important or satisfactory—and, that they do not contain any confession of the most remarkable errors of his youthful years.

To begin with the last of these points, the only part of the sonnets that can be pretended to contain any specific confession on the part of Shakspeare of his own immorality, are those which are dedicated to an apparently frail female ; and the *error* to which he there alludes, assuming his gallantry to have been real and criminal, was not an affair of his youth, but of a period of his life

“ When age in love loves not to have years told ;”

for he speaks of himself in Sonnet 138—

“ Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best.”

I may be reminded, indeed, that the discovery of frailty in a great man's life, unpleasant as it may be, is not diminished in importance by its appearing to have been the error of his graver years ; and I must own, that if we are to interpret this love-affair by the letter of his own confession, we shall be obliged to acknowledge that our immortal bard had not always the fear of Doctors' Commons before his eyes. But my present object is neither to advocate nor to impeach the immaculate morality of Shakspeare, so that I waive discussing the possibility of the whole affair having been limited to paper and poetry. The simple point on which I insist is this, that magnify this discovery as much as you please into the broadest shade on Shakspeare's conjugal character, it throws no light on his biography beyond a solitary, insulated, and most obscure incident, illustrating, at the worst, without name of, or accompanying circumstances, the mighty truth that Shakspeare's virtue was not infallible. Having promised not to visit the reader with any special argumentation on the possible chance of the poet having, in these sonnets to his lady-mistress, exaggerated the nature of their intercourse, I will keep my word with him ; for it is difficult to prove a negative, and dry to dwell on matter of pure conjecture, though I may leave a mere hint to his charity not to lose all sight of such a possibility. Dr. Drake, I know, is by no means so indifferent on this subject, as to trust the above hypothesis in the poet's favour to fortuitous

candour, but flies to strengthen the defensive pass with a host of arguments, tending to prove that, Shakspeare having been then a father and a married man, the amour must have been all reverie and chimera. The Doctor, at the same time, laments that the sonnets ever made their appearance. But if we treat the whole matter as imaginary, why lament the testimonies of a verbal amour? and if the fact was otherwise, I can see no great benefit that could result to the world from believing any one man that ever existed to have been more immaculate than he really was. But Dr. Drake goes farther, and, not very consistently with his own system, abuses the lady, calling her profligate, and the worst woman (we must suppose Juvenal's heroines included) that was ever described by the pen of a poet. There is reason in roasting eggs, Dr. Drake; and let there be reason also before you scorch to blackness the memory of a poor female. If the affair was unreal, where was the guilt of this anonymous lady? and if it was not unreal, Shakspeare, in as far as they were both concerned, must have been as profligate as herself, and, apparently, less excusable, since he was, according to his own account, an elderly personage, who ought to have edified, and not assailed her with his "sugared" sonnets. As to his accusations of her, they go, with me, for nothing on either supposition. In the case of the matter having been mere coquetry, we know not what the lady might have had to say for herself; or supposing that she had nothing to say, her offence was venial. If it was otherwise, Shakspeare, with reverence be it spoken, yes, the great Shakspeare, appears only in the light of a *kiss-and-tell* king's evidence, who, indeed, himself gives us warning that he is not always to be believed. Thus in the 140th sonnet he says,

"For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be."

I am aware, nevertheless, such is the spell of interest connected with Shakspeare's name, that the mind starts with avidity at the most distant prospect of any novelty respecting him, and submits with impatience to believe, that if any new fact can be ascertained, it may not be made a practicable stepping-stone to some farther information. It may be feared, too, that the circumstance of such intelligence justifying a little alarm about the spotless sanctity of the poet, instead of acting as a sedative to human interest, has rather a tendency to increase the palpitant and solicitude, and morbid vigilance of the curiosity. I am, therefore, not unprepared for being told, that in this suspicious love-language of Shakspeare there is room for a world of profound reflections and meditation. The stern moralist, keeping to the letter of the sonnets, will find them a text for no unfair inculpation of Mr. Malone, who has groundlessly insinuated that the bard was jealous of his wife. He will turn all the pathos of this matter of scandal to the side of our sympathy with Mrs. Shakspeare, who was perhaps, poor soul! with her own hands, watering the very mulberry-tree of her graceless bard in their Staffordshire garden, at the moment when he in London was gadding after a married woman, and recording in rhyme their double adultery and compound fracture of the marriage vow. How humbling it is to the species, he will add, to find the man, who held up, as it

were, a mirror to nature, thus detected in its reflection, "playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep!" It will be also pleaded, perhaps, that these illicit effusions seem to illustrate that alleged contempt for his wife which is so acutely discovered in the poet's will. It will save us, however, from being plunged into such deep moralization by a few sonnets, if we reflect that all this conjugal contempt assigned to the mighty poet, is screwed by the hardest inference out of circumstances most imperfectly known to us, and that, in spite of his interlineated will, and this sonnet-sung attachment, we see him retiring, when but little past the prime of life, very unlike a man who had been weaned from domestic affections, to spend the residue of his days with the mother of his children.

I have said, that the addition which these sonnets afford to our knowledge of Shakspeare, is insignificant as an index to his biography, and I shall not feel the assertion falsified, though I should see persons of more ingenuity than I can pretend to, eliciting many brilliant conjectures from their contents. I can only say that I have outlived all taste for conjectural biographies, and that the truths brought to view by these effusions seem to me to be neither numerous nor momentous. We learn from them that Shakspeare had a friend, to whom he was devotedly attached, (the nature of his language to that friend I shall by and by consider,) and a poetical mistress, who, not satisfied with inroads on the poet's heart, carried her conquests even to that of his friend, and made Shakspeare sonnetize on his jealousy of too much tenderness subsisting between them. It appears, however, that he never broke with his friend on this account, so that his love-passion must have been a humbler sort of lodger in his heart, that could put up without either the whole or the best of its apartments. Other casual moods of his mind are expressed with an air of sincerity, which I deny not to be interesting as insulated records of his feelings, though I still refuse them the character of new or indicative importance as to his history. He speaks to his friend, in certain passages, with extreme modesty as to his own poetical merit, and alludes, with an admiration that is beautifully unenvious, to some other poet of the time who had won the favour of his friend. He writes on one or two occasions in apparent dejection under the frowns of fortune, and in one sonnet, distinctly laments being obliged to live by the vocation of a player. If there be any other interesting allusions in these sonnets to his personal circumstances, it is from want of memory that I have unintentionally omitted them.

I am making no hair-splitting distinction when I would emphatically distinguish the general, and even vague, but still actual pleasure, which we enjoy in these sonnets, from hearing the welcome voice of Shakspeare express his casual and transient feelings, and the falsely-imagined pleasure that he is telling us something new about himself, which tradition, or his other poems, had not told us, and which may consequently be regarded as new testimonies for tracing his life. We learn from a hundred sonnets that he was a devoted friend, but if we possessed not one of these, would it ever enter into our suspicions that he was cold-blooded in friendship? We find him, in effusions of the same sort, confessing to the influence of the softer flame; and will those who have ever felt to their heart's core his power in the drama of describing love, pretend that they would have repudiated their

sympathy, if they had suspected that he had drawn his amatory experience from the admiration of any other woman than his own good old Anne Hathaway? Some of the Sonnets indicate that he was subject to casual misfortunes; and what ghost or sonnet was required to make us believe as much? It may be alleged that these complaints seem to contradict the general prosperity which is attributed to the course of his life, on the supposition of which Dr. Johnson, using the bard's own beautiful simile, says, that he seems to have shaken off the difficulties of fortune like "dew-drops from the lion's mane!" But what man, even the most prosperous, were he to journalize his feelings in sonnets, would not record himself a thousand times poorer, and more unhappy on one day than another?

He praises one of his contemporaries in the sonnets, and he could well afford to do so. Drummond's account of him supersedes the necessity for any other proof that he was gentle, good-natured, and amiable. He speaks very humbly of himself in certain passages. This leads us, however, to no discovery that he was blind to his own mighty endowments; for in other passages he freely paraphrases, and applies to himself the "*exegi monumentum*" of Horace. The only very striking phenomenon in the Sonnets is, that he predicts immortality to himself from those effusions, and not from his dramas—an opinion which the world has thought proper to falsify. Lastly, the Sonnets allude to his being a player, and to his disliking the profession—had they told us the reverse, there would have been some novelty in the information. Only twenty-two of these Sonnets are addressed to a lady, whose name has not even been guessed at; and of whom, if we except what the poet himself calls his "mad slanders," nothing is known, but that she had dark eyes, and dark hair, and played the virginal. More than a hundred of his Sonnets are addressed to his male friend, of whom still less, if possible, is discoverable. We may be told, perhaps, that these poems are, nevertheless, the record of a deep and strong personal friendship, and that if you divest those effusions of an exaggerated amatory garb, the mere fashion of the age, in Shakspeare's language to a male friend, they illustrate the strength of his friendly attachment. I believe that they record a very strong and pure friendship, but I deny that they unequivocally paint his passions, and the true character of his sentiments. Of the love Sonnets to the lady let us think as literally as we please—but to take his friendship Sonnets according to the letter of their phraseology, I should be very sorry. Those friendship Sonnets are not the work of Shakspeare writing in his own unaffected character, how sincere soever the friendship itself may have been, but the fantastical language of a friend in poetical masquerade, exaggerating friendship into love, and painting his sentiments in hyperbolical colours. This is surely not the *unequivocal* language of passion. That the fashion of the age makes Shakspeare's real sentiments unblameable, is unquestionable; for persons of the same sex, in those days, wrote downright erotic sonnets to each other most innocently, and a man subscribed himself, your lover, meaning no more than at present he means by "*your humble servant*." But keeping the poet's own real sentiments in unquestioned sincerity apart—the poems themselves are tinged by the chartered hyperbole of the age, with a jealousy and misery in the sentiment of friendship which are foreign to its nature. The great heart

of Shakspeare, when it bestowed its friendship, must have bestowed it largely ; but, believing this as I do, I would rather refresh my deep and sacred impression of the belief by a reperusal of his other works, than of *some* of these Sonnets, in looking to which it is one thing to abjure most solemnly and sincerely any moral blame of him for his exaggeration, and another thing to admire the hyperbolical as a matter of taste, or to admit it as an index to the history of his life. As a guide to the history of his life, those Sonnets to his male friend are indeed but faint scintillations. It seems impossible to make out to whom they were dedicated. Dr. Drake very plausibly, but by no means, I think, conclusively, contends that their object was Lord Southampton. If this be the fact, it is rather odd to find the poet calling a peer of the realm "*his sweet boy*," at a time when his Lordship must have been thirty-six years of age. Mr. George Chalmers, whose ingenuity always repays its errors, by giving ample occasion for a laugh, insists that they were addressed to Queen Elizabeth. What must her unsexed Majesty have thought of the 20th Sonnet ?

Considering these Sonnets merely as poems, without reference to their biographical importance, it is manifest that some of them lack an important characteristic of true poetry, namely, their being genuine draughts of the poet's mind ; for when he extols the personal charms and complexion of his friend, we recognize only his assumption of a fictitious character, borrowed in moments of thoughtless accordance from the capricious rhodomantade of the times. To take the fashion of the age, and its *unmeaning* licence of language, into allowance, would be but justice to him if he were the commonest sonneteer, but most emphatically is it due to his hallowed memory as the master of the human heart. Still, at the same time, that very allowance leaves his language to be held unmeaning, and therefore, in several passages, uninteresting. Many of the Sonnets, nevertheless, express an unexaggerated friendship that is truly Shakspearian and endearing ; and the fancy, harmony, and diction of the greater portion of the whole collection betoken the hand of a master. They form, altogether, the best of our sonnet poetry anterior to that of Drummond ; for George Steevens's comparison of them with Watson's productions is unworthy of an answer. If the same Commentator's question, "*What have truth and nature to do with sonnets ?*" deserve any reply, we may simply extinguish it, by telling him that they have as much to do with the sonnet as with any other short species of poem. It is very true, that any long series of effusions, clothed in uniform metre, inspired with slightly varying sentiments, and devoted to the same subject, will produce, when collectively read, a certain monotonous effect, from which I cannot deny that these sonnets are totally free any more than those of Petrarch. It is delightful to take a short walk through side-rows of sweet-briars and honey-suckle ; but it would tire us to make a day's journey through interminable alleys of them. There is no necessity, however, for our making a toil of a pleasure in reading the sonnets of either Shakspeare or Petrarch, for the character of *tædium* belongs not to those pieces individually, any more than the pressure of a crowd belongs to the presence of a single person. To say that these Sonnets add but little to Shakspeare's fame, is as excusable as to say that a considerable rock might appear but as a pebble if it were piled on the top of Olympus. But in many of them, all the majesty and grace of Shakspeare is as distinct, and impress us with that

peculiar aspect, as if thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers were the spontaneous respiration of his mind. I was beginning to enumerate the more exquisite portion of these Sonnets, such as the 8th, the 30th, 123d, and others, but let me spare the reader the officious aid of a cicerone, where he may so easily judge for himself. I will not preach to his taste and ear by commenting on the exquisite richness of music and meaning in the following lines :—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,—
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks ;
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

T. C.

HERO-WORSHIP.

“ Da ihr noch die schöne Welt regieret,
An der Freude leichtem Gängelband
Selge Geschlechter noch gefahret,
Schöne Wesen aus dem Fabelland ! ”

Die Götter Griechenlandes, Schiller

THERE are yet idols whom we worship more,
And with a holier zeal and deeper love,
Than to the wild imaginings of yore
Raised the adoring flame by stream or grove
That wreathed its fragrance round the sacred shrine ;
Our rites like theirs, too, raise the soul above,
For we do reverence that spark divine
Which tells us that we are not all of earth,
And doth the spirit to itself refine,
Recalling thoughts of whence it had its birth,
And lifting up the veil through which such rays
Of its remember'd glory still flash forth.
And yet more precious incense do we raise
Than swept its rack of perfume through the sky,
Of deep and grateful love, and reverent praise
To those that do recall those visions high ;
Telling us things we could not know, so bright
And beautiful is their deep ecstasy,
Too pure, too radiant for our fainter sight ;
And things we knew, and things we would not know,
Lest the deep spell of their resistless might
Awaken from its sleep our former woe.
And what we felt, but deem'd not could be said,
The charm, the glory, and the radiant glow
That such a halo of young beauty shed
On trees, and grass, and Nature's lonely places,
And the deep 'wildering thoughts of pleasures fled
That haunt our early home's most sacred traces,
And memories with those holy feelings fraught,
The silent heart within itself represses,

Nor would find words to body forth its thought
 Or tell how strangely on us dreams have broke
 Of days gone by, or what wild longings wrought
 Within us, when the soul in rapture woke
 To read an aim, a motion, and design
 In all Creation's impulses, which spoke
 In full harmonious voice their birth divine.
 Erst did the worshipper most constantly
 Brood on the peoplings of his restless mind,
 Until he would create them visibly,
 In the most radiant and enduring things
 Seeking the impress of Divinity,
 Making the eternal stars its imagings ;
 And deem'd the gods their glory would display
 Before their votaries' awe-struck worshippings,
 Revealing their all-heavenly forms to day,
 Their fronts that with immortal beauty glow.
 When Ocean glitter'd with Morn's earliest ray,
 He saw the youthful Day-god's splendid brow
 And his loose tresses streaming showers of light
 Pouring its flood on earth and sea below
 Most beautiful, as in his god-head's might
 He slew old Python ; and at eve there came
 With one most lovely star before their sight
 'The essence of all beauty, but a name
 For summer's twilight, or an infant's sleep,
 For these are beautiful, and she of them
 Is the imagined harmony and chief.
 Their love for those they scarce could deem less fair,
 Though they were earthly, sought and found relief
 From its own fulness, holding that in air
 The type and image of the lost might hover,
 The radiance of his Berenice's hair
 Still was the idol of her royal lover.
 The grateful tiller of the fruitful soil
 Held the most fragrant bank and shady cover
 Not all neglected by who blest his toil,
 Sylvan or ancient Pan ; the hunter's tread,
 As he bore home his rich and various spoil,
 Fell lightly by the cedar grove, which shed
 Of a celestial visitant such trace,
 As told the Goddess that he worshipped
 The huntress Dian, wearied with the chase,
 Wooed on her mossy couch the cooling wind,
 In the sweet gloom of that delicious place.
 They sought in all they held most fair to find
 The visible image of what they adored,
 Where might the painful longings of the mind
 Find rest, and heavenly favour be implored,
 All the full tale of gratitude be told,
 And the deep song of praise and worship pour'd.
 What marvel, then, we long so to behold
 The favour'd of our race, to whom 'tis given
 Those high and noble visions to unfold
 Which raise the inspired mind from earth to heaven ?
 And tell us that it is not all in vain
 We have for things that die not toil'd and striven,
 Although by such we did but hope to gain
 The power of honouring what we hold so dear,
 Nor view their glories with an eye profane,
 But feel our spirits worthy to revere.

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END OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

ERRATUM.

Page 192, note, line 1, for "person of a Mr. C Wilson," read "person of an Etonian," and in the sequel substitute "an Etonian" for that name. Mr E. Wilson being only the publisher, and not the author of the pamphlet.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

